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September 5, 1936

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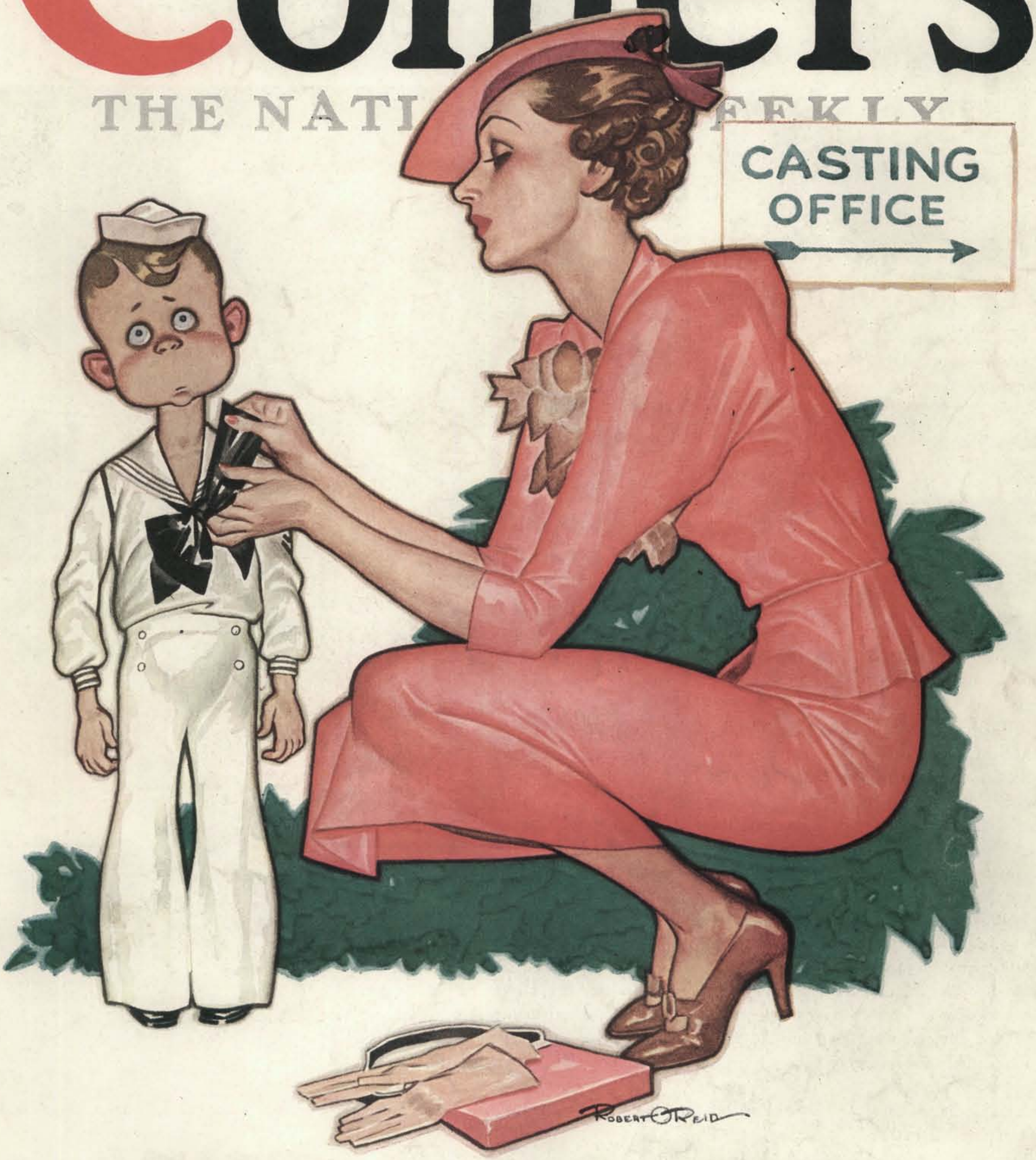
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Sept 5 1936

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The *Magic Voice* OF RCA VICTOR

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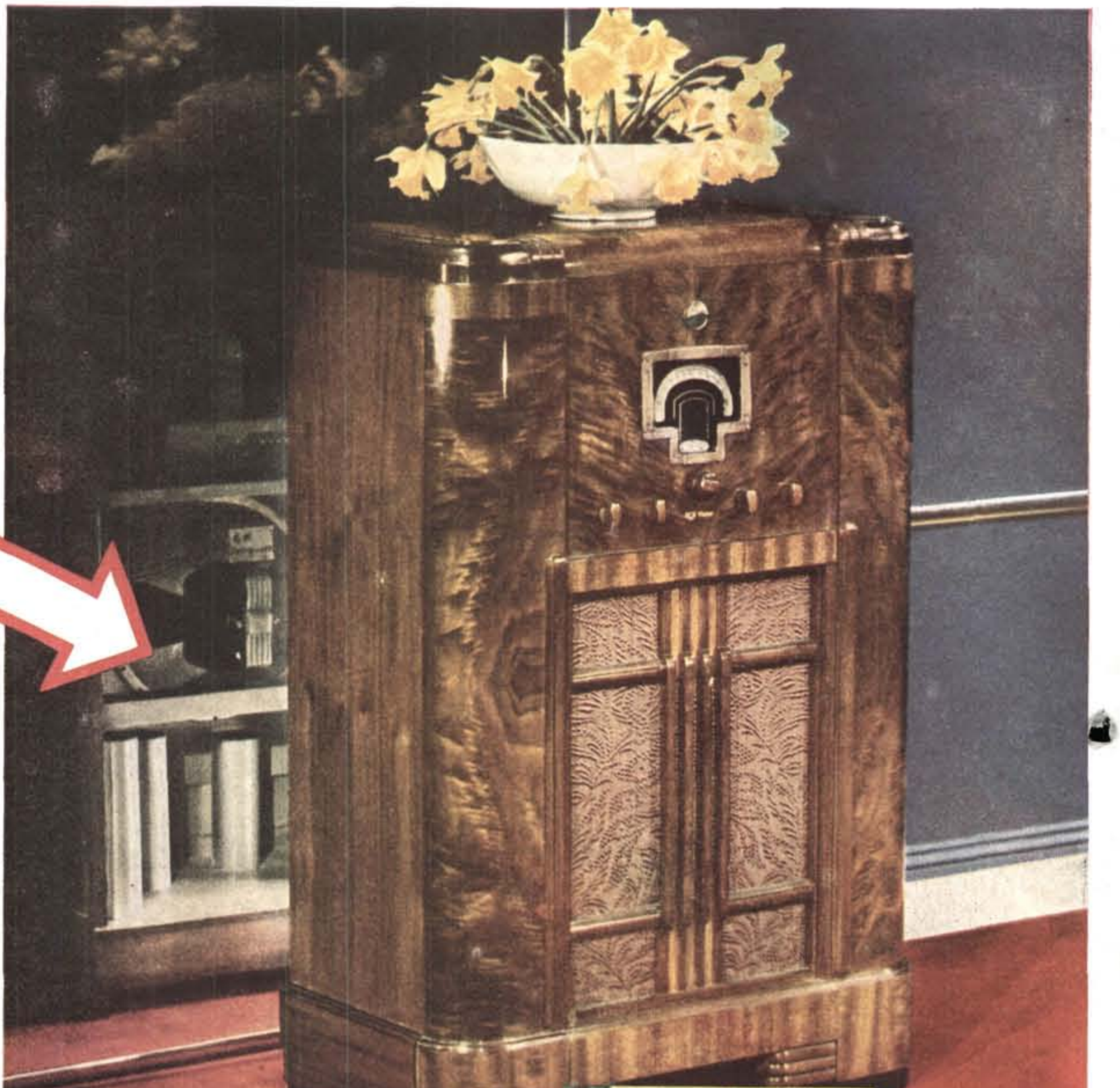
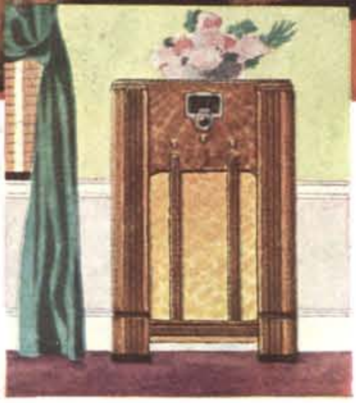


(ABOVE) Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye Console RCA Victor model 9K-2. This splendid set has Metal Tubes and more than a dozen other modern RCA Victor features. Covers the whole range of domestic and foreign broadcasts. $129.95.



(LEFT) RCA Victor Model 6-K is typical of 28 low-cost 1937 models. A big console set with distinguished lines. Domestic and short wave (49 meters) reception. Fine volume. Costs only $49.95.

THERE'S something new to hear in radio. It's RCA Victor's Magic Voice. It brings to radio a magnificent realism . . . the greatest acoustical advance since the Orthophonic Victrola. Like most great advances in radio the Magic Voice is offered exclusively by RCA Victor.

We are justifiably proud of the living wonder of the Magic Voice. But important as it is, 1937 RCA Victors are not "one feature" instruments. Instead they teem with features. Each does its part; the Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, the Selector Dial with the New Automatic Band Spreader, two dozen other improved devices, work as a unit to give you an entirely new quality of radio reception.

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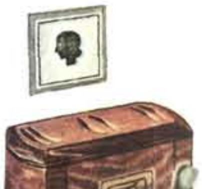
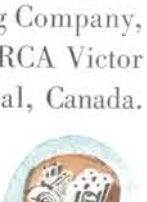


(LEFT) The lovely "jewel box" cabinet of RCA Victor model 5-X houses a clear-voiced, convenient little set which is yours for the modest figure of $32.95.



All prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. You can now buy RCA Victor radios on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan! Put new life into your present radio — use RCA Radio Tubes! Remember, any radio set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Listen to "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E.D.S.T., on NBC Blue Network.

RCA Victor

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• • •

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Associate Editors

Next Week

JUDY O'HARA was no bigger than a quick breeze and her hair was as red as a sunset and she had a funny little nose that crinkled when she frowned. "You're the best lawyer in the world," she said to Ray Hodge. "You've gotten many guilty people off. It should be easy for you to save an innocent man."

But it wasn't as easy as that. Ray Hodge was a smart lawyer, ready to go through hell and high water for Judy, but he couldn't get an acquittal for her fiancé. Finally the moment came when only a miracle could save Big Mac. In "West Side Romance" Quentin Reynolds tells about the miracle.

THREE hundred times each week the wrecking crew of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury unlimbers its axes and crowbars and methodically batters to bits some still that is manufacturing liquor without the formality of paying taxes. Of course, they only take apart the stills they can find, and at the rate of three hundred a week you might expect that they would soon run out of material for exercise. But they don't. The bootlegger is definitely with us once more, and that is one reason why we may be "Heading Back to Prohibition." The whole regrettable situation is reported by Walter Davenport.

WHEN we first catch sight of our hero, O. Monroe, he is backing rapidly into the foyer of the Tifford Towers—where he had no business to be—carrying the butt end of a sixty-five-foot clothes pole and upsetting, in the operation, our heroine, Miss Dariel Osborne. "Both Were Dumb," says Frank Leon Smith, but his fast-moving short story only partially bears this out.

IN EUROPE this season's style in governments is the dictatorship, with military trimmings. Surrounded on all sides by extreme examples of this rage, the infant republic of Czechoslovakia is remaining stubbornly and old-fashionedly democratic. In an exclusive interview with its president, Eduard Benes, T. R. Ybarra gives the unruffled views of a "Certified Czech."

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS writes the delightful story of the Reverend Mr. Bixby, who found on one of the Wise Islands "The Perfect Convert" —and married her.

ADDED attractions come from Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Jim Marshall, Frank Condon, Bill Cunningham, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Freling Foster, Kathleen Norris and others. We thought you would want to know.

This Week

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September 5, 1936

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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HUGH WILEY
Seven of Spades. Poker game, James Lee dealing. Page 10

JIM MARSHALL
Spearhead of Our Defense. The Philippine Islands, key to the Pacific. Page 12

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
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KATHLEEN NORRIS
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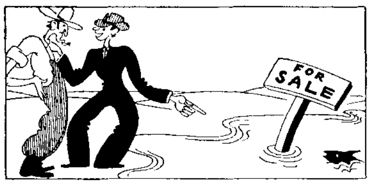
●

Any Week

ANYBODY desiring to remain popular with Mr. Ed B. Juvenal of Wheeling, West Virginia, would do well not to ask him for "new ideas." He hasn't any and it is his firm belief that no one else has. Mr. Juvenal is in the insurance business. He used to sell real estate. "I quit because the guy I worked for was always coming around and saying, 'Listen, I want all you fellows to hand in two new ideas a week,'" says Mr. Juvenal. "That guy never had even an old one," goes on Mr. Juvenal. "He couldn't sell a lake to a farmer in the drought country. The only idea I ever had while working for him was that it would be just dandy to punch him in the nose. And there was nothing new about that either."



AND Mr. Joseph Fried of Walla Walla, Washington, thinks nothing but good would come of an idea he has been toying with for some days. "While we're on the subject," says Mr. Fried, "why not extend this Civil Service craze to mayors, governors and Presidents? Or isn't it necessary that they be able to pass a mental test?"

WE'RE not particularly interested in old General Santa Anna's wooden leg. Frankly, we don't care how many he had. Or who was responsible. Or where he got them or what became of them. This indifference is purely defensive. No mail arrives at this desk without some reference to the general's peg. Santa Anna's wooden leg is popping up all over the country. A gentleman in Arizona says he had it but traded it for Davy Crockett's coat. Mr. James Folkstone of Kansas City, Missouri, says that it is now being worn by Santa Anna's great grandson, who is a railroad-crossing tender at Monterrey. But Mrs. Ernestine A. Coleman of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, reports that her family owns a wooden leg which the general abandoned in his flight from the battle of Cerro Gordo. "The legend is," writes Mrs. Coleman, "that Santa Anna had two wooden legs—one for walking and one for riding. As my great-grandfather found the one he brought home in the Mexican's headquarters it was assumed to be the walking leg, Santa Anna having fled by horse. I believe there is another Santa Anna leg in a museum in New York City."

AND like Mr. Benjamin F. Loeser of Miami, Florida, we dismiss the subject. Mr. Loeser is not interested in Mexican generals. What he wants to hear no more about is "the subject of the Constitution." Mr. Loeser will bet fifty dollars that "the next man you meet who says he is going to vote Republican to save the Constitution has never read it, can't identify any amendment by number except the eighteenth, and that's out. I will also bet he won't know whether the Bill of Rights is a part of the Constitution or of the Declaration of Independence or a separate document. I've just talked to one of our leading candidates who didn't know how many amendments there were or, believe it or not, which ones affected the Negro. Personally I don't care if the subject is never mentioned again."

JUST as we were becoming what we thought was fair and nonpartisan along comes Mr. A. Ramsell of Cordova, Alaska, with a bitter arraignment of us. "I'm disgusted to learn that Collier's has sold out so completely as to dope our fiction with politics," says he. "Besides, you can't laugh Roosevelt off, as too many of us morons know that he will feed us again when the work is all done this fall and the snowballs fly. And we ain't going to let no hay-burner from Kansas budget-balance us out of it either."

LETTERS like that make us nervous. We got one from Mr. T. Gerbischer of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, last week demanding to know "in black and white whose man you are." That's all there was to it—whose man were we. Naturally we were pretty perplexed. So we took it to the man we work for and asked him—a slight error. "I don't know," said he, "and I don't care. But if you don't show a little improvement around here it is going to be any man who is sap enough to give you a job."

Whose Man Are You?

MAYBE it will be Mr. Ray. O. Timmanus of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Timmanus thinks this is "the best column of its kind in any weekly publication" but wishes that "you were up to the standard of the rest of the magazine, although I guess that is too much to expect."

NATURALLY.

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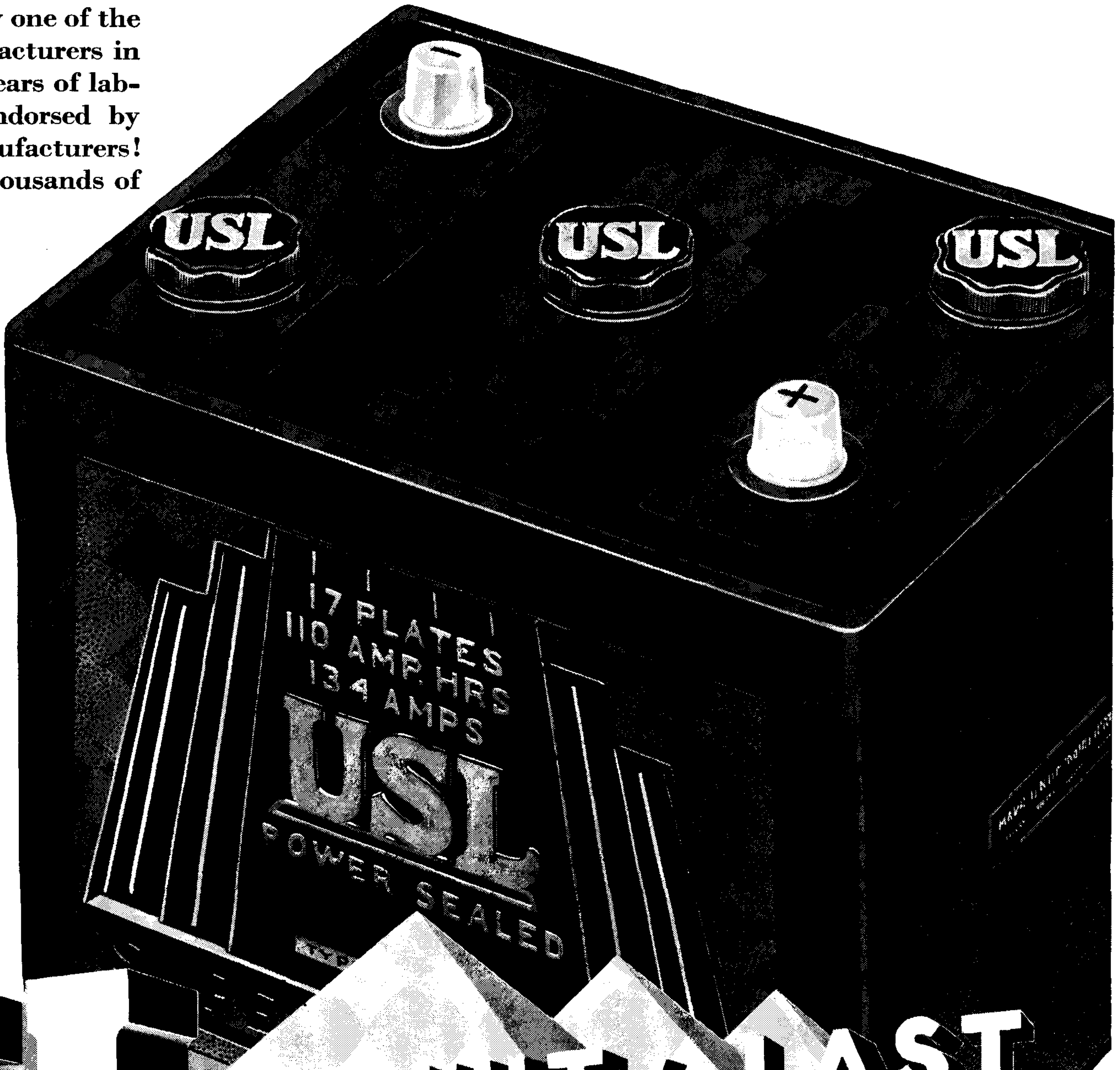

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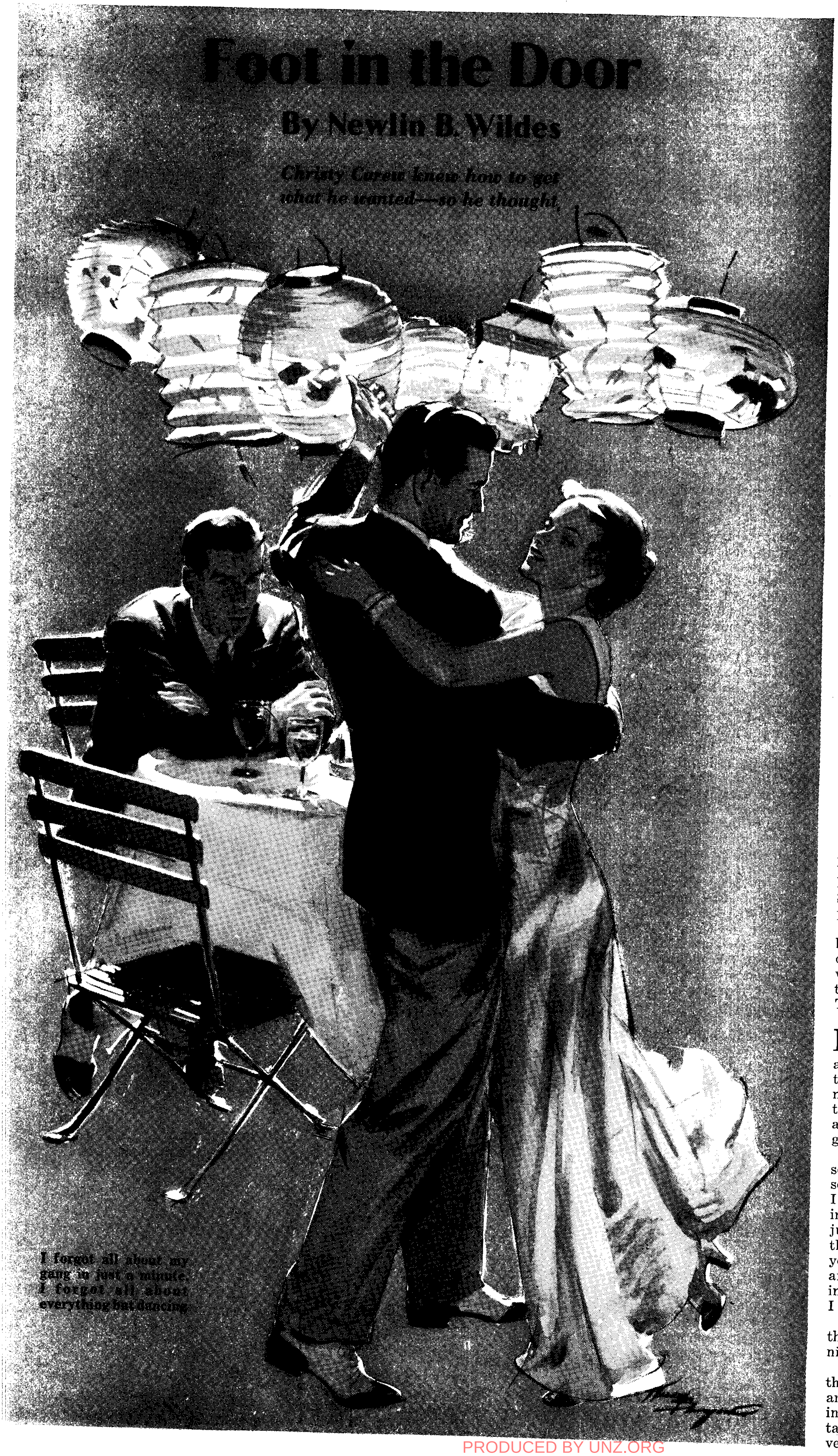
Collier's The National Weekly for September 5, 1936

Foot in the Door

By Newlin B. Wildes

Christy Carew knew how to get what he wanted—so he thought,



I forgot all about my gang in just a minute. I forgot all about everything but dancing

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

IT WAS senior year that they gave that dance, senior year in the spring with paper lanterns strung across the courtyard squared by the red-brick, white-windowed walls of our dormitory, the stars cut bright in the blue-black sky, the tables gay with summer frocks and white flannels. And we leaned on our elbows in the windows of my third-floor study, half a dozen of our crowd, picking out the prettiest girls and listening to the music that welled up lazily with the murmur of voices and laughter and the clinking of glasses.

It was all pretty swell, pretty grand, and ordinarily we'd have been down there ourselves, having a time. But not tonight. Tonight was something special. Tonight was the annual Spring Hunt Ball at the country club, and you wouldn't expect us to pass that up for just a dormitory dance. No, sir.

Not everyone was asked to the Hunt Club Ball. The dewlapped dowagers who ran it picked and chose more carefully than a politician appointing postmasters. You had to be right to get in.

There was only one reason why I was going. One important reason. That was because I belonged to—well, never mind, you'd know the name of the club. It's older, almost, than the college. And its members had always been asked to the Hunt Club Ball, en masse. That was a matter of course by now, taken for granted. Still, it was a party to look forward to, to count on.

Things like that, like being on the preferred list, came easily to the fellows I knew best, to my crowd. That is, to my crowd by adoption. They'd done the adopting. Most of them belonged to our club because their fathers had and their grandfathers and maybe farther back than that. They belonged because they had position and money, gobs of money. Steam yacht and cabin plane and Newport money.

Yet you'd never have known that they had it. It hadn't spoiled them. Oh, one or two maybe, but to most of them it was such an old story that they never thought of it. They were a swell crowd. They were regular.

I DIDN'T have anything like that, any money. I was going through college on an insurance policy that my old man had taken out when I was five because he never had gone to college. I didn't have the Plymouth Rock label and four years ago I'd thought a racquet club was a gangsters' hangout.

No, I wasn't kidding myself. Oh, sometimes, once in a while, I caught myself trying to, thinking I'd arrived, but I didn't get away with it. Not deep down in my heart. I realized that there was just one good reason why I trained with these boys. That was football, three years of it with a captaincy thrown in, and hockey the same. That was my foot in the door—sports. That and because I didn't eat with my knife.

But never mind that now. I wasn't thinking about those things that evening.

Skiddy Van Dorland was next me in the window, staring out thoughtfully and then drawling in that quizzical, half indifferent tone he had, "Some very nice talent down there in the arena, some very passable talent indeed. Take that blonde now, the one in yellow. Mmmm."

But I didn't answer him. I didn't really hear him. I was looking down at a corner of the courtyard, a corner that had a table set for two and which was a little apart from everything, sort of set in as an afterthought and jammed up against the brick wall, as if the chairman had said, "Good Lord, I forgot all about them. Well, stick 'em anywhere out of the way."

But there was a lantern swaying just above, and it made the corner light enough so that I could see the girl, the girl sitting with her face toward me. She wasn't a beautiful girl, perhaps, not showy or front row, but appealing somehow, with wide brown eyes under a swirl of darkly waving hair that was light in the breeze, and a smile that was bright but almost shy, as if she were enjoying things but wasn't quite a part of them. A smile that wasn't just a smile, that had something behind it.

Her dress was gray, light gray with blue, and it wasn't anything from Fifty-Seventh street. It was something at eleven-ninety-eight probably, or that she'd made herself, but it was right for her, caught tight above a slender waist and flowing wide to the ground as she got up to dance. She wasn't very big, small almost, trimly curved and you knew, somehow, that her feet were tiny and very light.

THEN they were dancing on the waxed canvas square, she and the boy with her, and it wasn't anything very pretty because he couldn't dance at all. He was a tall, lanky fellow and his hair had just been cut wrong and he had on a stiff collar. Nobody who knows wears a stiff collar in the spring. It was too high a collar anyway, and his coat had too many buttons and his flannels were the kind you knew he had owned for years, too narrow and too short. He didn't belong and he wasn't having a good time. Even Skiddy Van Dorland noticed that.

"The skinny bloke's no Fred Astaire," he drawled with his usual barbed wire humor, "handy for a bean planting, but a bad rumba risk."

"What's his name?" I asked, not turning around, and Skiddy shook his head. "Don't know," he shrugged, "he's just another reason why we've got five hundred in the class."

But Curt Slayton said, "His name's Slade. John Slade. Sits next to me in Engineering 12 and knows all the answers. Lives by himself in Entry B."

They stopped dancing then, the lanky fellow and the little girl in gray, stopped before the music was over and came threading their way back to their corner table, not speaking to anyone and no one speaking to them. I noticed that too—I'd been in that spot the first three weeks of Freshman year. It was, I guess, what made me leave the window and start peeling off my clothes.

Potter Kenyon turned around and looked at me. "What's the idea?" he asked. "It's only nine and we don't have to leave till ten anyway."

"I'm not going to the country club," I said through my shirt, "at least not right away. I'm going down there and do a little class dancing."

When I went down, I walked straight on over to that corner under the bright paper lantern.

The girl looked up when I stood over them, her smile quickly wondering, her eyes going to John Slade questioningly, and she was more beautiful than I had thought from the window, with long dark lashes, thickly curving, and a skin just dusted tan.

"Hello, Slade," I said, putting out my hand, and he took it, scrambling to his feet as if he'd been called on suddenly in class and wasn't prepared.

"Er—er, hello," he stammered, and then, as I waited, he turned to the girl. "Miss Lane, this is Mr. Carew," and she said, "How do you do?" her voice very clear with a little lilt to it, friendly and welcoming, but with a quiet reserve.

I pulled up a chair and then there was one of those embarrassing pauses when everyone seems trying hard to think of something to say.

After a minute almost the girl took the situation over. "Are you—are you a senior, too?" she asked me from under those long lashes, and then John Slade laughed. There was a little edge to that laugh that I didn't miss, and there was a fine shade of irony, not enough to make anything of, but there just the same, in his voice.

"But Molly," he admonished her gently, "this is Christy Carew. Surely you know about him," and the color crept up under those tan-dusted cheeks.

"I—I suppose I should," she said, "but I don't, really. I'm sorry." And I hitched my chair around so that I was facing her.

"There's no reason why you should at all," I said, "I just run around on fields and make a spectacle of myself for the benefit of the athletic association. They call it football," not looking at John Slade and keeping every trace of irritation from my voice. All right, I thought, I came down here to give you and your girl a break, to show her a good time and introduce her to some people so that she wouldn't stay buried in a corner all evening. But if you want to be stuffy about it, why I can play that way, too.

"I've never seen a football game," she confessed, and I didn't think there were any people like that left, but I only said, "You haven't missed a thing. Most girls just go so that they can say they were there. Then they wonder why the man in the white pants doesn't run with the ball." And she laughed a little uncertainly.

The music started then, and I said, "Would you like to dance?" not bothering to turn to Slade, but she looked at him quickly, hesitantly. He must have nodded, because she smiled at me. Her teeth were even and very, very white.

"I'd love to," she said, and I followed her over to the floor, throwing a quick glance up at my study window where the gang was grinning down at me.

But I forgot all about them in just a minute. I forgot all about everything, everything except dancing with Molly Lane. She was small in my arms, her waist very slender and strong, and we did steps together that I had never known I could do, did them easily, surely, beat to beat with the slow, steady music, neither of us saying a word. Sometimes it's like that.

THEN, too soon, the music stopped and she stepped away from me, looking up, her smile bright, eyes sparkling. "That was fun, wasn't it?" she said, and I nodded, still under the spell.

"It was grand," I said simply, "I hate to think how much of it I've missed." It wasn't any line; I meant it; but she didn't say anything. I leaned against the railing. "Tell me," I said, "do you live around here? I've never seen you at parties."

And she said, "Yes, I do," naming a suburb that explained why I hadn't seen her, at least not at the kind of parties my gang ushered at.

I couldn't even think of a single person I knew who lived out there, so I said what I wanted to say anyway. At least, at that moment I wanted to say it. "I'd like to see you again," looking down at her, "do you suppose I could?" And she hesitated, her eyes going back to John Slade alone in the corner.

"Why—why, I don't know. I don't think so, really," half turning, not looking at me. She started away and I followed, surprised and not quite understanding. I'd sort of had the idea we were getting along together, she and I. This didn't track.

Then, as we were passing a big crowded table, somebody grabbed me and it was Ranny Barron, a fellow that I knew pretty well. "Hey, Christy," he said, "come on, sit down here, you and your girl. What's the idea of playing cozy in a corner?" And I hesitated. "Do you want to?" I said to Molly Lane, adding, to the quick question in her eyes, "I'll bring Slade over, too," and then she smiled and everything was all right.

So I got Slade and he sat sort of half up to the table, with a frozen, sober, uncomfortable smile, more out of things there than he had been in the corner by himself, while the rest of us had a good time. Ranny Barron danced with Molly and other men danced with her, but she came back always to sit beside John Slade, looking at him as if she wanted him to know that she was with him, really, wanted him to have a good time, too.

AND I danced with her myself as often as I could, as often as she would let me, wanting to more again each time, because holding her in my arms was something strangely new, strangely compelling, that I had to come back to, that pulled me back. Until, finally, snapping out of it, I straightened away, almost involuntarily, my hand relaxing at her waist, and she looked up at me, her smile questioning, asking, "Why did you do that?" and I shrugged.

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "too much Scotch perhaps, or just the night air." And I couldn't have told her, either. It was only that this wasn't the play that had been called for; this wasn't right, this dancing with Molly Lane from Somerton, and liking it. Liking it too much. I wasn't going to get myself involved, not with any girl. *No.* I knew what I was going to do. I was going on, up and up in the world, and girls like Molly Lane didn't fit into my picture. They held you back. After all, I'd only come down because, just for a weak second, I'd felt sort of sorry for her. That was all.

"I've got to kick off," I said suddenly, stopping at the edge of the floor, "thanks a lot for the dances," my eyes sliding over, evading her look of quick surprise, of bewilderment.

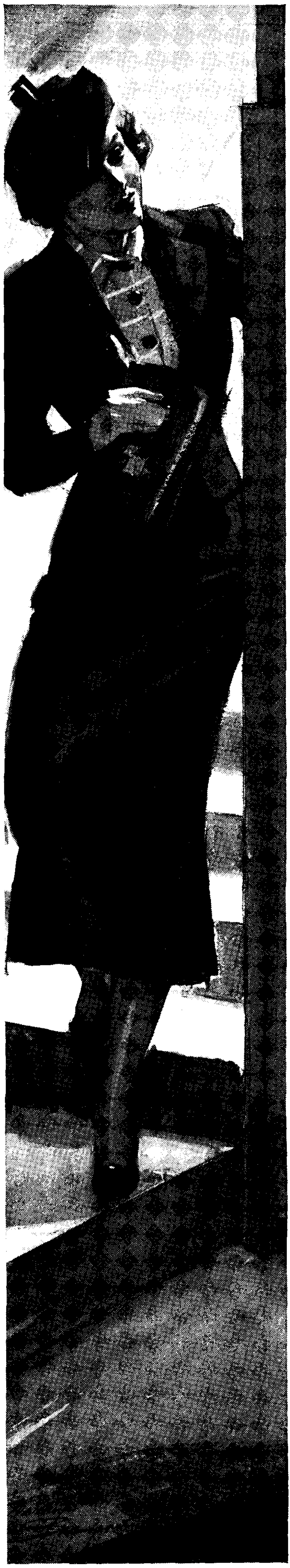
Then she said, "It's been fun, dancing with you," quietly, and I said, "I liked it too," brusquely, "good night," and left her at the table, left her beside John Slade, and went on back to my rooms. But not on to the Hunt Club Ball. Somehow I didn't care about that, not any more.

I didn't call her for two days. I thought I had it all licked and settled, all over, and then I had the telephone in my hands and I was talking to her. Just like that. I couldn't help it. All I could *think of* were her eyes, honest and so straight and steady, and of the strong little tilt to her small chin. And of having her in my arms, dancing with her, slowly, beat to beat, very closely.

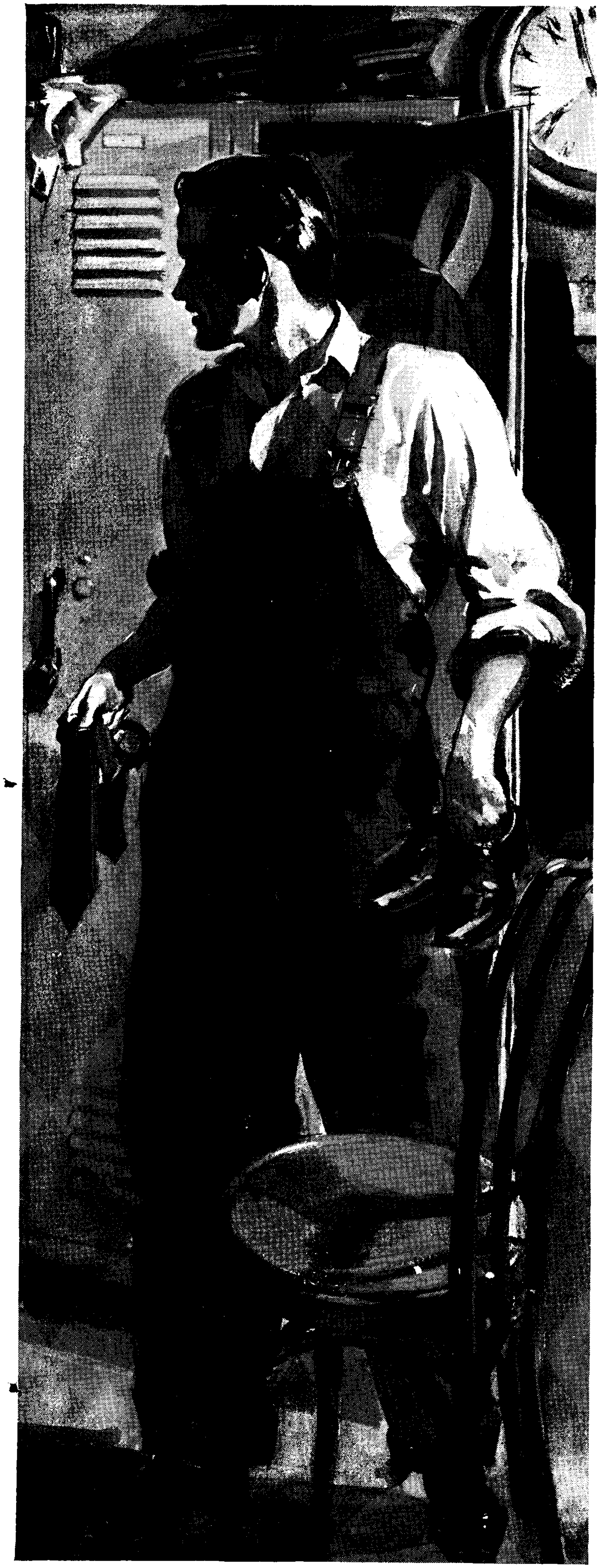
The sound of her voice over the telephone was like that first glass of water the morning after, something that you've thought about and craved, and that is so very cool, so refreshing.

"I want to see you, Molly," I said, "may I, tonight?" and she hesitated just as she had on the dance floor. But then, as if she had suddenly decided something, she said, very low, "Yes, I do want you to," and that was enough.

I picked her up in a car, Potter Kenyon's big blue phaeton that I'd borrowed



I thought I was getting away with it, until that morning when Molly followed me down to the basement



without telling him where I was going, and we went somewhere, somewhere that I can't remember any more except that it was in the country with music, not too loud, and a quiet corner where we sat, she and I, alone, talking sometimes, our heads bent together across the table, or for long minutes not saying anything. It didn't seem to matter whether we talked or not, but I learned things about her. Learned that she was only twenty and that she had never played around very much, that she knew only a few boys, most of them, I guessed, like John Slade.

She spoke of him finally, her eyes raising to mine. "You don't know him very well, do you? It—it seems funny, being in the same class," and I said rather lamely, "We just don't get into the same things, I guess."

She considered that, nodding slowly, then, "I like him," she said, very simply, very sincerely.

I DIDN'T see her often after that first evening. I tried to, heaven knows, almost every day, but she wouldn't. Sometimes not for over a week. "But why not, Molly?" I said one afternoon when I had driven out to her house after she had refused me over the telephone. "It isn't this way when we're together, off somewhere by ourselves. That's what I can't understand. Don't you want to see me?"

And she raised her face, troubled and perplexed, to mine. "Oh, I do want to see you, Christy," she said, "I do really. And I will tonight. Tonight anyway." And left the room.

It was that night that I asked her. Nothing else seemed to matter at all any more, none of the big ideas, the gilt plans. "Molly," I said, stopping the car, the big blue car, beside a lake that glistened in moonlight, "Molly, I love you. Will you marry me?" and I could hear her breath catch in a frightened little sob.

Then her arms were around me, her voice trembling low, words coming fast as if she must say them, had to, but shouldn't. "Oh, Chris, Chris, I do love you. So much. So very much. I have to tell you that. I can't help telling you. But," straightening away, "but I can't marry you, Chris. I couldn't."

"Why not?" I asked, my face to hers in the dim soft light, "I know there's something, Molly, something that's been worrying you, keeping you from me. What is it? Can't you tell me?"

She hesitated, very small in the big, deep seat, very small and young, but somehow strangely mature, searching for the words that would be right, that would make me understand. Then, "Yes," she said slowly, "yes, I will tell you. It's only fair, of course, that I should tell you now. It's," her dark eyes wide, "it's John Slade, Christy."

"John Slade!" I said. Somehow I hadn't thought of him, not since that first night. "But Molly, you can't love him. Not him and me too. Why—"

She shook her head. "No, Chris, I don't love him. You know that, now. But, but you see, he loves me. No, wait, please," as I tried to interrupt. "You see, he's not like you are, Chris; not like the boys you know, carefree and sure, with the whole world opening wide for fun. He hasn't that knack, that ease. Some people haven't, some fine ones too. He's one of those. He has few things, few friends, and those he has he counts on, deeply. I'm one of them. Perhaps, I'm afraid, the most important one, for him—the only girl he's ever loved, I guess. For three years now I've known him. Two years ago he told me how he felt about me, and I've hoped and tried to think that some day I might care for him, too. Because, more than anything else, he needs me. And now, somehow, I can't, can't just tell him that I never will. Don't you see, Chris?" pleadingly.

But I couldn't see. "No, Molly," I said stubbornly, "that isn't right. It isn't fair. To you or me or to him. Sometime, if you do love me, he'll know, and then it will be harder, much harder, for him. You'll have to tell him, and much better now."

She sat for minutes, thinking, trying to think, as I watched her silently, hopefully, and then, drooping tired and undecided, "I don't know, Chris," she said, "I can't, yet. Please take me home now, and don't—don't call me, not for a few days until you hear from me."

And I took her home, leaving her, after one brief second, with something that was, I guess, too big for her, too big for either of us.

It was four days later and I hadn't heard from Molly, not a word. Perhaps that afternoon I might have, but I had been out, trying to do things, not getting back to my rooms till after five. Potter Kenyon was there, and he was just starting to say something when there was a knock and John Slade entered. He must have seen me from his room across the quadrangle.

I said, "Hello," a little startled, and he stood beside the door. "I'd like to talk to you," he said, glancing at Kenyon, and Potter took the hint and left.

"Cigarette?" I offered him when we were alone, and John Slade shook his head. He didn't, standing there, seem like the rather crude, embarrassed, gawky boy of the dance. He had a strange dignity, something that I hadn't noticed before. I forgot that his coat sleeves were too short for his wrists, that his shoes were high-laced, cracked above the toe, noticing only the level, steady gaze from under heavy eyebrows, a gaze that was just faintly, barely, tinged with scorn as he glanced around the room.

And I felt vaguely like a freshman called up before the dean—very young and on the defensive. I didn't like that feeling. It nettled me. "What's on your mind?" I asked, quite sure what was, and he sat down on the edge of a chair, leaning forward, hands clasped between his knees.

"I saw Molly this afternoon," he said abruptly, "you're to be congratulated."

I STARTED, trying not to let my feelings at this sudden, hoped-for news show in my face. I didn't want to make him feel worse than he must already. "Thanks," I said simply, "and—and I'm glad you see it that way."

His head jerked up, eyes narrowing. "If," he said, "if you mean by 'see it that way' that you think I approve, that I can reconcile myself to this thing or to any part of it, you're mistaken. Very much mistaken. Because I don't."

He paused, staring at me, the dislike unhidden now in his eyes. Then he went on. "I'm going to tell you a few things," he said, "things that I've always wanted to say to the right person." He leaned still farther toward me.

"I'm in love with Molly, you know that, but leave my personal feelings out of this. They don't matter to anyone, really, except to me. This is what is important. Just this. I don't like college big shots, big campus and quadrangle men who think the world is at their feet because they've made a touchdown or so and a good club. Big toads in small puddles, that's all. Nine times out of ten they've shot their bolt, and never do a thing worth while after they graduate. Slowly they go to seed, with a watch chain full of gold footballs and no brains. Nothing to do but stand around a club bar and get boiled and live on their friends."

I started to speak, my face getting red, but he rushed on. "That's why I don't want to see Molly hooked up with one of them for life. That's why, this afternoon, I begged her not to. Not that

(Continued on page 26)

Seven of Spades

James Lee, government man, follows a gangster's trail again to another strange and thrilling adventure

By Hugh Wiley

OVER Arizona, eighty miles east of the California line, the pilot of the Silver Arrow came back into the cabin of the plane with a message for James Lee.

James Lee read the message:

BANCROFT ON DUTCH FLINT CASE MURDERED STOP YOUR ORDERS OMAHA CANCELED STOP CALL ME LONG DISTANCE FROM STANTON

The message was signed by the chief of the Bureau of Investigation. James Lee looked up at the pilot of the Silver Arrow. "You'll set me down at Stanton?"

The pilot nodded. "I'll land you there in thirty minutes, Mr. Lee. . . . Wasn't Bancroft the young fellow who rode out with me about a month ago? Slim and red-headed? Mining engineer?"

"You have a good memory."

"Was he a G-man?"

James Lee frowned. "Mr. Bancroft was a mining engineer. . . . Please remember that this message from the Department is strictly confidential."

The pilot nodded. "I get you. Good luck. I'll set her down at Stanton for you in less than half an hour."

From Washington, speaking to James Lee at Stanton over long distance, "Bancroft was undercover at Redstone," the chief said. "Ranger. Park service. Lived in a cabin with another ranger by the name of Al Blake. Sheriff Deane figures that Blake is the killer. He has him jailed at Stanton."

"What's the latest you have on Dutch Flint?"

"We think he's hiding north of Redstone."

"You're sending me the file on the case?"

"It's on a westbound plane right now. If you get a line on Flint you'd better have some of your men over from Los Angeles and San Francisco."

"What about Blake?"

"Bancroft figured he was a good egg. . . . Have a talk with Sheriff Deane right away and hop to it. That's all—and good luck."

AFTER he had introduced himself to Sheriff Deane, "I guess you don't need any help on this case, Sheriff," James Lee began, "but Frank Bancroft was a pal of mine in the service. We worked together for seven or eight years and I have a personal interest in putting the man who killed him on the spot."

"I'm mighty glad to have you on the job, Mr. Lee. I guess there ain't much work for you to do. We've got the deadwood on Al Blake." The sheriff scowled. "If I ain't mistaken I'll get a confession out of him by six o'clock tonight."

"I'd like to talk to him."

"Go ahead. Help yourself."

James Lee was silent for a moment and then, "Sheriff, do you remember the details of Dutch Flint's record?"

"Dutch Flint—I can't say that I do. A big-time gangster, wasn't he?"

"He still is. Dutch Flint and his mob blasted a few country banks in Kansas and Missouri for a while and then they got into the big money on a kidnaping case. You remember the Matson snatching, don't you?"

"I'm kinda cloudy on that. Matson was a young feller?"

"Matson was thirty years old. They killed him. The second set of headlines covered the Melville girl kidnaping. They killed her. That was a year ago. We captured three of the gang but Dutch Flint got away. . . . Would you say offhand that Al Blake might be one of Dutch Flint's new outfit?"

"No! Al Blake ain't nuthin' but a hot-headed young ranger. He's been up at Redstone there for six or eight months. He's been in the park service for the last ten years."

"WHAT was his motive in killing Bancroft?"

"The best motive in the world. Jealousy."

"Jealousy—do you mean that there's a woman in the case?"

"No. Professional jealousy. Bancroft come in with sixty dollars a month more on his pay check than Blake got. Blake was headed for promotion until Bancroft showed up."

"Just plain professional jealousy—and a hot temper."

The sheriff nodded. "That's it exactly."

"I'll have a talk with Blake."

To the deputy sheriff who escorted him to Al Blake's cell, "Let me in the cell and then leave us," James Lee directed. Smiling, "You never can make 'em talk in front of witnesses."

The deputy understood. "I get you, Mr. Lee," he said. "Here he is."

Facing Al Blake, "I've come down to talk to you about my friend Frank Bancroft. I'm an operative for the Bureau of Investigation," the Chinese detective explained, introducing himself. "My name is James Lee."

Blake held out his hand. "I'm what's left of Al Blake, Mr. Lee. This thing has got me."

James Lee looked straight at the prisoner. "Did you kill Frank Bancroft?"

"No! Frank was the swellest guy I ever knew. All I can say is—"

Interrupting the prisoner, "How did Frank like his job?"

"Offhand, I'd say he was stuck on his job. He loved the country, Mr. Lee. We got along fine. One of the swellest partners in the world."

"What time did you get back to the cabin—when you found Frank's body?"

"Close to suppertime — around six o'clock."

"What did you do when you walked into the cabin?"

"I saw Frank lying on the floor. I felt his heart . . . he was dead."

"And then?"

"I dragged him over to his bunk, Mr. Lee, and lifted him up into it."

"Then what?"

"Then I went out and got a bucket of water and sloshed it on the floor to wash the blood away. It was right in the middle of the floor. When I came back with the water I saw that the staple on the door that we padlock the cabin with was busted."

"What did you do after you cleaned up the blood on the floor?"

"I didn't clean it up—I just heaved a bucket of water on it to wash it down through the cracks in the floor. The floor is rough boards with cracks half an inch wide. I went over to the telephone and called up the operator at Crystal and told him to get hold of Sheriff Deane. I told him to send somebody over from Crystal. It's only fifteen miles."

"How long did it take the sheriff to get to Redstone?"

"He didn't come. One of his deputies come over from Crystal and pinched me. I was plenty surprised and plenty sore."

James Lee nodded. "No doubt. What time were you arrested?"

"I didn't keep any track of the time after I found Frank's body, but I must have been arrested somewhere around seven o'clock that evening. They got me into jail here at Stanton before midnight."

"Who arrested you?"

"Bill Putnam. He's been one of Deane's deputies for three or four years."

"Who is Bill Putnam?"

"He runs a pool hall here in Stanton; sort of a cigar store and pool hall. I've been in it half a dozen times. There's generally a poker game running in the back end of his joint."

"WHAT do you suppose Putnam was doing in Crystal?"

"He ranges around quite a lot. He's been gambling in prospect holes and gold mines and things like that on the side ever since he landed here."

"How long has he been in Stanton?"

"As near as I remember from what I heard he came here six or eight years ago. There was some sort of a story about some trouble he got into once in Reno. I never heard the straight of it. There was one more thing, Mr. Lee—when I walked into the cabin and saw Frank's body lying there—that is, when I went over to telephone—I remember the little desk we used was all mussed up."

"You mean somebody had gone through it?"

"Yes, sir, that's the way it looked."

"Where is this pool hall that Mr. Putnam runs?"

"It's a couple of blocks down the street from the courthouse."

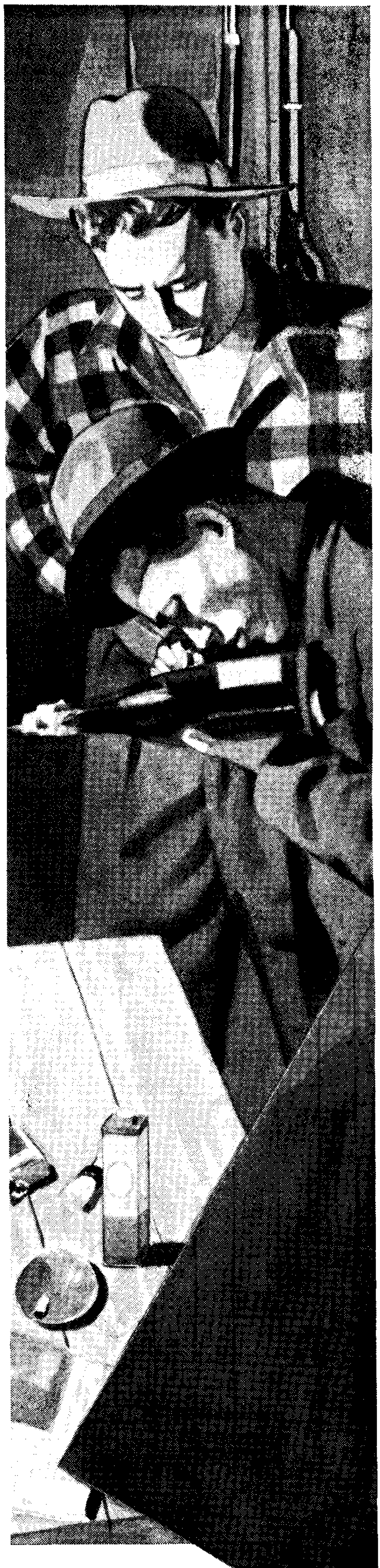
"I'll have a talk with him. I'll see you later in the day," James Lee said.

The trace of a smile quivered in the corners of Al Blake's mouth. "I'll wait here for you," he said.

Impulsively James Lee held out his hand to the prisoner. "Keep your chin up."

THE proprietor of the Pastime Club, Bill Putnam, was seated at a little desk against the back wall of the poolroom when James Lee entered the place. Three pool tables filled the central space of the long room. In the first apartment back of the poolroom a poker game was in progress; save for the proprietor, the large central room was empty.

Entering the place, "I'm looking for Mr. Putnam," James Lee said.



He began a close inspection of the bottle with a lens. "We've hit pay dirt," he announced

"My name is Putnam. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Lee, Bureau of Investigation. I want to talk to you about the Bancroft murder."

"Go ahead and talk. Have they lynched Al Blake yet?"

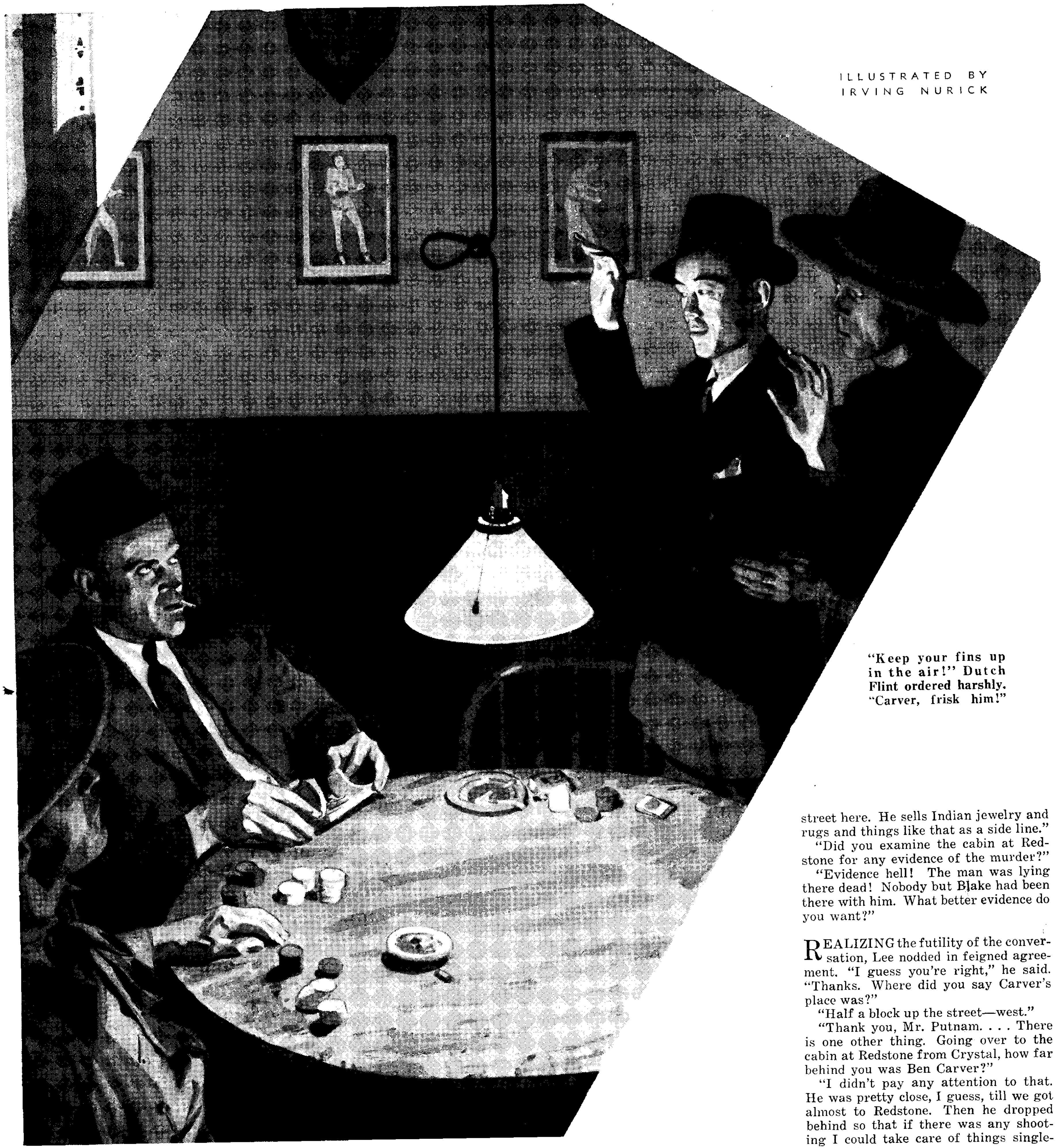
"Do you think Blake killed Bancroft?"

"It's a cinch."

"What makes you think so?"

"I'll spring my evidence in a trial court, unless Blake is strung up before then."

"You don't seem to be in a very pleas-



ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

"Keep your fins up in the air!" Dutch Flint ordered harshly. "Carver, frisk him!"

ant humor this morning, Mr. Putnam."

"Why the hell should I be in a pleasant humor? The sheriff and I and the local courts can take care of our troubles without any of you smart boys from the outside butting into the game."

James Lee asked quietly, "Has anyone ever suggested to you that your deputy's badge isn't large enough to cover your Reno record?"

Bill Putnam got to his feet. "What do you mean?"

James Lee risked a small bet on Putnam's evident agitation at the mention of the Reno record. "I mean that some of the department's files are never closed. . . . I'd like to talk to you about the Bancroft murder if you don't mind. I'm friendly. How about it?"

Bill Putnam scowled. "Go ahead. What do you want to know?"

"Tell the story."

"There isn't much story. I was up in Crystal on business. Sheriff Deane telephoned me that Bancroft had been murdered. I drove over to the cabin at Redstone and arrested Al Blake. Bancroft was dead. Blake had some blood on him. I covered Blake with my gun and got the handcuffs on him and brought him in. That was all there was to it."

"Did you bring Bancroft's body with you?"

"I was driving a little roadster. Ben Carver was in Crystal with a light truck. I told him to follow me over to Redstone and after I pinched Blake I told Carver to haul Bancroft's body down here to Stanton and turn it over to the coroner."

"Who is Carver?" James Lee asked.

"He runs a saddlery store up the street here. He sells Indian jewelry and rugs and things like that as a side line."

"Did you examine the cabin at Redstone for any evidence of the murder?"

"Evidence hell! The man was lying there dead! Nobody but Blake had been there with him. What better evidence do you want?"

REALIZING the futility of the conversation, Lee nodded in feigned agreement. "I guess you're right," he said. "Thanks. Where did you say Carver's place was?"

"Half a block up the street—west."

"Thank you, Mr. Putnam. . . . There is one other thing. Going over to the cabin at Redstone from Crystal, how far behind you was Ben Carver?"

"I didn't pay any attention to that. He was pretty close, I guess, till we got almost to Redstone. Then he dropped behind so that if there was any shooting I could take care of things single-handed."

"Is the road from Crystal to Redstone dusty?"

"It's solid rock most of the way. Good, clean rock. The wind blows too strong most of the time to let any dust lay around."

"Did you take Blake back to Crystal after you captured him?"

"No; I brought him straight south to Stanton. There's a sort of a side road from Redstone to Horn Spring where it hits the main road from Stanton to Crystal, about eighty miles up the line."

(Continued on page 34)

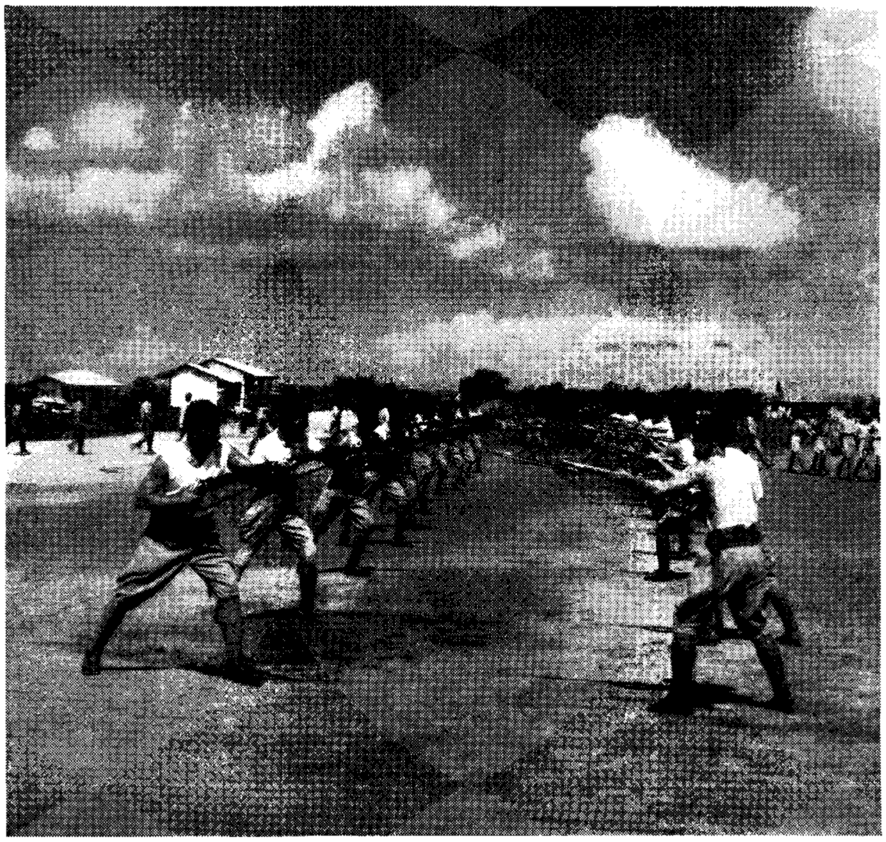
Spearhead of Our Defense

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

Out in the Philippines, Douglas MacArthur is building the world's cheapest national army. Twenty thousand troops, plus—they hope—American battleships and bombers, will discourage foreign attack on this westernmost outpost of America's first line of defense

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GERALD THOMPSON



Filipino soldiers practicing bayonet exercises at Camp Murphy

General Douglas MacArthur

"DON'T make any mistake: The Philippines are going to be independent, and they are going to stay independent. We're going to make it so very expensive for any nation to attack these islands that no nation will try it and we're going to do it with the world's cheapest army. His national defense is going to cost the Filipino just one-seventeenth what it costs the American—and it's going to be a better defense."

Big, lithe Douglas MacArthur strode around his cool, dim office, set into the thick old walls that, built in 1590, defended Spanish Manila for 327 years. Around the room were pictures of military men, American and foreign; one of his father, General Arthur MacArthur, who in early American days introduced American ways to the islands. Here and there, a flag hanging limply on its staff. Outside, trim staff sergeants and khaki-clad Filipinos battering typewriters in the breeze from electric fans—battering out the millions of words, filling in the myriad forms that go to make up what's called army paper work.

The military strategists will tell you that what Douglas MacArthur is doing isn't just building a brand-new Filipino army for the benefit of the Filipinos. To get their idea, you have to get down the atlas and look at a map of the Pacific—the Central and North Pacific.

Where America's Defense Begins

Put your pencil point on the westernmost of the Aleutian Islands, 'way over toward Asia. Now find the Philippines, down below and over to your left—and draw a line down there from the Aleutians. That is America's first line of defense in the Pacific.

And always must be—if we want to continue as a world power.

Now, on the map, find Tokyo in Japan and from it draw another line, straight down. You'll find it runs through tiny island groups—the Ogasawarajimas, the Marianas, the Carolines, the Palaus, and Yap. Guam's in there, too: That's ours. The rest are technically under a Japanese mandate. In reality they are Japanese, fortified, developed as naval bases. You will note that the two lines you have drawn intersect. Japan has thrown a line of guns and ships and submarines and planes across our defense line—a line, by the way, four thousand miles long.

Far to the eastward of the Philippines and a trifle north lie the Hawaiian Islands. If you connect the Aleutians, the Philippines and the Hawaiians you have a triangle, something like the front half of a spearhead, with the Philippines at the tip.

Douglas MacArthur thinks it's the tip of the spearhead, not only of American defense in the Pacific, but of western democracy.

"We've been telling the world people can govern themselves democratically," he told us, pulling on a slim Manila cigar and striding about. "Now we've got to help the Filipinos prove we are right. If the Filipino experiment fails, the prestige of the United States goes down to zero in a world that would like to see us flop, anyway. If we let it fail, we'll be the world's worst skunks."

Manuel Luis Quezon, first president of the Philippines, is passionately determined to make democracy, American style, work. So, by and large, are fourteen million Filipinos—although some of them have doubts. But Quezon, with a keen eye cocked over his shoulder toward Asia, and no illusions about the disinterested affection of various European nations, concluded that if the experiment was to work it had to be defended by a ring of steel bayonets. In Washington, as Chief of Staff of the American army, was Douglas MacArthur, familiar with the Philippines, liked by the Filipinos.

"I want him," said Quezon to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Quezon gets most things he wants. He got General MacArthur.

"He came to me in Washington," said MacArthur, "and asked me if the islands could be defended. I said they could, and I outlined the plan. I think it's the world's best defense plan, because we had the opportunity to start from scratch and cut through traditions and out-of-date methods that gum up a lot of armies. Anyway, the plan I figured out was passed by the Philippine legislature and we're building an army.

"The islands will get a first-class defense force for less than fifty cents per capita a year. The total will be sixteen million pesos—a peso is half a dollar. This will be about sixty per cent of the present cost of maintaining the Philippine units of the American army, and the Philippine constabulary. The American army in the islands is just window-dressing; the Philippine army will *be* something."

In his gray-checked tropical suit, silk shirt, white and tan shoes and black bow tie, he looked like a man planning a business deal. Or maybe more like a man who has figured out the right way to prevent a rival putting over a business deal at his expense.

The High Cost of Conquest

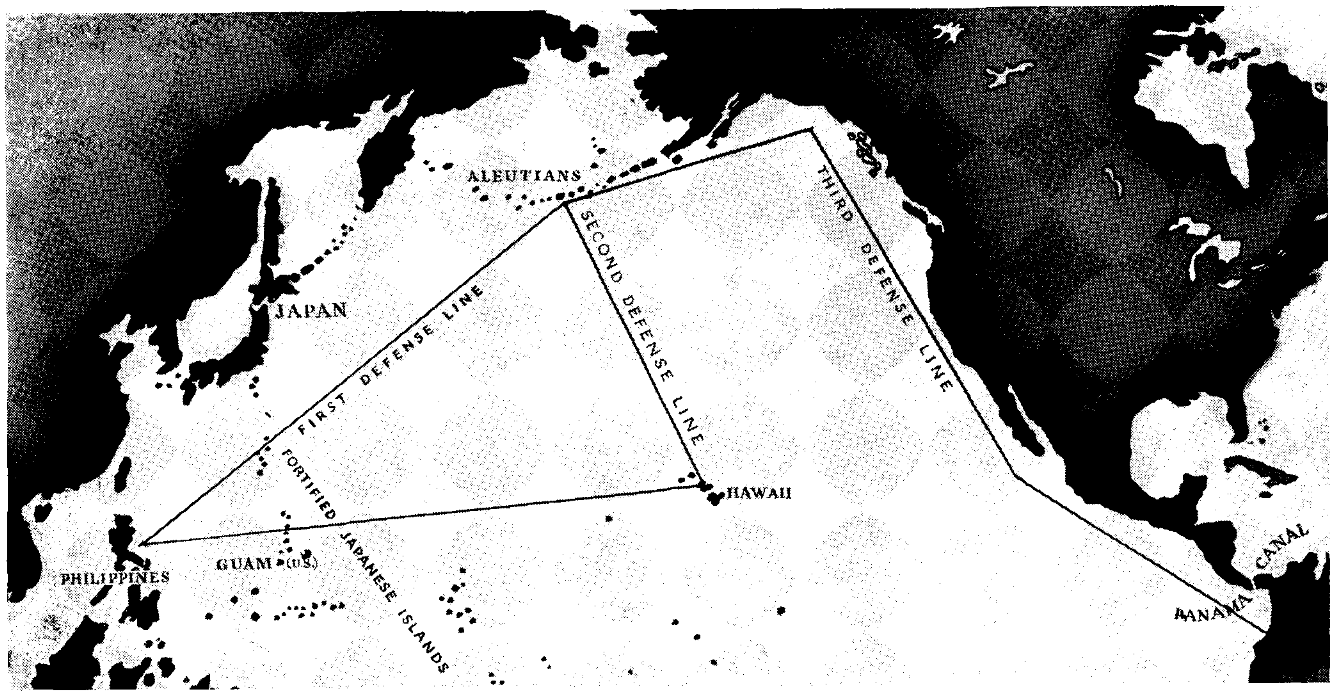
"Wars today," he said, relighting the cigar, "are economic shortcuts. The Japanese got Manchukuo and Korea, and they're getting North China, dirt cheap, both in money and lives. D'you know what it would cost Japan to take these islands after the Filipino army is built up? . . . It'd cost them four billion, gold, and half a million men, and take three years. That's too high a price—they won't pay it."

"You mean that fourteen million people, with no military traditions will be able to stand off seventy million who have had militarism dinned into them for years?" we asked.

"Listen: In the World War, the Germans had two possible routes westward—through Belgium or Switzerland. The Belgians had their neutrality guaranteed by five great powers, but they didn't have much of an army. The Swiss didn't have anyone back of them, but the eight million of them had a national army, built solely for defense. The Germans probably could have won a path through Switzerland in time, but their armies would have been so shattered they'd have been worthless for anything else.

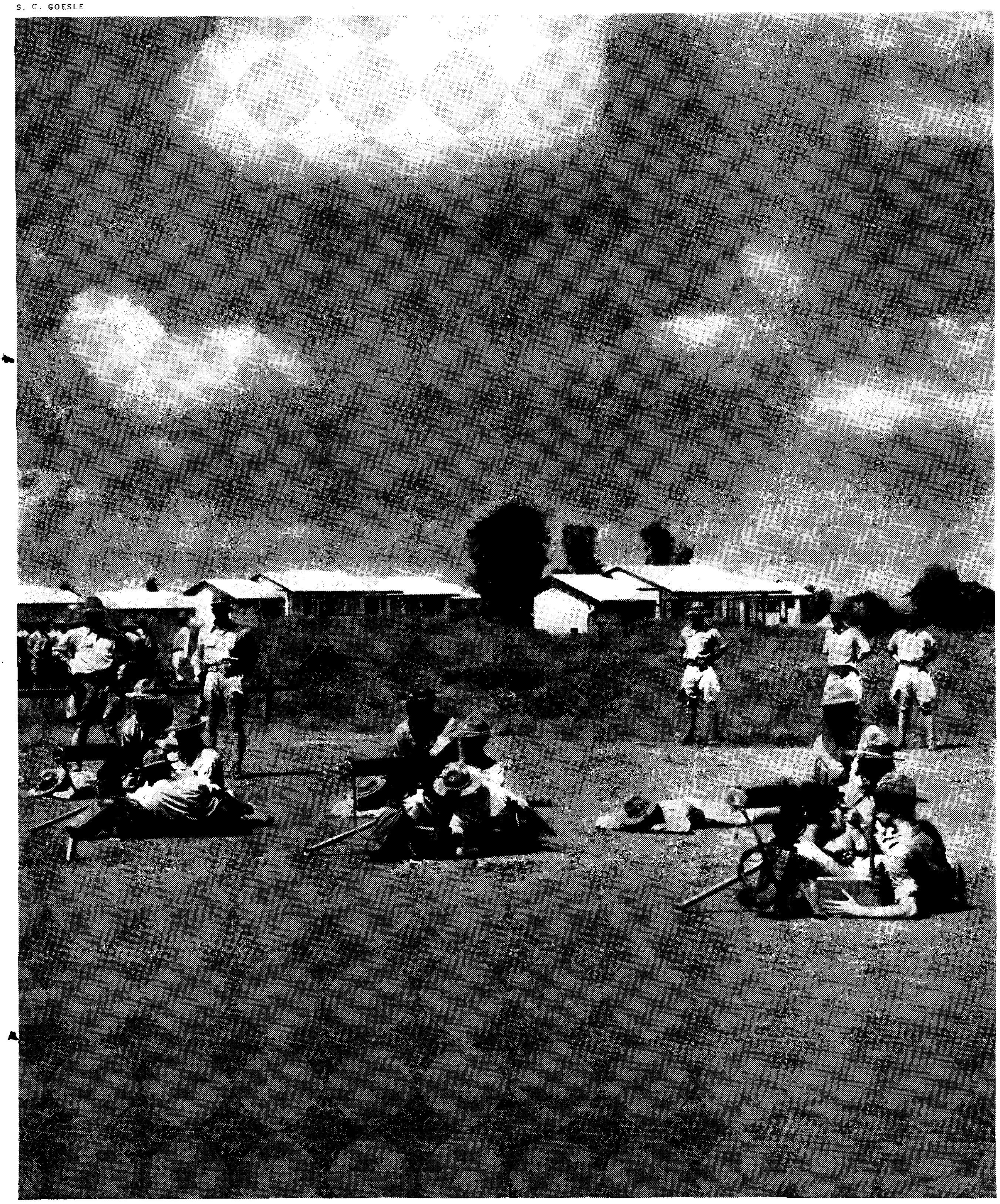
"This Filipino army is going to be for defense only. There is deliberately not going to be any navy, because a navy is always aggressive and is most useful on the offensive. Naturally, the Filipinos don't want to attack anyone, and they propose to prove it to the world by omitting any offensive units from their army."

Here's how MacArthur is building an army, from the ground up, cheaply:



S. C. GOESLE

America's lines of defense in any war in the Pacific. Note our dependence on Filipino co-operation to maintain the first defense line



A machine gun company of the Filipino army at drill practice, Camp Murphy

It starts with the Philippine constabulary, seven thousand strong—and with every schoolteacher. Every child, boy or girl, starts taking military training at the age of ten. First things taught are physical fitness, sanitation, elementary drill. Teachers are trying, this summer, to create a national spirit among the forty-three tribes, speaking eighty-seven dialects, that make up the Filipino people. And, after that, to give these people confidence in themselves. We've had hold of their hands so long they are not quite sure, yet, if they dare venture out into the great, wicked world alone.

When he's twenty, the boy becomes a trainee and gets two and a half cents a day, with food, clothing and shelter. He serves for not more than five and a half months. He can enlist, if he likes, instead of being drafted; if he does, he starts in on pay of seven dollars a month and gradually works up to twenty-one dollars. The trainees have two years' intensive military instruction and then go into the first reserve. They turn out once a year for a sort of CMTC course, until they're thirty. Then they go into the second reserve until they are forty. Over that, they're in the third reserve—and probably will spend their time telling everyone how the army's gone to hell since they were in it.

A Discouragement to Jingoism

But, if they have a national army, the Filipinos are making sure nobody's going to use it without reason, and nobody's going to make any profit out of it, either. The legislature—a one-house model on the Nebraska plan—has to okay any mobilization, and the Philippines' legislature is extraordinarily susceptible to public sentiment. Furthermore, if a war starts, all profits stop automatically and everything in the islands is turned over to the government. That discourages any jingoism among business interests.

"It's the world's cheapest setup," said MacArthur, getting down to the end of one cigar and starting another. "We're getting the land for our 153 training stations for nothing; we're doing the barracks-building by convict labor; the whole thing is scaled to the ability of the Filipinos to pay for it. The islands couldn't afford a volunteer army; Americans can, because they like that sort of an army and hate conscription. The American army is in the luxury class."

The Manila papers, that day, had carried stories about the alleged opposition of the Moros to being drafted—stories about Moros stealing gaspipe from which

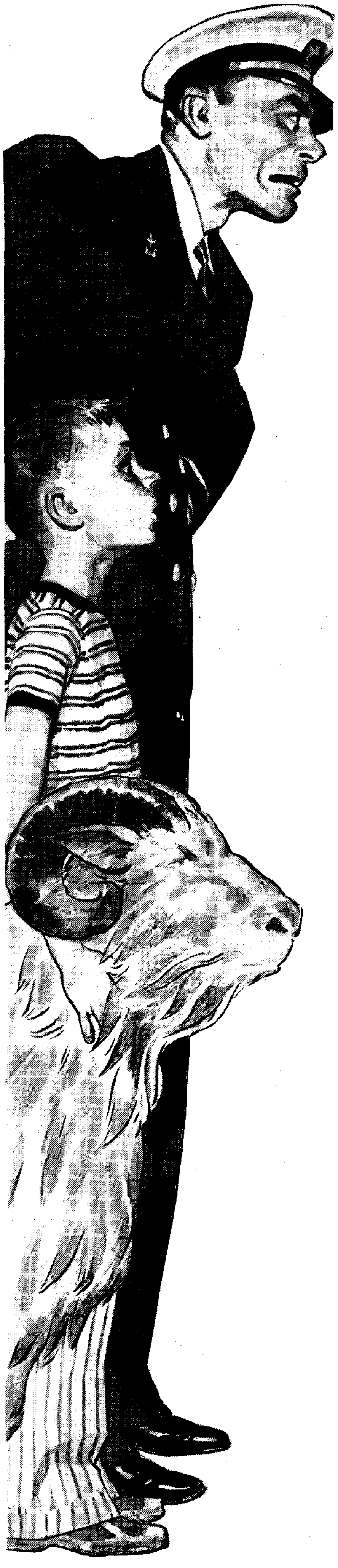
(Continued on page 38)

Get that Goat!

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A rollicking romance of our Naval Academy, featuring one small hero—and a goat. Required reading at Annapolis for the next five days

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



The plebes stood at attention with a heavy brace; their faces changed color from pink to red. Mr. Mike Lodge snorted his contempt

MASTER LAWRENCE WILLOUGHBY III was in deep disgrace. He, a Navy Junior and the son of Commander Willoughby, had been heard to utter horrid remarks about the United States Naval Academy. He had called the regiment of midshipmen "a bunch of goofy guys." He had referred to Annapolis as "jest dilly-dumb ol' Crabtown." And he had characterized Miss Millicent Byars, 4.0 queen and a sweetheart of the regiment, as "a big ol' mushy face that's alla time trying to catch a husband, but pretends not to."

These deliberate, considered opinions—unworthy of an officer and a gentleman had been delivered by Master Lawrence at the top of his lungs in the front yard of Commander Willoughby's quarters on Porter Road at 10:47 o'clock of a Saturday morning. The following persons witnessed the crime:

Master Joel Prentice, a friend.

Mr. Thomas Burkell, plumber and neutral.

Cox'n H. T. Carrigan (retired), manservant and factotum to Commander Willoughby.

Moto Jones, Hawaiian cook, employed by Commander Willoughby.

Mrs. Courtney Holmby, wife of Captain Holmby, next-door neighbor and sworn enemy of Master Lawrence.

It was now 12:17 P. M. and Lawrence, placed "in hack" by Cox'n Carrigan with a few appropriate remarks, waited on a divan in his father's living-room. Any minute now Dad would be home from the Academy.

Through the front window Lawrence could see the great white bulk of the armory. Autumn grass still lay green on Farragut Field, hallowed by the cleats of the Team. Not far away were Bancroft Hall and the Sea Wall and Dewey Basin and the Bay. Near by stood the Chapel, like a helmeted sentinel on guard at the tomb of John Paul Jones. Generations of young men and young women had looked upon the Yard, its buildings and its sacred places, with quickened heartbeats and sentimental tears.

But Master Lawrence Willoughby was in no humor to respect history and romance.

"I don't care," he repeated to himself savagely, "I jest don't caaaare!"

He looked a hardened and battered little boy. Cox'n Carrigan and Moto were kindly but not tender. A mother would have hustled Master Lawrence to a bathtub. She would have noted disapprovingly that his slacks were two sizes too large and cinched constrictingly by a disreputable web belt which had the added burden of a huge cap-and-ball (hammer and trigger missing) navy pistol. Master Lawrence's teeth were stained by licorice jelly beans; his blue sweater smelled strongly of billy goat, and sundry bumps and bruises had been ignored, man-fashion, or sloshed hastily with various service-issue disinfectants.

A DOOR opened and closed. Lawrence rubbed an arm across his eyes and slid off the divan, standing. His father had entered the room.

The boy watched his father nervously but without apprehension. A tall man and spare, Commander Willoughby placed his uniform cap on a table, not seeing either table or cap, and turned to face his son. He was nervous, too. He was not very well acquainted with Lawrence Willoughby III.

"I'm in hack, sir, for—for—"

"Mrs. Holmby told me about it," Commander Willoughby said.

"She's an old tattletale."

"That will do!"

"Yes, sir."

Commander Willoughby started to speak, then hesitated. The realization of how very much a stranger he had allowed this child to become abashed him. Lawrence's mother had died when he was a baby. Lawrence had been left with her family in Texas while Willoughby finished his China station tour and then six years with the fleet. He was going on eleven now; not large for his years but disconcertingly wise as a child is apt to be when left with aging grandparents, and rather unaccountably tough.

"You . . . er . . . aren't happy here with me, Lawrence?"

The boy blinked. He had his mother's eyes, a lovely blue, clear, deep in color and unafraid. There was a scabby scratch under the left one and a blot of peeling sunburned skin at the corner of the right one. Cox'n Carrigan had superintended Lawrence's haircut; its only merit was that paint could be easily removed from the stubble.

"Yes, sir—I like it here fine."

"But you don't like the Academy, eh?"

"We-ell, those Navy junior plebes don't treat Ole Bill right. And Mr. Lodge would paddle their pants for it, if I was to squeal on them."

"Ole Bill?"

"He's the goat—"

"Oh, yes, the Navy mascot."

"I had a goat in Texas. His name was Bruce and he was a butter and a jumper. You could wash him in gasoline and he'd still smell strong. He—"

Commander Willoughby cleared his throat. This talk about goats seemed to him an unnecessary digression. Commander Willoughby was an ordnance expert and spent all his spare time working on plans for a new anti-aircraft gun designed to drop enemy bombing planes like dead ducks out of the sky.

"Mrs. Holmby . . . er . . . has complained that you made uncomplimentary remarks about her niece, Miss Byars."

"We-ell, I did, but—well, she's got no business trying to catch Mr. Lodge. He hates her guh—he hates her like poison and she jest better leave him alone—"

"Who is Mr. Lodge?"

LAWRENCE'S stubborn savagery disappeared in a twinkling. His face brightened with hero worship.

"Mr. Mike Lodge, First Class, sir! He's Keeper of the Goat and heavyweight champ of the intercollegiate and he—"

"Yes, I know. But Mr. Lodge's quarrel with Miss Byars is no concern of yours, is it? An eleven-year-old boy—"

"We-ell, he's my best friend."

"That's not the point, Lawrence—"

"He lets me pasture Ole Bill all by myself and he hates girls. He's the hardest Red Mike in the Academy and not no sissy snake guy that's alla time fooling around hops—"

"That will do!"

"Yes, sir."

Commander Willoughby felt himself to be on sure ground now. He paused to make his words impressive—

"Some day, Lawrence, you will, I hope, enter the Academy. You will be an officer. An officer does not talk against women or about women. Not under any circumstances. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Silence! I am ashamed of you. Your conduct is unforgivable. You have been behaving like some common brat out of the slums. Now then—I want you to promise me on your word of honor that you will never again criticize any girl or any woman in public or private."

"Yes, sir. I only said—"

"Silence! Now then—you are to confine yourself to the back yard for one week. You are not to speak to other boys or play with them. You are not—for one month—to attend a picture show. You are to work in the kitchen under Moto's direction one hour each day until I relieve you. Is that clear?"

Lawrence ducked his head.

"Yes, sir."

"And unless your present attitude shows a marked change for the better, I shall have to send you away. And that will mean that I consider you hopeless as officer material. I . . . would hate to think . . . my son . . . that is all. You may go."

"Yes, sir."

THE boy sidled around the tall blue-clad figure. His tear-filled eyes blurred the brass buttons on his father's uniform coat, the gold braid, the stern, handsome face.

"C-can't I jest pasture Ole Bill—"

"You are not to leave the back yard for one week."

"Yes, sir."

Lawrence walked slowly out of the room and closed the door. He plodded with dragging feet back to the kitchen. Moto was fixing luncheon.

"My dad says I got to do K. P. every day for a hour. You want me to help you now?"

Moto looked sorry.

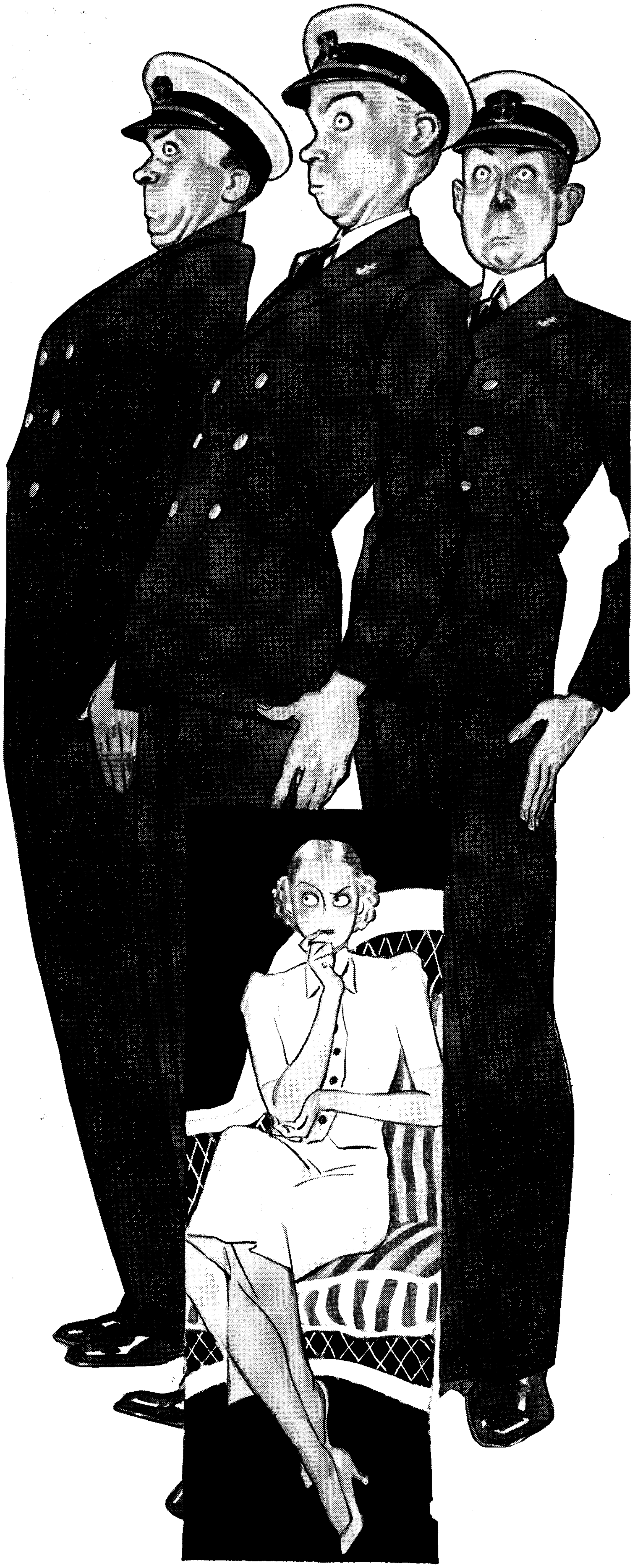
"You help dinnah-time. I tell you."

Lawrence passed onto the back porch, the back steps, the narrow stretch of yard. He sat down behind a tree, hugging his knees.

If Dad had only listened. Maybe he did lose his temper and yell at Joel; but how was he to know that mean ol' tattletale Mrs. Holmby was behind the lilac bushes? But oh, no, Dad wouldn't pay any attention. Dad jest never would pay any attention.

And now he couldn't pasture Ole Bill. He couldn't currycomb Ole Bill. Mr. Lodge would jest hafta turn him over to those Navy junior plebes. They did not like Ole Bill and would not take care of him right. They always had town liberty and were in a hurry to get to Moore's where they could talk to silly ol' girls. Ole Bill did not get enough grass; he had to eat dirty old grass along the edge of the walk so's those Navy junior plebes could look at girls walking in the Yard.

Ole Bill would probably get the colic and die. They'd be sorry, then. They alla time cheered Ole Bill when he was dressed up in his blue blanket with block "N" and stars at the football games, and they really yelled when Ole Bill butted the Army mule. Oh, yes, they really yelled then. But between times Ole Bill got stuck in the third wing court of Bancroft Hall with only those dumb Navy junior plebes to look after him. Ole Bill was a good goat . . . he was smarter'n a shepherd dog . . . he would not eat tin cans or rags . . . and if you fed him smartweed with burrs in it . . . or pulled his beard . . . he would get up his fight 'em . . . he . . . hhhhhhh . . . he'd jest die now. . . .



"You come lunch, Law-wence—"

"Don't want any lunch."

BUT oh, no, Dad wouldn't listen about Mr. Mike Lodge and ol' Millicent Byars. A kid had to stick up for his best friend, didn't he? And that ol' Millicent, she was after Mr. Lodge. She could have all the other midshipmen that were so goofy snakes but, oh, no. She didn't want *them*. Dad could jest ask Joel Prentice. He knew because his big sister, Olivia, was Millicent's best friend up to Goucher College in Baltimore. And Joel had heard with his very own ears ol' Olivia telling Joel's mother how ol' Millicent was gonna get Mr. Mike Lodge. Huh! Why didn't Dad ask Joel? But, oh, no, Dad jest got sore and . . . hhhhh . . . said . . . he . . . hhhhh . . . wasn't officer material and couldn't go to the Academy . . . and get on Mr. Lodge's ship . . . and . . . *hhhhhh* . . .

"Goat detail, halt!"

Lawrence jumped up—his face still tragic from long, bitter thoughts under a blue Annapolis sky—and stammered, "H-hi, Mister Lodge!"

Oh, wonderful sight!

Midshipman Mike Lodge, three Navy junior plebes and Ole Bill had entered the Willoughby back yard. The plebes marked time in single file, their leader holding Ole Bill by a rope attached to his collar.

"Goat detail, at ease!"

His heart beating joyously, Lawrence stumbled toward Mr. Mike Lodge. Tall, broad and husky, the Keeper of the Goat wore a charming grin.

"Assistant Keeper of the Goat, greetings and condolences. I understand you are in hack."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mike Lodge turned on the three plebes and scowled ferociously.

"Mr. Dumb, Mr. Slewfoot and Mr. Giggle have town liberty," he said. "Their minds, if any, are focused on Crabtown women. I am disgusted; Ole Bill is disgusted and you, Assistant Keeper of the Goat, are disgusted."

"Yes, sir!"

THE plebes stood at attention with a heavy brace; their faces changed color from pink to red. Mr. Mike Lodge snorted his contempt.

"Attention, goat detail." The plebes put on a more extreme brace. "Ole Bill has requested that he be allowed to pasture for two hours undisturbed by the sight of you. His digestion is weak. In deference to his wishes, I am dismissing you until four o'clock. At four o'clock you will report to the Assistant Keeper of the Goat and escort Ole Bill back to quarters. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Goat detail dismissed!"

Three delighted plebes touched their caps and marched off—to Moore's, to Carvel Hall, to the Circle where, mayhap, three maidens waited for their sailor boys in blue.

"Gee, Mr. Lodge—kin I pasture him for two whole hours? Oh, gee, thanks!"

Lawrence sank to his knees and embraced Ole Bill's neck. He rubbed his face into Ole Bill's smelly hair. Ole Bill turned his head, sniffed, recognized Lawrence and began, contentedly, to crop grass.

"Good, sound sentiment, kid," said Mr. Lodge, approvingly. "Show me the youngster who prefers the company of goats and men. He's got the right stuff in him!"

"I love Ole Bill, don't I, Ole Bill?"

(Continued on page 32)

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

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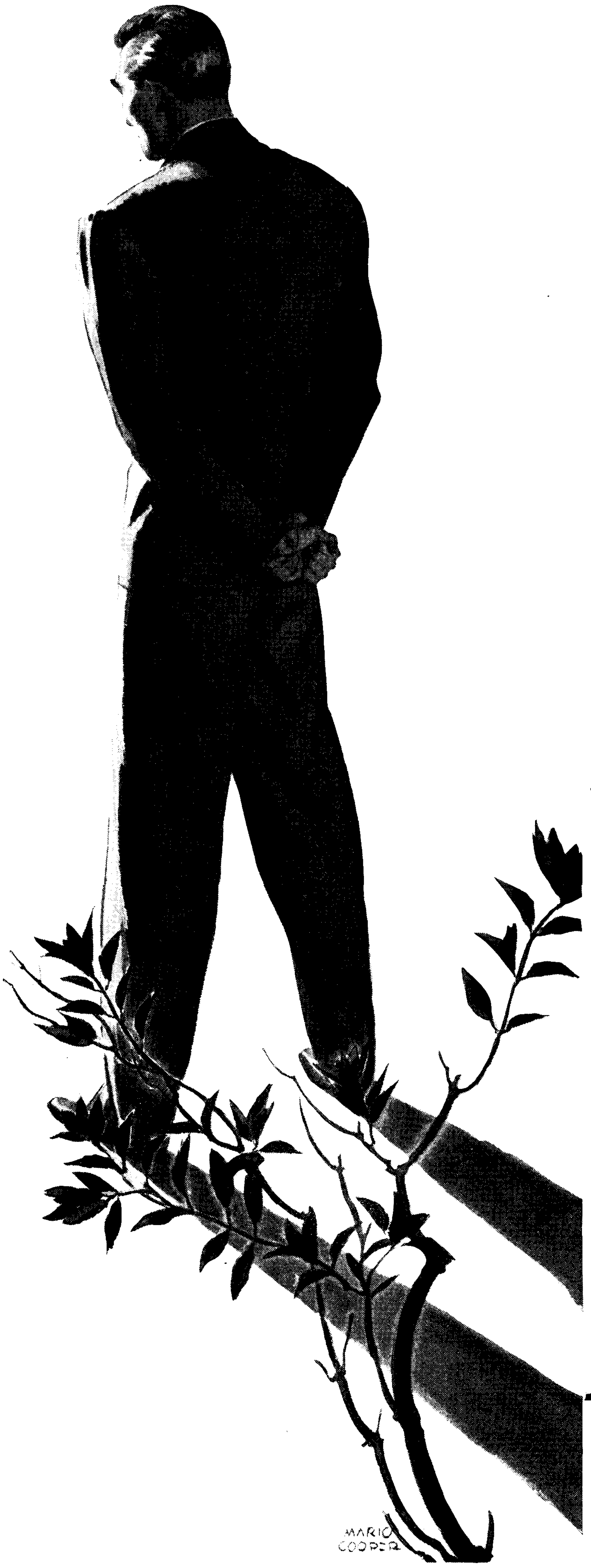


The Story Thus Far:

AFTER Susannah Farjeon's brilliant marriage to Alec Hazeltyne, happy years follow. Deeply in love with each other, it seems that nothing could happen to mar the gay pattern of their life together. But something does: Alec meets a talented girl *named Merle Sargent and helps her to get* a start in New York. Sanna, unsuspecting, opens her house to Merle—and then learns the truth. Alec is in love with her.

Dark days for Sanna Hazeltyne follow. Her only confidante, Margot Fielding, advises her to show the world—and Alec—that she hasn't quit living just because her husband is playing the fool; and Sanna accepts the invitation of Ross St. Hubert, a popular painter who has done her portrait, to meet him in Boston to see it hung. St. Hubert assures Sanna that his sister will meet them there. But, on her arrival, Sanna finds she has been tricked: the show at which her portrait is to be shown has been postponed, St. Hubert's sister has not come on from her home in Washington. Angrily she returns to New York. . . .

A few days later Alec's attorney calls. Sanna tells him what she has told Alec: she will not step down as his wife, the mother of his baby girl, Evelina, to satisfy the ambitions *of Merle Sargent. The lawyer then* tells her that Alec has the right to divorce her because of the night she recently spent in Boston—with Ross St. Hubert. . . .

Terrified, and sick with disgust at the trap into which she has so innocently fallen, Sanna goes to Margot Fielding for advice. Margot hears her out, then says, "My dear, why don't you get out of New York? Why don't you pack up and go over to that little farm in Connecticut you told me about? You know the old saying: 'He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day. . . .' "

"Yes, and this is a fight," Susannah concedes with narrowed eyes. "I have to do something that will interest Alec. This might be it."

VI

IT WAS not, as she had said, a solution, but the thought of escape from the problems and humiliations of the present situation was a bracing one, and Susannah walked home from Margot's with a quickened pulse, with a mind diverted from the wearisome track of despondency in which it had struggled so long.

She stopped in to spend a few minutes with Alec's mother. The old woman, encased in her luxurious setting of rugs and cushions, attentive servants, delicate meals, flowers and soft lights, was often lonesome and depressed at the best of times; Susannah knew that she was anxious and apprehensive just now about Alec's domestic affairs.

Coming in to the close, scented atmosphere from the fresh air of the street had always had the effect of checking Susannah's spirits: it had that effect today. There was a sort of elegant deadness here; a thick, clothy richness to everything that effectively subdued her. Old Mrs. Hazeltyne's magnificent friends had made her endless magnificent presents in the course of the long years; they were all about her, onyx and crystal lamps, silver trays and frames and vases, books in tooled leather. There was nothing in her entire apartment that was not expensive and heavy.

Her dress today was expensive and heavy, too; real lace tumbled in frills over her discolored, lame old hands; her fingers were crusted with gems that sparkled as she poured tea into gold-flowered cups that stood in gold holders.

Susannah stretched her young length in a winged leather chair, sighed, setting aside her hand-bag and gloves. She and the older woman talked sympathetically enough, but at first a little guardedly, each one afraid to stir the depths of her feelings, to embarrass herself or her companion with an unexpected show of emotion.

But presently, after she had drained her first cup, looking keenly across it now and then at her daughter-in-law, Alec's mother asked quietly but abruptly:

"He's with her all the time, eh?"

"I suppose so," Susannah answered, also quietly, but with a sudden narrowing of her eyes and tightening of her mouth. "Of course I don't know anything about what Alec's doing, or where he is, now," she added, lightly. "He isn't at home, you know."

"He went to Nassau; he made a flying trip to London," his mother said. "He slept here two nights, a few weeks ago; I couldn't get anything out of him. Now I believe he's gone to San Francisco. He's reorganizing the agencies out there."

"I had to telephone the office about a very urgent cable from England," Susannah said. "They said he had gone west."

"Reno, perhaps," his mother suggested. Susannah raised darkened eyes.

"He can't, unless I consent," she said quickly.

"I thought they could."

"Not without the other party's consent. He's asked for it, and I've refused it."

"You told me." His mother's voice dropped, and there was a silence. "He's crazy," the other woman said simply, then. After a moment she added: "He wants to bring that woman here."

SUSANNAH felt a stabbing pain in her very vitals. She leaned back, weak and sick, her voice dragging thick in her throat.

"Merle?"

"Whatever her name is. Yes, Merle."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? I'm a civilized woman, after all. I'd give her a cup of tea, I suppose, and remark that at last we were having some real spring." Old Mrs. Hazeltyne's voice, under its sharp scornful bitterness, held a hint of hard resignation. "We live in today," she said.

Susannah spoke after a long silence, during which she had stared blindly into the coal fire that was half asleep behind old-fashioned, polished steel rods.

"I hang on to him; I follow him and coax him; I cry about it and pray about it," she said in a low, thoughtful tone, as if she spoke to herself. "I keep repeating that he is crazy—that he'll come to his senses. But perhaps I'm all wrong. Perhaps we're all crazy—all blinding ourselves deliberately to things that are perfectly plain—perfectly obvious. He's tired of me, and whatever I do only makes him more tired of me—more anxious not to see me, not to be drawn into scenes! My God," Susannah murmured, getting to her feet now, gathering up her furs, "how hard it is to believe that anyone's stopped loving us! Such glorious love—an ocean of it—there whenever I wanted it—turning life magic. And now, not even liking—"

She was talking to herself, her voice hardly more than a whisper, her eyes brimming with tears as she linked her sables, tucked her bag high under her arm, busied herself with her gloves. The other woman watched her without speaking.

There was a stir behind them. Old Mrs. Hazeltyne looked up from the tea table; Susannah wheeled about. Alec and Merle had entered the room and had come toward them.

It was his mother's voice, speaking to Alec, that broke the moment of stunned silence that enveloped all four.

"Well, sir," she said. "When did you get back?"

HANDSOME, groomed, serious, Alec bent over his mother's chair to set a kiss where her artificial silver curls met the cosmetic smoothness of her forehead.

"Flew," he said briefly. "I left Chicago at nine and had lunch here."

"Sanna, I'm so glad to see you," Merle said, in a timid, friendly voice. Merle wore a gray silk dress with Russian embroidery in rich colors at the smocked neck and wrists; her gray hat had corresponding touches of color in cross-stitch; her suède shoes were gray. She did not look smart; she was never smart, but there was a gipsy picturesqueness about her, with her blackened eyelids and gold hair, and the great soft new silver fox cape that enveloped her would have made her conspicuous anywhere, without any additional detail. Alec was introducing her to his mother; Susannah, occupied only with the need to escape, could hear Merle's pleasant clipped British accents on the murmured phrases "always wanted to know Alec's mother because he just thinks you're the most wonderful woman in the world" and "you'll have to like me because I like him so much!" as she walked, in a whirlwind of emotions, to the doorway, and through the softly lighted foyer, and pressed the elevator bell.

Alec was suddenly beside her, ringing the bell again; not protesting her going, but not unsympathetic, either.

"Sorry for this, Sanna," he said. "I wouldn't have barged in—"

A silence. The elevator arrow shot from floor to floor; third, eighth, tenth at last! The heavy doors rattled open.

"Evelina all right?" Alec asked. Susannah made no answer; she did not raise her eyes to his.

"All right," she said quickly, impatiently to the boy. He closed the doors reluctantly; it was over. She was out in the sweet languid air of the late spring afternoon, out in the hurrying streets again. Her face burned; her heart hammered; her thoughts were in wild angry confusion. What sort of a world was it, when a woman's husband, the father of her child, could so encounter her, could so hurt her?

"Or perhaps I'm the fool," Susannah told herself, walking fast and blindly, not knowing where she was going. "Perhaps Alec is the smart one. Love for a few months, a year or two, and then the slate washed clean, and another love! Children? What do they matter? When they're old enough they'll have love affairs of their own, and until then nothing counts. Nothing counts except men meeting women, and wanting them, and beginning to shift their whole lives about so that they can have them."

Alec had seemed quite himself, his happy and occupied self. It was incredible to his wife that while her own life was being rocked by an earthquake he could be so simply contented, so groomed, so naturally affectionate with his mother, so proud of Merle. He had carried off an insufferable situation with his own maddening qualities of politeness and consideration, his kindly air of sparing everyone embarrassment.

It was not to be borne! Susannah walked into her own house, went to the nursery, talked quickly, feverishly to Liza. She liked Liza the best of the maids, and Liza adored the baby.

"Liza, I am thinking of going into the country. You lived in Vermont when you were little, you won't mind it?"

"If it was France or California or one of those places, it'd be different, wouldn't it?" Liza submitted, interested at once.

"This is Connecticut."

"Oh, I'd like it," Liza said, her face brightening.

JUST a week later they made the change. Susannah moved as hurriedly as she could through the final stages of packing, of dispersing the household staff. She never wanted to see the apartment again, that luxurious place where she had been so happy! She never wanted to see Frost or Phillips or the big car or Agnes or Delia or Milly, kind as they all were, sorry as they all were!—again. She felt that she could not breathe until she was away from it all, off into the clean bare country, alone with her heartache and her child. Liza would help her drive if she got tired; no one else was with them when at last all the leather bags and the boxes were packed in the back of the car, and she and Liza and the baby started on their long drive.

It was a heavenly spring day after rains; the countryside was basking in green beauty; every dooryard in the little towns and suburbs through which they passed was a bouquet of fragrance and color. Liza commented favorably on the landscape; she had been born and bred in country somewhat like this. Susannah breathed deep of it; Evelina, sprawled in Liza's lap asleep, seemed to breathe deeper, too. The baby's face was flushed to exquisite apricot; her dampened curls were plastered on the delicate velvet of her white temples.

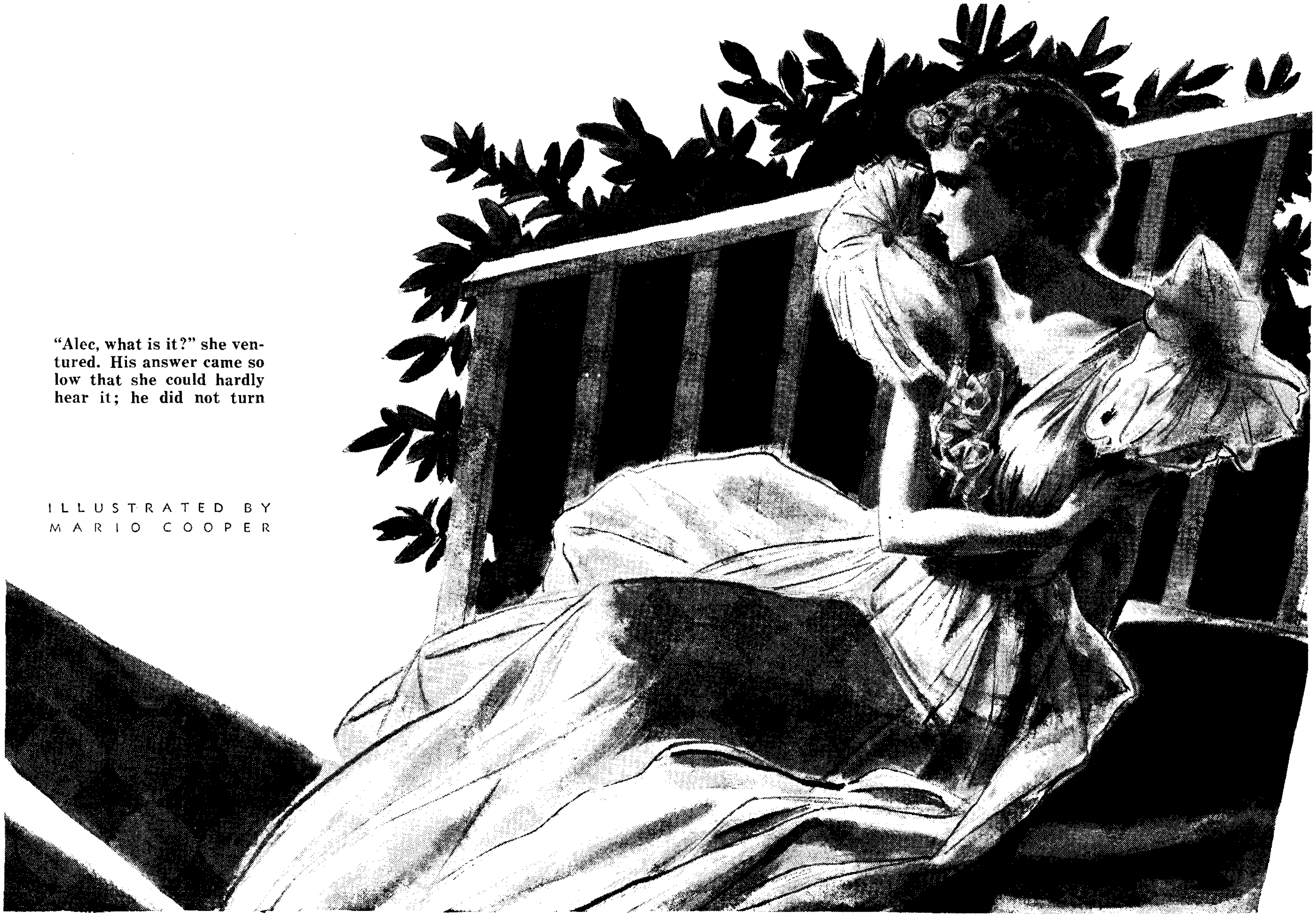
"There might be peace here," Susannah thought.

They reached the little farm late in the afternoon. Liza carried bags and boxes into the house with the help of the Trimler boy. Laverne was installed, grim, capable and cleaner than a willow whip, in the kitchen.

"Them men are goin' to git this place a mass of mud, Mis' Hazeltyne," observed Laverne. "Well, you look like you'd had a real good nap!" she added, approving of the dewy-eyed and red-cheeked Evelina, sitting on Liza's lap in a kitchen chair. "I made up beds like your letter said," added Laverne, "and I got milk from Swineburgs until we git a caow, and I've readied up some. The place ain't anything like clean yet, but it takes time, these places that hev been shut up for years. You'll have to take one day off my month, Mis' Hazeltyne, for I went t' my Aunt Kate Trimler's funeral last Tuesday—she went off very sudden an' nothin'd do for Al but I'd go over there an' run things. Now you'll want to see upstairs."

Laverne Trimler talked all the time, but so did Liza, on the slightest encouragement, and Susannah decided that

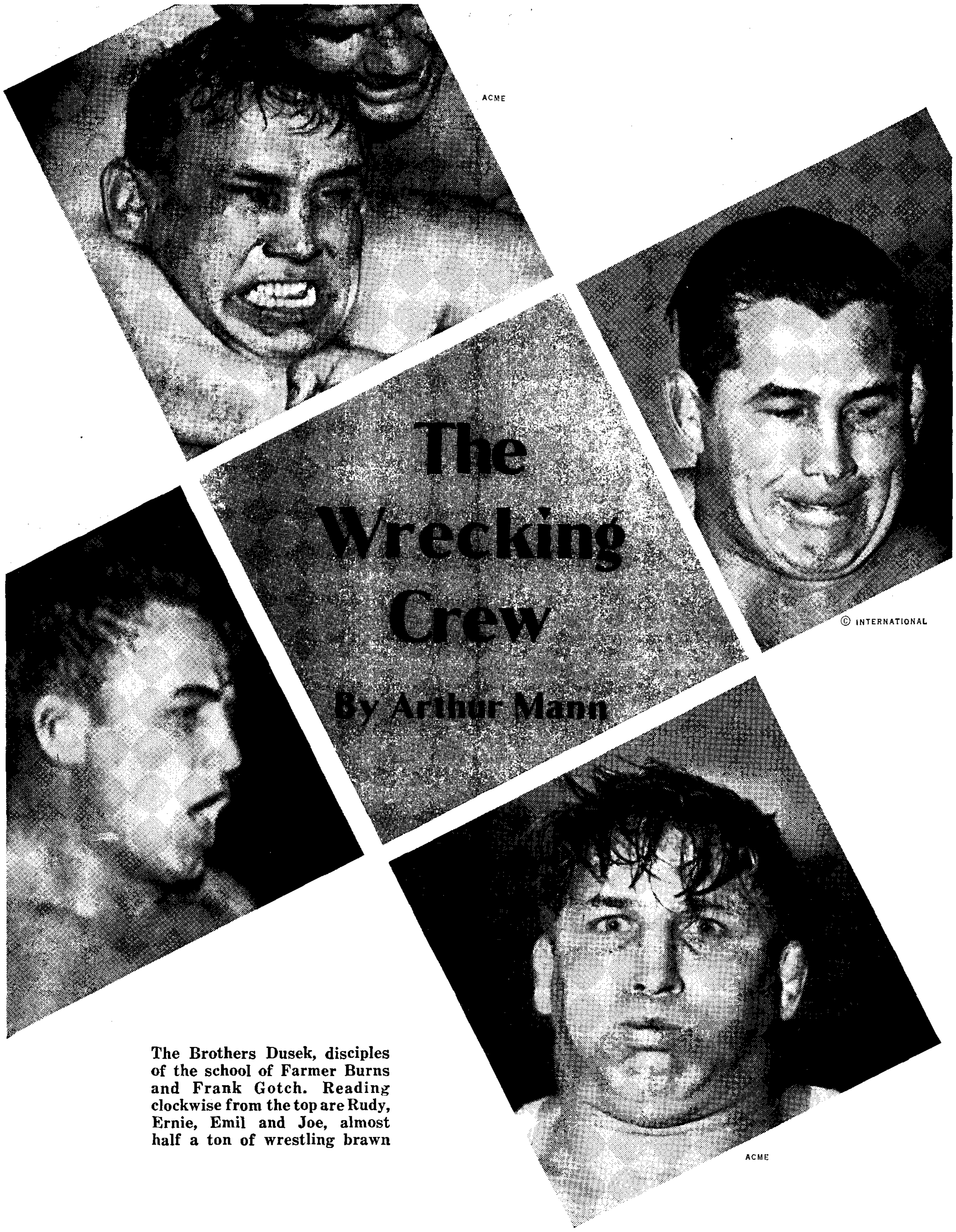
(Continued on page 49)



"Alec, what is it?" she ventured. His answer came so low that she could hardly hear it; he did not turn

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Night after night wrestling fans all over the East sit prayerfully waiting to see a Dusek get his brains knocked out. For encouraging this vain hope, the more famous Dusek quartet (there's another quartet of competent amateur Duseks back in Nebraska) draws down $100,000 or more annually. Perhaps the time has come to revise the popular opinion about the intelligence of professional wrestlers



ACME

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ACME

The Wrecking Crew

By Arthur Mann

The Brothers Dusek, disciples of the school of Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Reading clockwise from the top are Rudy, Ernie, Emil and Joe, almost half a ton of wrestling brawn

A FLOCK of blue-winged mallards, or some such birds, flew over a patch of Missouri River marshland. Emil picked up his gun, drew a bead and let go. His younger brother, Joe, blazed away an instant later. A duck fell. Emil made the retrieve and took it home for supper.

The next day when Emil told a third brother, Ernie, how he had winged the duck, Joe was indignant.

"Where do you get that stuff—you shot the duck?" he demanded. "I shot the duck."

"*You* shot the duck?" Emil gasped.

"Yes, *I* shot the duck."

Emil shrugged. "All right," he said. "*You* shot the duck."

From that day, two years ago, to this, Emil and Joe haven't spoken.

A momentary flash of temper, yes, but typical of the Omaha Duseks, who take their hunting as seriously as they take their profession of operating upon the joints and muscles of the top-notch wrestlers. Except for this one sour note, the athletic and social life of the four Duseks, the Wrecking Crew of Wrestling, has been a prolonged fraternal symphony.

If you haven't seen them, you have read about them on the sports pages of your daily paper. The day's news is not complete unless it contains a report of how at least one Dusek made out the night before. All four are headliners, and excellent wrestlers, as wrestlers go, which is from town to town and night after night.

They are known to the fans as Rudy, Emil, Ernie and Joe, and they hail from the incubator of the wrestling world, Nebraska. But that isn't the half of it, or them. Back in Omaha there are four more brothers and a sister as well, to say nothing of a proud father, aged seventy-eight, and a mother of sixty-five.

Their real name is not Dusek. The father, Anton Hassan, came here from Bohemia, and was working as a good and respected butcher in Omaha when his son, Rudolph, fell under the spell of Farmer Burns, teacher of Frank Gotch, at the Y. M. C. A. and won the State Amateur championship.

Rudy began to wrestle for money about fifteen years ago but, rather than disturb his mother's peace of mind, he kept the wrestling a secret and appeared publicly as Rudy Dusek, the name of a neighbor. Rudy went along quite a while under that *nom de guerre*, as it were. He poured fresh green bills into his mother's lap at regular intervals. She never thought to check up on his methods of earning money. Her mind was filled with pity and sympathy for poor Mrs. Dusek, the neighbor.

"I hear that Dusek boy is in bad company and hanging out with wrestlers," said Mamma Hassan. "I hope my little Rudy would never bring such shame on our house."

And little Rudy, who had thinned out to a mere 220 pounds in those days, had to turn his blond head to hide his tear-laden, baby-blue eyes from Mamma Hassan.

The Parade of Duseks

But time brought too much money, and a suspiciously lumpy left ear. Mamma Hassan finally pinned little Rudy down to a confession. The panic was on. Wrestling Duseks came out of Omaha like fireballs from a Roman candle.

Anton, Jr., really a half-brother, Frank, Edward, Rudolph, Walter, Emil, Ernest and Joseph began to toss everything and one another around the yard, the kitchen, the living-room and upstairs. All were husky, but Papa Hassan was huskier, and the "Duseks" soon learned that there is all pain and no percentage in wrestling among themselves.

Then and there they laid down a hands-off-one-another policy that hasn't been broken to this day, which is why you never see the headline, "Dusek beats Dusek."

Today, the complete roster of the Duseks (neé Hassan), ages, weights and post positions are like this:

Name	*Age*	*Weight*
Anton	54	203
Frank	39	203
Ed	36	205
Rudy	34	230
Walter	32	201
Emil	30	215
Ernie	26	240
Joe	24	225

Total: Almost a ton.

Anton and Frank stuck at machinist and engineering trades, and wrestled only as amateurs. Walter and Ed made fair reputations and a little money as professionals in the Middle West, but soon found their way back to Omaha.

Rudy, Emil, Ernie and Joe came East and threw everything in their path. Ernie's mighty struggle with the then champion, Jim Londos, in Atlantic City nine years ago brought more fame to the name than any other single match, and they have cashed in heavily on that performance. Even to this day, in telling about the battle, eyewitnesses fail to recall which of the Dusek brothers almost conquered Londos, and so all four share the credit.

Their stock in wrestling trade is roughness, given or taken. Rudy's best hold is not a hold at all, but a resounding wallop across an opponent's jaw. It never fails to bring down the house, along with the opponent.

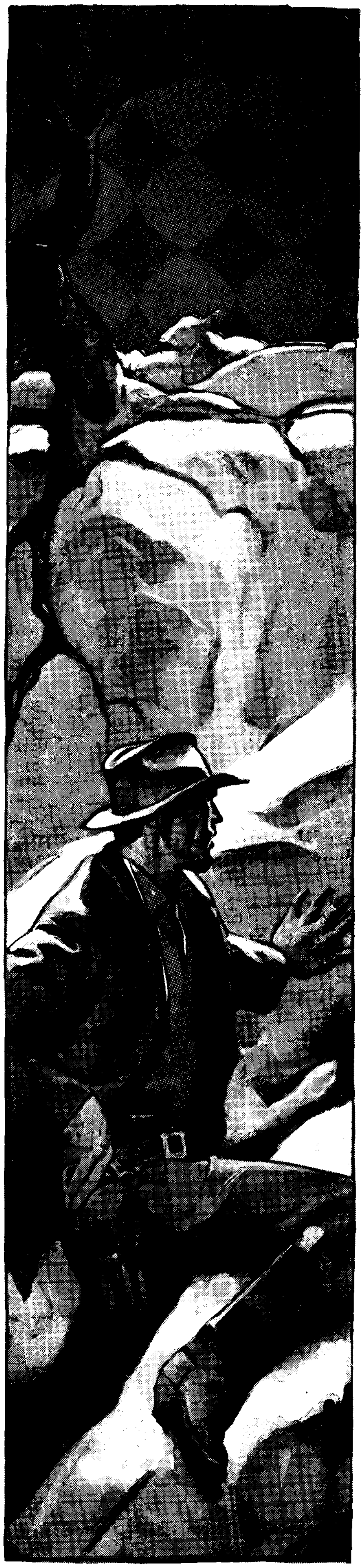
(Continued on page 44)

The Bad Samaritan

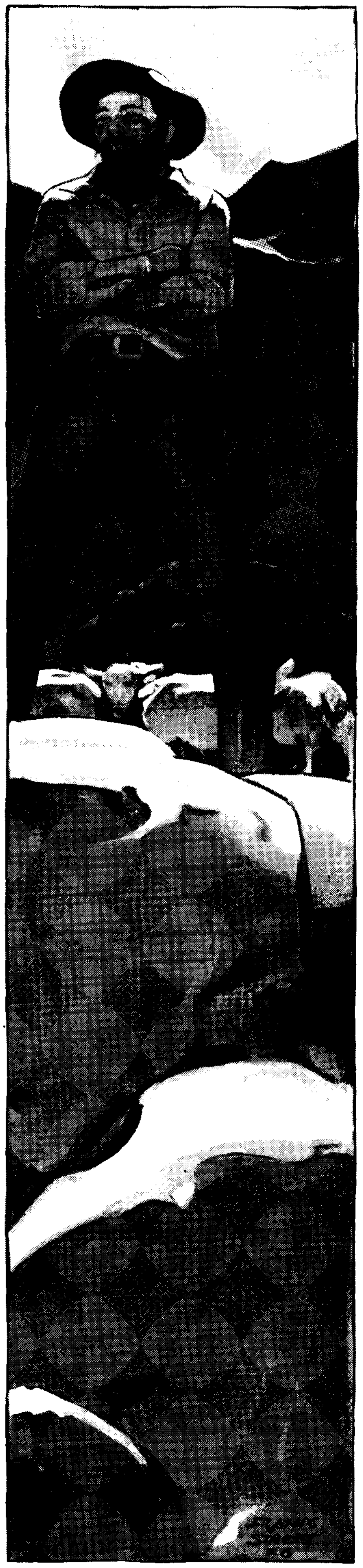
By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

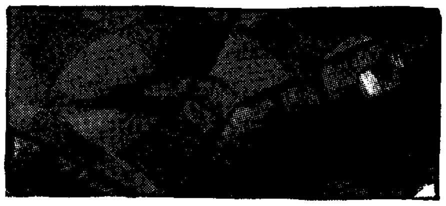
The hermit passed for a very meek man. He fooled a lot of people that way. He even fooled himself. So now his conscience bothers him



His eyes were those of a maniac. His words were thick and blurred. "I'm going to kill yuh for that!" he panted. "Kill yuh—kill—"



"And you will die," said Herman soberly, "of starfation. I warned you to take care. And now you cannot get out of der trap"



HERMAN talked to his dog. Mountains reared serenely toward the sky on four sides. There was no other human habitation within forty miles. Herman lived separated from the world, according to his faith. And he sat before his cabin and talked to his dog. The dog's name was Erik, and he lay on Herman's own blankets with bandages about his body. They covered raking wounds a mountain lion had given him as he fought to protect Herman's lambs. He looked unblinkingly up at Herman as the man's voice went on. Sometimes his tail wagged gently. He liked to hear Herman talk.

There was silence everywhere. The trees were still. Wind blew overhead among the mountain peaks, but in the valley there was utter calm. Small noises came from the lambs in Herman's raised-up fold. A jackrabbit bolted in bobbing panic from one small clump of brush and dived headlong into another.

Then the stranger appeared abruptly, snarling.

His approach must have been noiseless indeed. Even Erik, the dog, had not heard him. He stepped around the corner of the cabin and light glittered upon something deadly that he held ready in his hand. He was a small man, and his eyes were beady and hate-filled. There was a sheriff's badge pinned to the breast of his shirt and he wore the high-heeled boots of a horseman, but there had been no sound of a horse's hoofs. His boots were stained and muddy. By the look of them, he should have been footsore and limping.

The gun bore upon Herman's heart. The stranger stood catlike, alert, threatening. No word. Nothing but the sudden, noiseless appearance, and the lined-up gun, and the beady, hating eyes, and something like a noiseless snarl.

ERIK, the dog, growled suddenly and tried to struggle erect. But he was very weak. Herman held him still with gentle fingers the while he turned his head and regarded the stranger.

One glance at the weapon and Herman's eyes rose calmly to the pinched and snarling face above it. He said nothing. He did not pale. He held the feebly struggling dog and murmured soothingly:

"Quiet, Erik. Quiet. It iss a friend."

Then to the stranger he said gently:

"Put down der gun. You are hungry. I giff you food. You are tired. I giff you a place to rest. There iss no need for money or for der gun either."

The beady eyes swept over Herman. No holster, either at hip or shoulder. Merely a heavily built, muscular, squat-framed man with a heavy beard and very blue eyes and an expression of habitual calm. The stranger sneered. It was not easy for him or anyone like him to understand an expression like Herman's, atop a frame fit for battle.

"You'll give me grub, eh?" said a thin voice. "I'll take it! D'you know who I am?"

Herman soothed the feebly struggling dog.

"No. You are hungry and tired. It iss enough."

The stranger pointed with his free hand to the sheriff's badge pinned to his shirt. The shirt was puckered beneath the clasp.

"See what that badge says? Sheriff! I hadda tip on you, fella! I come up here to look over y'place! I know what you been doin'! An' you can talk or not, I'm goin' to get the evidence! An' then there'll be a nice ride back to jail for you, with the pen afterward!"

Herman said gently:

"But I know der sheriff. You are not him."

THE thin man tensed. His eyes flared. The pistol stirred. Herman soothed the dog Erik. He made no move. He did not flinch. The stranger's thin voice raged suddenly:

"Well? What of it? If y'want to know, I bumped him! Shot him! An' I'll do th' same to you if y'get fresh! Where's y'gun?"

"I haff no gun," said Herman.

"Y'lie! Where is it?"

"I haff no gun," said Herman calmly. "And I do not lie. I liff separate from der world, and it is not necessary for me to lie."

The snarling man stepped forward until he looked down upon Herman, where he sat beside the wounded dog. Erik showed his teeth and a growl came from his throat. But he was very weak. One of Herman's muscular hands held him quite still. The stranger looked suspiciously at the tableau, his gun ready.

"What's this you' doin'?" he demanded.

"This iss Erik, my dog," said Herman. "Der sheepherders sometimes come to me with small lambs that maybe haff lost their mothers, or maybe they are sick. They giff them to me. And I make them well. But there has been a mountain lion which has been killing them. Erik fought to protect them, and he was badly hurt. So I am making him well also."

The stranger uttered a sound which was at once suspicious and derisive. He pushed open the door and went into the cabin. He was extremely alert. Herman spoke soothingly to the dog before he rose and followed.

As he entered the door the stranger whirled swiftly, the gun muzzle again raised.

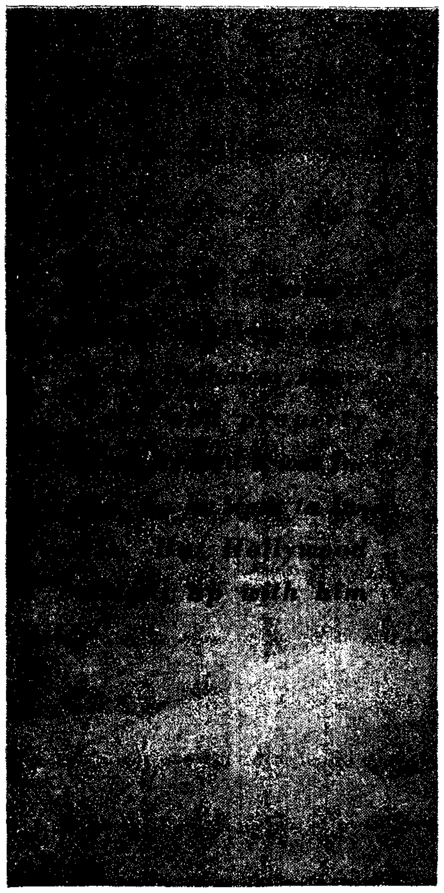
"Well?" he rasped.

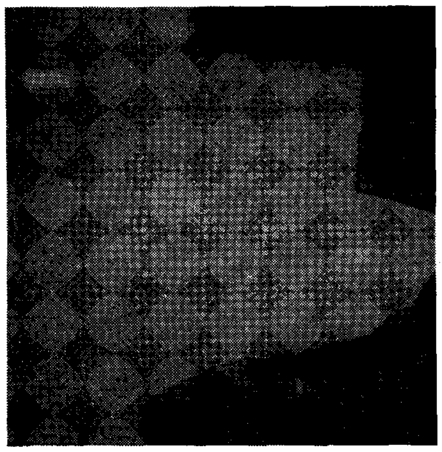
"I came to tell you," said Herman

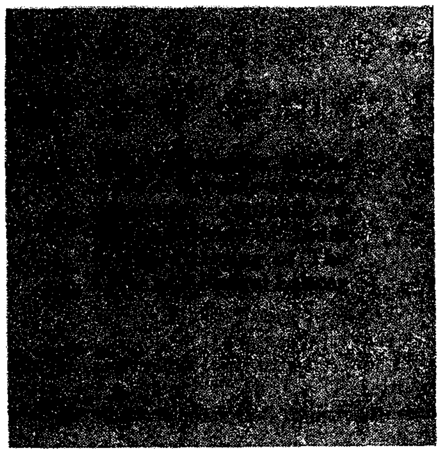
(Continued on page 46)

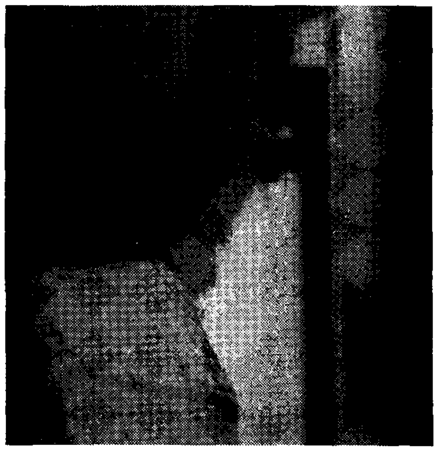
Lives of a Hollywood Director

By Kyle Crichton









AFTER fifteen years in Hollywood as stagehand, sweeper-up and property man, Henry Hathaway decided that if he ever wanted to be a director he would have to make somebody take notice of him. So every week for two years he walked into the front office at Paramount and gave them an idea. At the end of a year they were calling him Henry and at the end of the second year, he knew his reward had come. He had a phone call asking him to see Mr. Upswitch in the front office at once.

"Henry," said Mr. Upswitch or whoever it was, "we've been watching your work and that's why I called you in. You look like a young man who has the interest of the company at heart and we want you to be the first to hear about something we have in mind here. Business has not been good and we are going to ask the minor employees to take a cut. We feel that you will want to go along with any policy which will help the firm, and I'd like to have your opinion on the matter."

To which Mr. Hathaway replied that he did indeed have the interest of the company at heart and while he could not speak for the others, he felt so moved by the plight of the firm that he would relieve it entirely of the burden of his salary. In short, he would quit.

Quitting the movies was not easy for Hathaway because he had been connected with them ever since that day in Prescott, Arizona, in 1908, when his father and mother, stranded actors, had wangled a job with a motion-picture company then working in La Mesa, California.

One of the Cinema's Pioneers

In that company Henry was the kid who was stolen by the Indians in the first reel but is later found to be white and marries the girl. He played only the kid, being aged eight at the time. So young Hathaway came as close to being a pioneer in movies as anybody alive.

When he gave up his job in Hollywood he cashed in on everything he had ($1,500 in all), considered all possible places calculated to get him farthest away from Sunset Boulevard and finally decided on India. He went directly to London, took a freighter to Calcutta (thirty days en route), bought a car with what was still left of his cash and spent a year seeing the country. This made him a natural choice for the direction of Lives of a Bengal Lancer, which established Hathaway as an important director when he finally got back to Hollywood.

But the early days were tough. The family stayed with the American Film Company at La Mesa until 1911 and then went up to Inceville, where they stayed until 1914. It was during this period that Henry got his only schooling, three years at Venice, California. He was playing kid parts with Bobby Vernon, Mildred Harris and Cyril Gardner.

"One buck a day and lunch," says Henry. "Pay your own carfare."

Then his mother got sick and he had to get regular work. He was fourteen at the time and went over to Universal as property man, twelve dollars a week. The boss over there was Lee Lawson and an important cog in the machine was a certain Grover Jones, who was a sign painter and was later to become one of Hollywood's most famous writers. Hathaway swept the sets, helped build the scenery and ran errands. The proudest achievement was the scenery for Damon and Pythias.

"We built Rome in a day," says Hathaway.

He was at Universal for four years, leaving it to go to war. He fought the Battle of San Francisco at Fort Winfield Scott, ending as master gunner in the artillery school. What he really got from the war, however, was his education. He reached the point where he could teach mechanical drawing and when he was mustered out he started on the road for an auditing company, looking after the books of retail grocery stores. After a year of it he got tired of traveling and went back to Hollywood, working for Hal Christie as assistant director, prop man and set dresser in two-reel comedies, salary twenty-five dollars a week. It was the school which produced Frank Capra and Norman Taurog.

"That's where you learn nothing is impossible," says Hathaway. "If they want a car to go off a cliff or an actor to jump from a ten-story building, you learn how to fake it. If they want China, you got to give them China . . . in about two hours' time."

Education of a Director

From there he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as prop man for Frank Lloyd at sixty-five dollars a week. He was there about eighteen months when the union went on strike for a forty-five-dollar wage scale. When it was over the grips and electricians had won and he was out on his ear. Next seen he is at Paramount at twenty-seven-fifty a week on the swing gang, which means he was carrying furniture for the prop man.

"A little discouraged, right along about this time," says Henry.

He was on the swing gang for three years, but he had one good break when Paul Bern took an interest in him. Hathaway thinks Bern was the greatest man who ever lived and it is certain that he was a godsend to Hathaway.

"I wasn't exactly dumb," says Hathaway, "but I didn't know anything. I read the movie columns and the sport pages. Those years at school in Venice didn't extend much beyond the fourth grade and that wasn't helping me much in adult society."

So Bern started giving him books, which was sound enough except that Henry couldn't understand them. Then Bern began pushing him into the company of educated people, even exposing him to H. L. Mencken.

On the set things were even worse because Hathaway stuttered so badly he knew he would never be able to handle a group of extras. Henry went to a doctor who told him his stuttering was all psychological and all he had to do was make his speech regular. So for a year he spoke like a metronome. I—don't—know. Yes—sir. I—think—I'll—go—down—town.

So Henry was finally cured and has little trouble now. In the meantime he was taking the Bern prescription for culture—first biographies and then histories and then even heavier works.

By the time sound films reached Hollywood, Hathaway was an assistant director and the theory was that the chance for the new boys had come at last. The studios began to fire their old silent directors and hire Broadway gentlemen who knew how to handle dialog. They kept the assistant directors—all low-paid—to instruct the newcomers in the use of the camera. Hathaway got his chance on a picture almost immediately.

(Continued on page 48)

Choose Your Own Size

By Hannah Lees

We can't quite do that yet, but it may soon be possible. Our knowledge of the glands that control growth is increasing by leaps and bounds. Science is already applying it to correct nature's mistakes. Here are the latest reports on the pituitary, orchestra leader in the glandular symphony, and notes on the first, second and third violins

CURIOUSER and curiouser,' cried Alice. 'Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was. Goodby, feet!' for when she looked down at her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off."

It was all absurd fun when Lewis Carroll told about that some sixty years ago to amuse a little girl. But today it's pretty close to a fact. Lewis Carroll was an abstract mathematician and a poet so he probably wouldn't even be interested to know that science has caught up with his marvelous silly story. But we are, and the modern Alice that this strange thing is happening to, instead of being somewhat alarmed like the original Alice, is delighted because she started out in life way behind the rest of us.

She looked pretty much like an average baby when she was born, but at six she wasn't any bigger than your baby would be at three and she didn't get any bigger for three years more and nobody knew what to do about it. She was bright and attractive. She could have filled a place in life a lot more worth while than a corner in a side show, but she just didn't grow.

This was as recent as four or five years ago. But about that time a doctor by the name of Engelbach, who along with a good many other doctors had been working on what makes people grow, decided he had something worth trying. He began giving this little girl a certain extract. He wasn't sure it would do any good, but he wanted to see. And so did all the rest of science. So, I needn't add, did the little girl. For three years, remember, she hadn't grown so much as a quarter of an inch. But Dr. Engelbach gave her daily injections of this new experimental extract and kept measuring, and eight months later she had grown two and three quarters inches. He kept it up and two years later, when last heard from, she had grown five and a half inches, an inch more than a normal child would have grown in the same time.

What Made Alice Grow

The thing that made this little girl start popping up like Alice in Wonderland was an extract made from a tiny ductless gland that everybody has hidden away inside his skull, called the pituitary. It is probably the most protected thing in the whole body, for besides being inside the skull it is guarded all around by a little bony sac that just fits it. And maybe there is some reason for its being so protected. We're just beginning to find out about this small gland, no bigger than a chestnut, and not one of those sizable Italian chestnuts either. But it begins to look as if it is just about as important to our well-being as any single organ, and much more important than most.

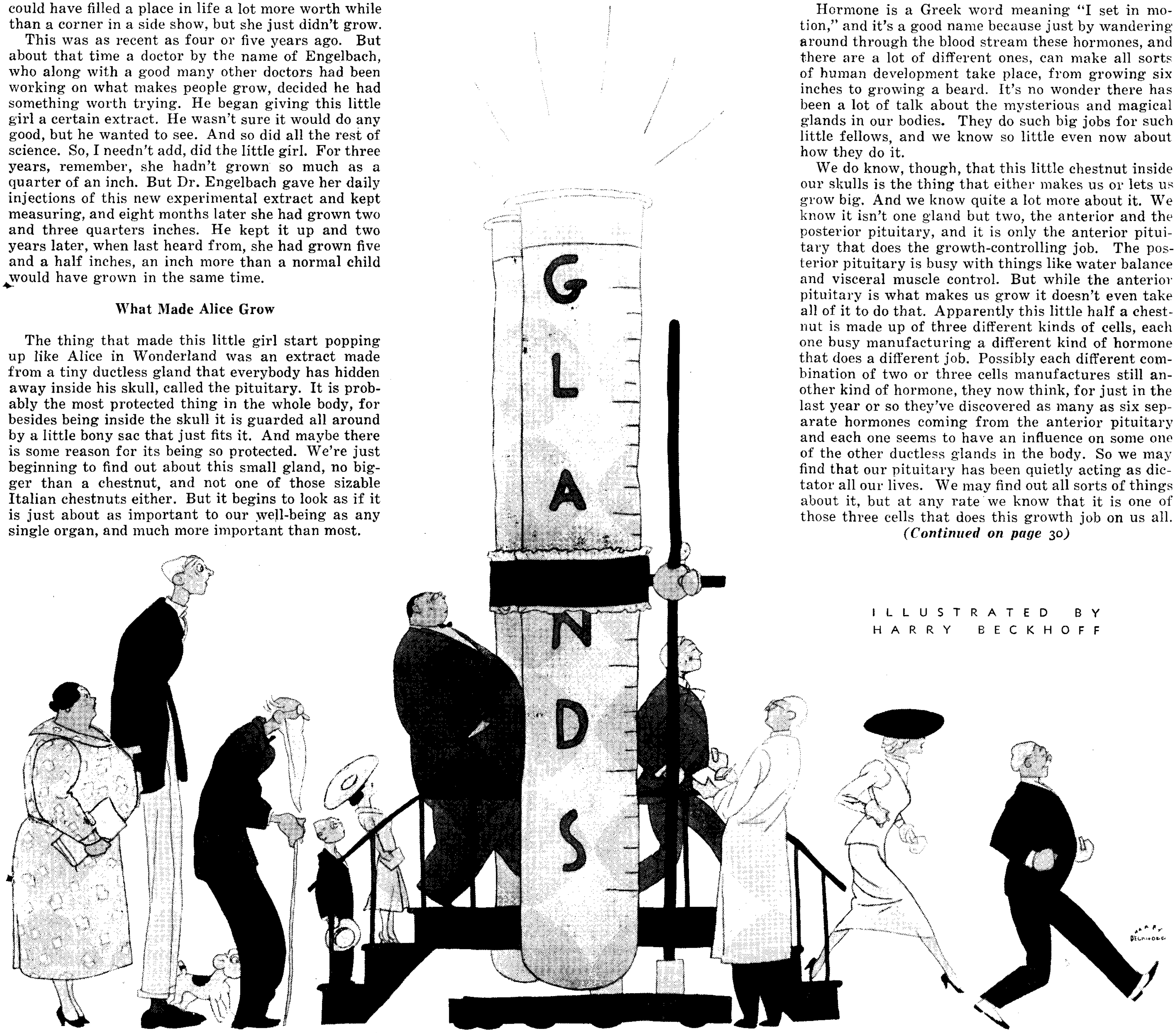
It's fantastic, this importance, when you come to think of it. It doesn't even quite make sense, for most of our other organs are more or less proportionate in size to the importance of their jobs. Our stomachs, for instance, are actually big enough to hold all the food we take in, and digestion is fairly logical when you know about it. Our hearts, too, are properly equipped with elaborate valves to pump the blood through our bodies. But all there is to any of our ductless glands is a mass of varied cells, and usually a pretty small mass too, with no connection to the rest of our bodies at all except through a lot of tiny blood vessels that wander in and out among those cells. That's why they're called ductless. And all they do night and day is manufacture various kinds of substances called hormones that the blood drinks up and carries around through the body.

The Dictators of Human Development

Hormone is a Greek word meaning "I set in motion," and it's a good name because just by wandering around through the blood stream these hormones, and there are a lot of different ones, can make all sorts of human development take place, from growing six inches to growing a beard. It's no wonder there has been a lot of talk about the mysterious and magical glands in our bodies. They do such big jobs for such little fellows, and we know so little even now about how they do it.

We do know, though, that this little chestnut inside our skulls is the thing that either makes us or lets us grow big. And we know quite a lot more about it. We know it isn't one gland but two, the anterior and the posterior pituitary, and it is only the anterior pituitary that does the growth-controlling job. The posterior pituitary is busy with things like water balance and visceral muscle control. But while the anterior pituitary is what makes us grow it doesn't even take all of it to do that. Apparently this little half a chestnut is made up of three different kinds of cells, each one busy manufacturing a different kind of hormone that does a different job. Possibly each different combination of two or three cells manufactures still another kind of hormone, they now think, for just in the last year or so they've discovered as many as six separate hormones coming from the anterior pituitary and each one seems to have an influence on some one of the other ductless glands in the body. So we may find that our pituitary has been quietly acting as dictator all our lives. We may find out all sorts of things about it, but at any rate we know that it is one of those three cells that does this growth job on us all.

(Continued on page 30)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Science, through study of our glands, is finding ways to offset nature's oversights

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

MARK HUMBERSTONE, SR., constructs an apparatus which will enable one person to destroy all the navies in the world. As he dies, he hands it over to a group of seven leading Americans, who promise to make use of it only in the event the United States is attacked *or* with the object of proving that war between nations is no longer possible.

A number of years later, in 1947, a mysterious "Mr. Jonson" arrives in Nice, France. There, in that quiet French city, a powerful secret International Bureau of Espionage is operating. It is directed by another Mark Humberstone, the elder Humberstone's son, and a "Mr. Cheng," of whom the world knows nothing. These two men alone know what its purposes are—even Humberstone's beautiful secretary, Catherine Oronoff, has never been told.... Jonson finds his way to Humberstone, who recognizes him as one of his father's former private policemen. He asserts that he is a master of jujitsu: he boasts that no one can injure him with a revolver or gun of any sort: he asks for the job of chief bodyguard to Humberstone and Mr. Cheng.

He is, he says, giving some sort of exhibition at the Jetée Casino that evening. Humberstone gives him the job he desires and promises to attend the performance. Jonson makes his departure. When evening arrives, Humberstone, accompanied by Catherine Oronoff, starts toward the Casino. Little does either dream that, awaiting them, is the most startling experience of their lives!

II

IN LESS than an hour's time Catherine Oronoff and Mark Humberstone were seated at the back of one of the side boxes in the Casino. Mark tapped with his forefinger upon the program.

"Excellent staff work," he remarked, smiling at his companion. "Our friend's turn comes next."

Almost as he spoke the curtain rose upon what was described as the greatest scientific riddle of the century. They both leaned forward, curious. The strangely still, somberly attired figure of Mr. Jonson was disclosed standing outside a small, open tent. He was rather far back upon the stage and about ten yards in front of him was a thickly drawn white line of chalk. He waited until the complimentary round of applause died away and then addressed the audience in excellent French, without apparently raising his voice, and yet with such clarity of tone that he was heard in the remotest corners just as distinctly as he was heard by his unseen observers.

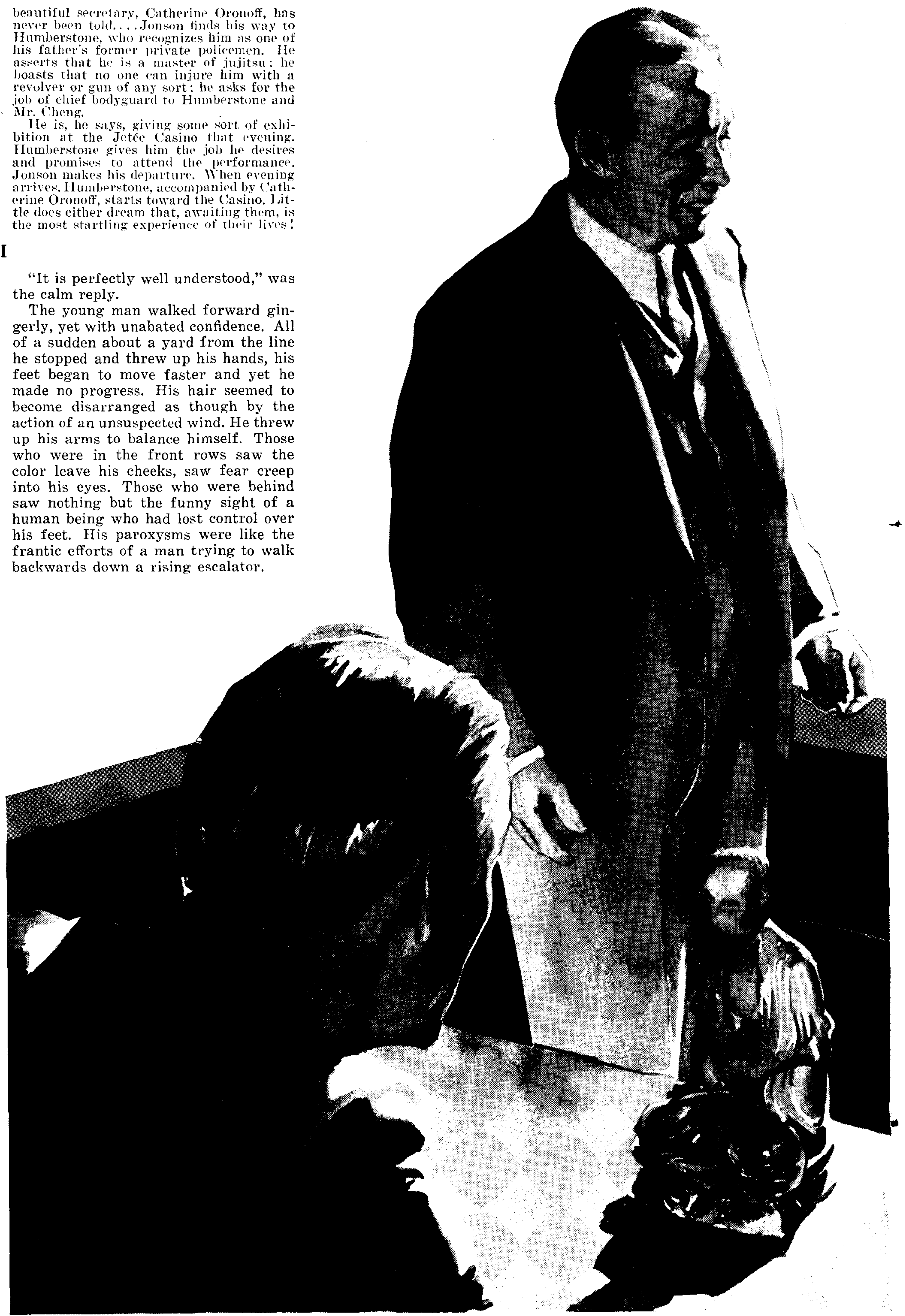
"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I come once more to place before you a scientific problem which I presented in this same building two years ago and which remains to this moment unsolved. I claim to have made a great discovery in one of the by-ways of an unexplored science and, though full acknowledgment of my success has not yet been made, that I know will arrive in due course. My challenge, ladies and gentlemen, is at your disposal once more. You observe the steps leading from the auditorium to the stage. I invite any member of the audience who chooses to mount them and to endeavor to cross the white line and approach me. I warn him that he will not be able to do so because at that particular point I have interfered with the rotation of the earth. To anyone who succeeds in passing it and reaching me I will present the sum of two thousand francs."

ALREADY the eager competitors were forming in line. The first to mount the steps was a stout young man of consequential appearance, carefully, almost foppishly dressed, his manner full of bravado. He paused on the stage and bowed to the man who stood looking at him gravely from the opening of the tent.

"It is understood, monsieur," he demanded with a note of challenge in his tone, "that if I pass the chalk line between you and myself you pay me two thousand francs?"

"It is perfectly well understood," was the calm reply.

The young man walked forward gingerly, yet with unabated confidence. All of a sudden about a yard from the line he stopped and threw up his hands, his feet began to move faster and yet he made no progress. His hair seemed to become disarranged as though by the action of an unsuspected wind. He threw up his arms to balance himself. Those who were in the front rows saw the color leave his cheeks, saw fear creep into his eyes. Those who were behind saw nothing but the funny sight of a human being who had lost control over his feet. His paroxysms were like the frantic efforts of a man trying to walk backwards down a rising escalator.



Roars of laughter came from the rear of the auditorium. From the front rows, however, there were gasps of something which sounded more like exclamations of fear. Then the showman's voice, clear and bell-like, rang through the auditorium.

"Try a little harder, my friend," he mocked. "Two thousand francs is a good deal of money. You can take the young lady out tonight, yes? You think that the earth is rising to meet you? That is fancy. It is because the earth has ceased to move that you find progress difficult. Come—try once more."

THE man suddenly seemed to lose control. He collapsed upon the floor a yard or two away from the chalked line. An attendant, who apparently had been waiting in the wings for that purpose, rushed forward and raised the adventurous competitor to his feet. The latter seemed a smaller person, shrunken with some fear.

"You wish to try again?" Professor Ventura asked.

The young man shivered. He turned towards the steps. The attendant helped him down. He staggered back to his place amidst a chorus of mingled applause and cries of ridicule.

"If the next person will kindly come forward," the professor invited. "It is unfortunate that what we call the stationary vibrations were too much for our friend . . . What, no one is anxious to come? That is distressing."

A man in the audience rose to his feet.

"What is it that you have in that tent?" he asked.

Mr. Jonson turned and threw wide open the flaps. The tent contained nothing but an iron table upon which rested a small machine, the flywheel of which was whizzing round in space.

"There is nothing here, as you see," Mr. Jonson explained, "except the instrument of my own invention with the aid of which I perform the miracle."

A youth of a different class came resolutely forward. He was shabbily dressed and carried with him an unpleasant impression of life in the unsavory places. He stood stolidly upon the platform and gazed at the imperturbable professor.

"I ask you, Professor Ventura," he demanded in a loud voice, "whether there is any trick in this business."

"If there is a trick find it out," was the curt reply. "*Tiens—*"

Mr. Jonson never finished his sentence. The young man had apparently made up his mind to try rush tactics. He made a spring forward for the chalk line. He had come to within a foot of it when he suddenly jumped into the air. For the space of sixty seconds he gave a far more exciting performance than his predecessor—then he too collapsed and was led away. Mr. Jonson advanced to the extreme edge of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "To show you that there is no trick in my marvelous discovery I will now earn my own two *mille*."

He lit a cigarette. Half the audience rose from their places to watch him. He glanced over his shoulder towards the table on which his little instrument stood. With his cigarette in one hand he turned round.

"You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the conditions remain exactly the same. *Voilà!*"

He turned and walked—sauntered perhaps would be the better word—across the space. He stood with both feet upon the chalk line, re-entered his tent for a moment or two and with a farewell bow disappeared amidst the usual storm of confused applause. A small crowd of supers rushed out from the wings. Some of them busied themselves eliminating the white chalk line; two others removed with great care the instrument and the table; another one folded up the tent and disappeared with it upon his shoulder. There was no sign anywhere of Professor Ventura. . . .

"How does he do it?" Catherine asked curiously.

Mark shrugged his shoulders. There was a puzzled frown on his forehead.

"To tell you the truth," he confessed, "I don't quite know but I am beginning to understand where he got the idea."

MR. CHENG glanced up from his place at the opening of the door. He was seated at a beautiful sandalwood desk strewn with papers and charts of every description, yet distributed with a singular neatness which eliminated any idea of disorder. A very exquisite bronze Buddha occupied the center of the table and on his right was a blue Nankeen bowl of red roses. The walls of the room were paneled with some light-colored wood. A few beautiful rugs lay upon the highly polished floor but the room itself contained very little in the way of decoration or furniture. Somehow or other, though, it seemed a fit setting for the man whose sanctum it was.

"You have not been wanting me, I hope?" Mark asked a little anxiously.

Mr. Cheng shook his head.

"Too much to do and think about to miss even one's dear friends," he confided. "And now, Mark, behold what has happened! I am summoned to London."

Mark obeyed his friend's gesture and seated himself in one of the high-backed chairs. He leaned forward and helped himself to a cigarette from an ivory box upon the table.

"Well," he observed, "I suppose it had to come sooner or later. To tell you the truth I am surprised that it did not come before."

"So am I," the other confessed. "All the same the work here is so enthralling that I do not like to leave."

He rose to his feet and walked the length of the room and back again with his hands behind his back. He was slightly taller than Mark with a slim, supple figure, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, dark brown hair and a complexion the duskiness of which was scarcely more than an ordinary sunburn. There was little about him to suggest the Oriental. His mouth was strong and firm—curving faintly upward. His features in repose had all the impassivity of the East. He spoke with a singular distinctness but with no trace of a foreign accent.

"From whom did you hear?" Mark asked.

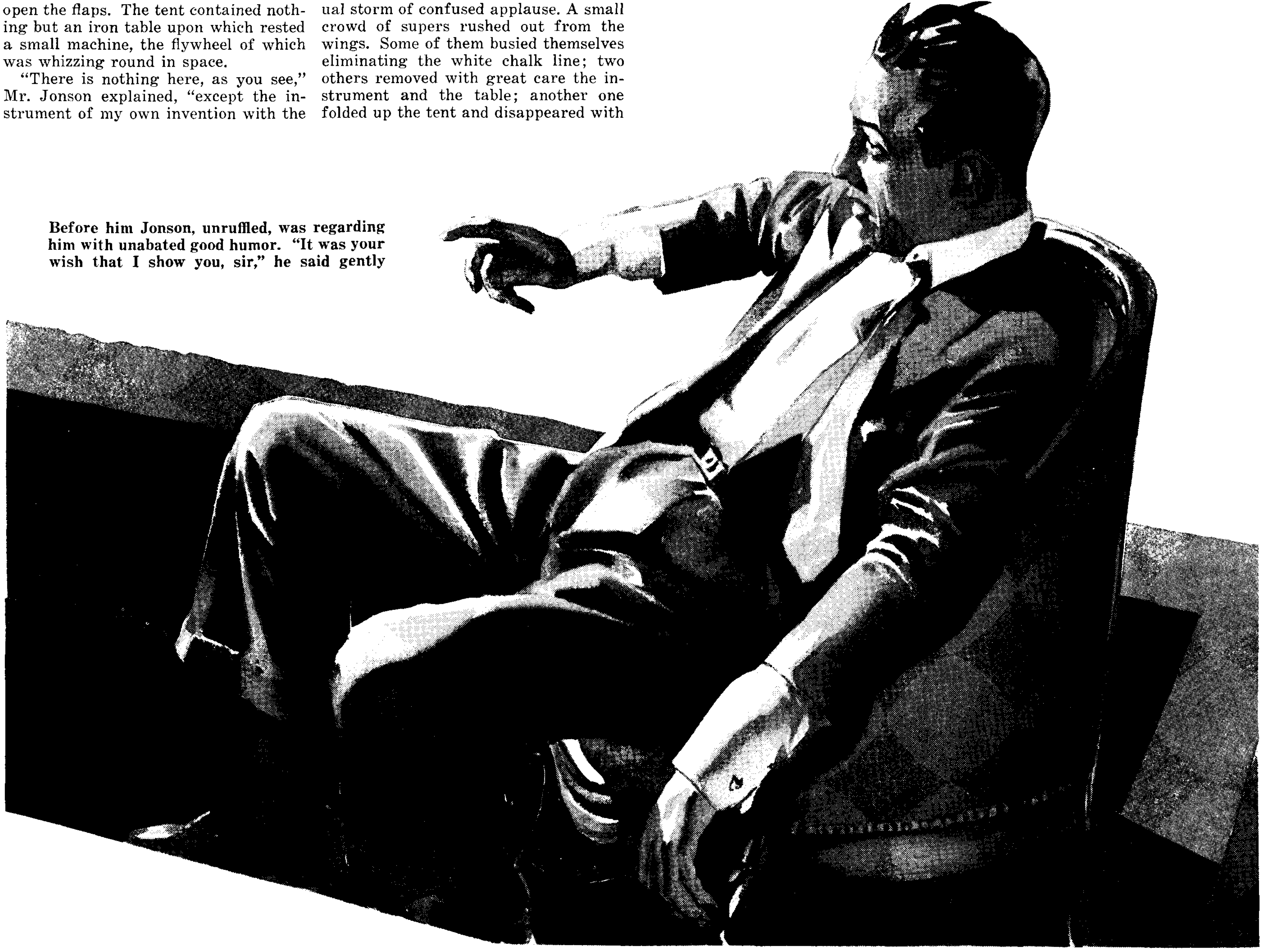
"From Wang Kai-Hsiung himself. The dear old fellow in his quiet way is beginning to worry. I do not think, Mark, that he really understands. Why should he?"

"How can anyone understand except you and I and our friends up above?" Mark rejoined. "Thank goodness the time is not very far off when we can raise the curtain."

Mr. Cheng distinctly chuckled.

"How they will stare across Europe," he observed, "those chattering politicians, who sit and bargain around their council rooms."

(Continued on page 39)



Before him Jonson, unruffled, was regarding him with unabated good humor. "It was your wish that I show you, sir," he said gently

True to Type

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Grover Jones

"IT AIN'T much of a trick once you get the knack of it," said Bayley Miggins, and paused to shower a darkened corner of his print shop with a fine spray of tobacco juice. Tiny Eddie Trent, the banker's son, grinned up at him. Miggins' manner of shifting his quid from one cheek to the other interested him more than learning the alphabetic order of the type case. "This big box—them's the E's. Use more E's than anything else, you know. The D's—on the left. The I's—on the right. Now watch."

Miggins began to set type in his stick. Eddie laughed.

"You're spelling my first name, aren't you, Mr. Miggins?"

"Right!" grinned the old printer. "One E—two D's to the left—an I to the right—and then another E. See how easy it is? Once you smart up on it you can tell what a fellow's settin' up clear across the room. I remember once—"

"Eddie!"

The old man and the child looked quickly toward the street door. The latter's father was glaring at Miggins. A gray-templed, well-dressed man, standing incongruously against a background of small-town street.

"Haven't I told you not to come in here?"

"Yes, sir," came meekly from the boy. He moved hesitatingly toward his father. "But Mr. Miggins is very nice, Father. He's showing me how to—"

"That's enough! Your mother is waiting for you in the car."

"Now see here, Mr. Trent!" Miggins slid off his high stool as the boy vanished through the doorway. "I've had just about enough of this!"

"Not half as much as you're going to get!" Trent took a step forward into the room. "We don't want men like you in this town, Miggins. You're a bad influence on the community."

"Bad influence!" roared Miggins—and gave vent to a flow of epithets that were surcharged with brimstone and sacrilege. Trent's face grew white and taut as the horrific verbiage snapped and crackled from the old printer's drawn lips. "You and that idiot Jake Stanton across the street! Look at 'im over there—standin' at his window, his face slit from ear to ear. He knows you're over here givin' me hell! A printer, huh? Why, that knuckle-knotted, wart-fingered, ink-splashin' idiot couldn't print his own footstep in a tub o' mud! Laugh at me, will he?" Miggins started for the door. The banker caught his arm.

"Now listen to me, Miggins! I've just come from Stanton. I told him the people in this town were outraged at the indecorous language you two hurled at each other day after day. Starting today, both of you get just one week to refrain from these disgusting verbal battles. If you fail, then I am going to put in one of the finest-equipped newspapers and job plants in this town and drive both of you out of business."

TRENT turned and walked out of the print shop. Miggins' smoldering eyes watched him through the side window; saw him disappear into the next building, an imposing structure that housed the local bank.

So that's the way it was, huh? Going to make it tough just because he didn't like Jake Stanton and Jake didn't like him. Well, Trent was a man of his word, and once he had made a threat he'd see it through if it was the last thing he ever did.

The week rolled by and not once did the two men subjugate the townsfolk to the unprintable or unspeakable word. Trent, the banker, beamed inwardly—and a printing house salesman, out of Los Angeles, returned to his home office a most dejected man.

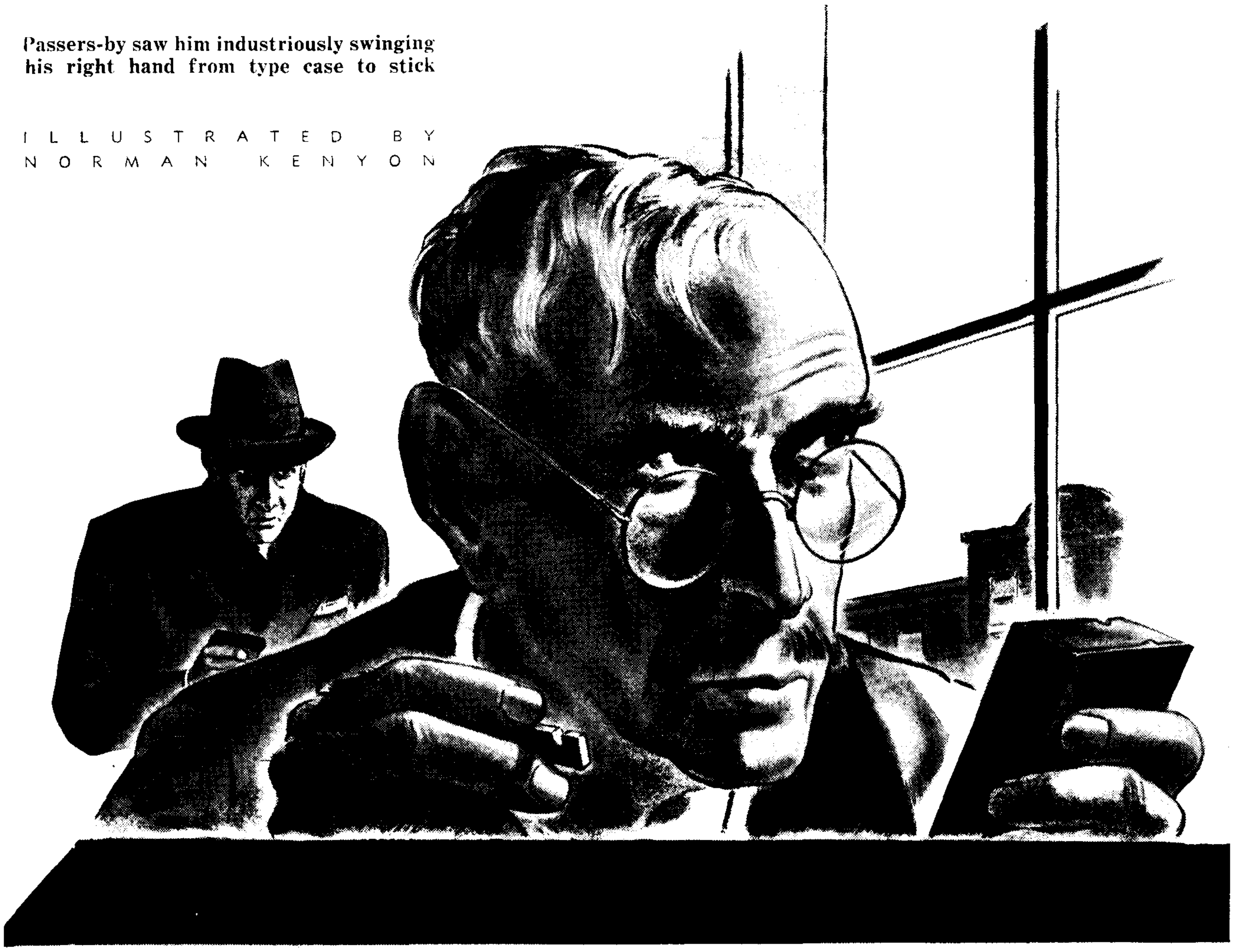
"You don't have to thank me," said Trent to Steven Burnett, owner of the town's largest department store, as the latter shoved a sheaf of bills and a sack of silver through the wicket. "I knew I had to be firm with both of them. There is no excuse for such profanity in a city as respectable as ours."

The young cashier just back of Trent smiled as he toiled over a small fortune that represented the pay roll of the Vitrified Brick Plant. He smiled at the positive manner of his boss but deep in his heart he commiserated with the two fiery old printers. His father used to swear like that—and they didn't come any finer.

A LOW, rakish car rolled into the town's main street. It stopped in front of the bank. Four men got out. Sleek, well-dressed young fellows who threw a glance about them as they sauntered across the sidewalk. Two entered the bank and two went into Miggins' adjoining print shop.

"Morning!" greeted Miggins, sliding down from his stool. "Somethin' I can do for you?"

"Plenty," grinned the man nearest him. The end of a revolver suddenly rubbed up against the printer's faded vest. "Get right back up on that stool an' keep workin'. All right, Joe, see if you can get that side door opened."



Passers-by saw him industriously swinging his right hand from type case to stick

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN KENYON

"Say—you can't do this!" spluttered Miggins, his rheumy eyes widened with fright. "This is a holdup, you know."

"Not for you, it ain't," was the snarling reply. "We're just goin' to crack that crib next door, that's all. You don't seem to remember me, do you, Pop?"

Despite his fear, Miggins threw a studied look at the man's lean features.

"Sure—sure. Now I do. You're that young squirt that come in last week. Talked to me about some handbills."

"Brilliant," grinned the man. "And also about the layout o' this joint. Nice of you, Pop. Now go through the motions of workin'."

The old printer took him at his word. Passers-by saw him industriously swinging his right hand from type case to stick.

The second man had wasted no time in the back part of the room. The side door which once had served as an entranceway into the rear of the bank was soon jimmied open. And the man disappeared to join his pals.

Miggins heard frightened voices issuing from the bank. Trent, half hysterical, was begging the robbers not to lock him in the safe.

"We'll suffocate," he protested.

"Get in that crib!" growled an angry voice. "Come on now—in you go!"

Miggins wished he could do something—and then again he was glad he couldn't. Why should he feel sorry for Trent? A dictator, that's what he was. Sticking his nose into other people's business. . . . Yes, but how about Eddie? After all, he was a swell kid and at least entitled to one father. Be kind of hard on him.

Miggins' eyes wandered. He saw Jake across the street, plugging away at his type case. The latter looked over, saw Miggins and snarled. Miggins began to whistle softly—and his hand moved from section to section of the type case.

"Well, we got it, Snake." The second man reappeared through the side door. "An easy forty grand or I don't know my right elbow." He turned and looked back into the bank. "All right, guys—through this way with it."

Miggins watched the men stagger in under their heavy load. He saw them cover the box of money with some of the printed matter scattered about on his shelves. Then they started for the door.

"You'd better come along, Pop," commanded the one referred to as Snake. "Keep talkin' to us about printin'—see? No smart stuff or we'll drill you!"

MIGGINS followed them to the car. He remembered mumbling something about thanking them for their patronage—and then he heard the crack of a gun. A bullet whistled by his ear. The box fell with a thud to the sidewalk. Snake dropped like a stricken ox. Miggins looked back over his shoulder. There he was, standing in the middle of the street—Jake Stanton. Blazing away with an old-fashioned army rifle.

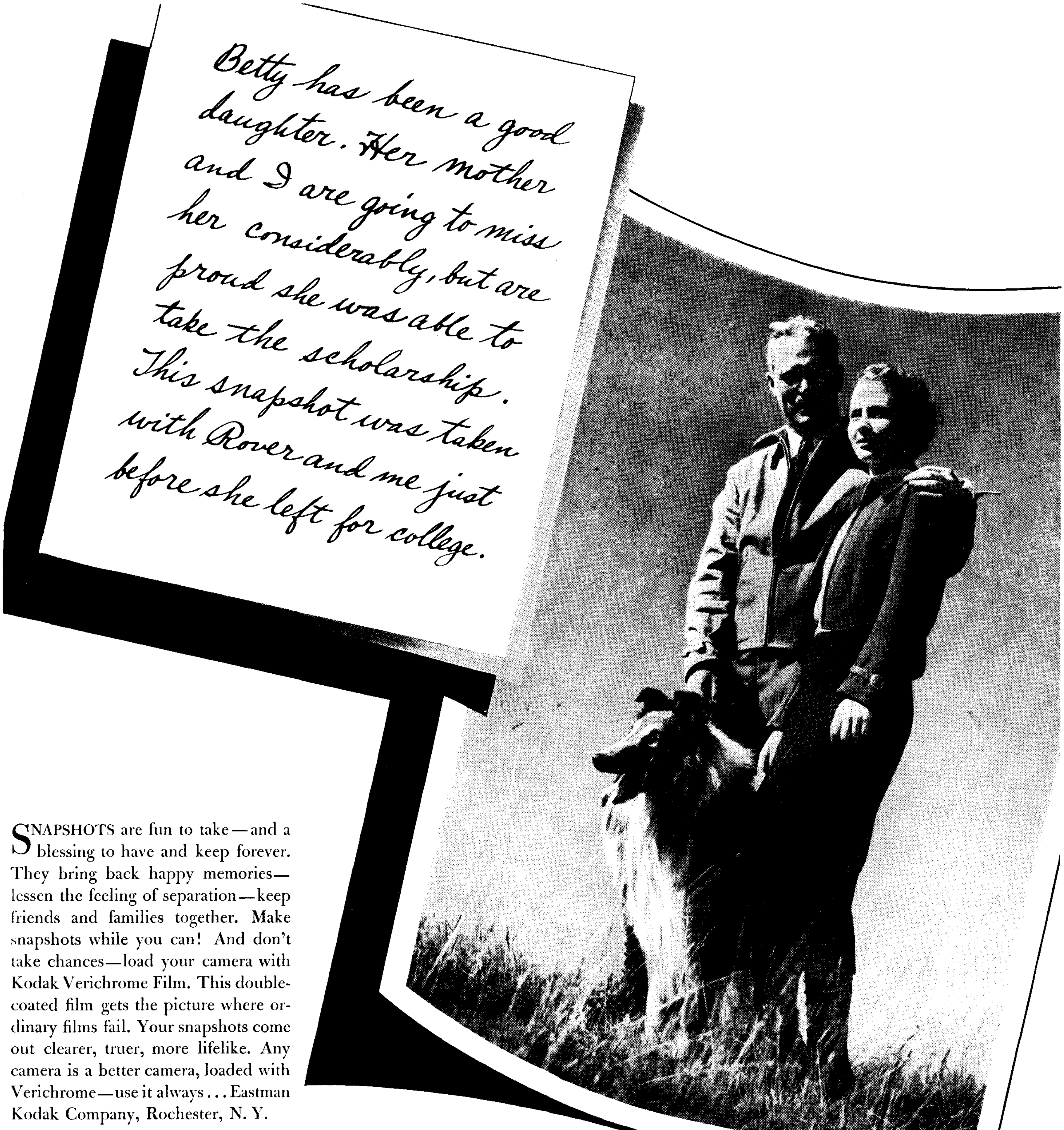
"Drop, you idiot!" screamed Jake to Miggins. "You're spoilin' my aim!"

Miggins dropped.

The bank robbers were game enough. They flashed their guns but they were a trifle late. The deadly carbine mowed them down. The last one staggered to the car, spitting blood as he ran. Jake let him step onto the running board—then the carbine spoke again.

"Another minute and we would have been dead," said Trent, wringing Jake Stanton's hand. His eyes were full of tears. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Thank him," said Jake, pointing to Miggins, who was biting into a plug of tobacco. "On second thought, you'd better thank yoreself. If you hadn't stopped me an' him from cussin' each other out loud, the fool never would have thought about cussin' me from his type case. That's how he spelt out yore bank was bein' robbed."



Betty has been a good daughter. Her mother and I are going to miss her considerably, but are proud she was able to take the scholarship. This snapshot was taken with Rover and me just before she left for college.

SNAPSHOTS are fun to take—and a blessing to have and keep forever. They bring back happy memories—lessen the feeling of separation—keep friends and families together. Make snapshots while you can! And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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Foot in the Door

Continued from page 9

I'm any prize package. I know that too. But I will be some day. I'm only here in college to collect a few tools, to learn all I can for a time when I'll need it, when I'll be doing something, proving something, and you'll be asking some of your rich fraternity friends for a handout job."

I got up then. "All right, Slade," I said, trying not to take a poke at him, "you've had your say, and I've let you rave on because you're all upset and down. But that's enough. I'm not good enough for Molly, I'll grant you that sincerely, but I'm a lot better for her than a sullen, ungracious, ill-mannered grind, who's sore because he can't get along with people, and won't admit that it's his fault."

I moved over, opening the door. "Now that we've both made our little speeches, too long both of them, why don't you get out of here?"

He came over toward me. "That's just what I want to do," he said, "but remember this. Maybe it sounds a little like a threat, and that's just the way I want it to sound. Molly's in love with you. That's the only reason I'm giving up so easily. I can't lick that. But if you don't take the best care of her that's in your power, if she's ever hurt in any way, I'll know about it. Remember that."

I laughed in his face.

WE WENT to Canada on our honeymoon, went in the big blue car that Potter Kenyon lent me. Molly didn't want to take that car. "It isn't right, Christy," she protested, but I said, "Why, sure it is." I thought it was swell. "Think of all the service we'll get rolling up to hotels in that calliope. They'll think we're big shots."

"That's just it, Christy," Molly said, "that's just what they will think. And we're not." She looked at me, her long-lashed eyes very serious. "Christy," she said, "we're married now, and—and I can ask you things. Can't I?"

"Sure you can," I said cheerfully, "what is it?"

She made me sit beside her. That wasn't hard to take. "Christy," she said, when I'd let her talk, "just how much money have we?"

I grinned down at her. "Six hundred bucks cash," I told her, "and offers of three jobs when we get back. I'm to decide and let them know. Why, they're fighting for my services. 'We want you with us, Christy; come in whenever you're ready. Any time.'"

"What kind of jobs?" Molly asked.

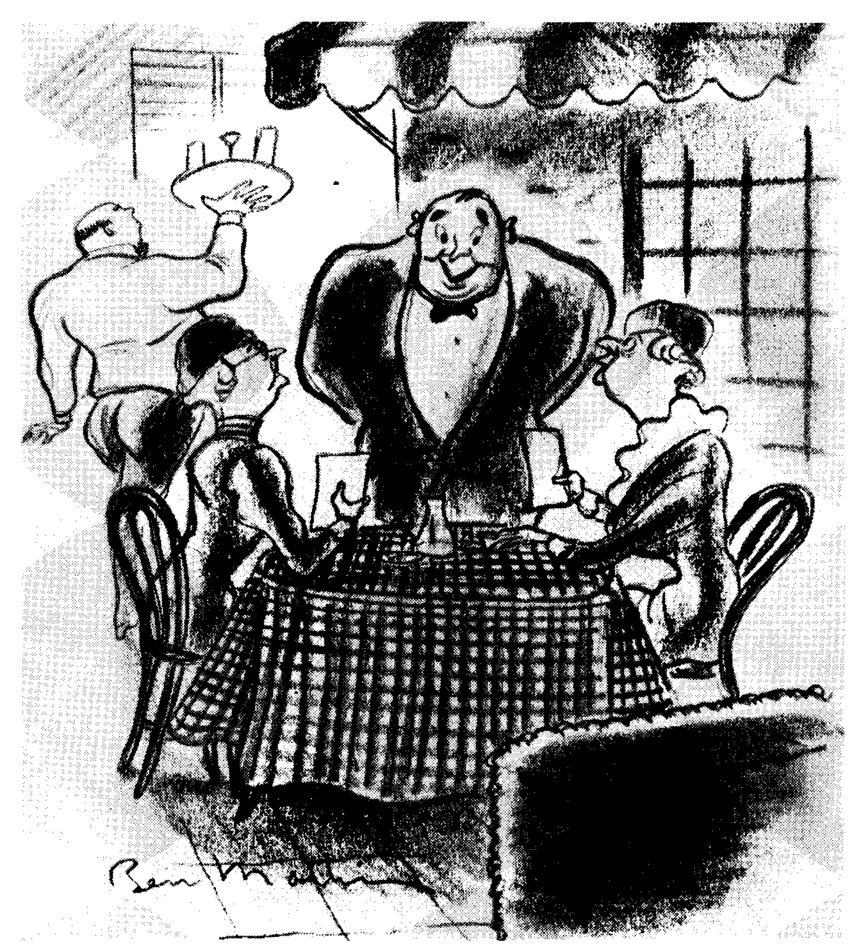
"Stock and bond houses," I said, "the three best in the racket. I can pick and choose. Anything the matter with that?"

And she said, "No, I suppose not," but not sounding as if she were very sure about it. And we took the big blue car on our honeymoon.

It was pretty grand, that first year and a half. Too perfect to last, I guess. But there's one point about it that I want to make perfectly clear. My troubles weren't caused by the depression, by my being laid off or any tough luck like that. Business wasn't any too good when I got my job. No, there were other reasons. Entirely different reasons. You'll see.

The house I went with had been owned and managed by fellows from my college for generations. And a fine old house it was, too. Most of the present-day partners belonged to the same club that I had, so that it was a slick place to work, just like still being in college.

We found an apartment over by the river, Molly and I, a little duplex that we furnished on time. Everybody liked to come to it. There was always a crowd for cocktails and then we'd move on somewhere for dinner, often with a night club later. We went to lots of parties, big formal dinners for the young crowd, hotel dances, even the deb affairs.



"How would mesdames like a drink that'll knock your hats off?"

BEN MARTIN

Once a month or so we'd give a party of our own at the apartment, trying, in a small way, to pay back a few social debts. But it took money, all those things did, and we were broke most of the time. That worried Molly, although she never said much about it.

ONE thing happened the second summer which puzzled me. John Slade came into the office once or twice to see the senior partner. He and I looked right through each other without saying a word, but I wondered what he was doing there. I couldn't find out, though. There weren't any leaks from the old man's office. But I couldn't figure out what a guy like Slade would have to interest the head of one of the biggest investment houses on the Street. That had me stumped.

It was in October, finally, that I went in to have my own talk with the old man. I had to have more money. More and right away.

He was a great fellow, the old man. Not old really, about fifty-five I guess, and looking just as straight and tanned and husky as the day he had rowed at college.

He listened to me, sitting there behind his big desk, not saying a word, just watching me until I stopped. Then he smiled, and it was a friendly, understanding smile. "So," he said slowly, "you think you're worth more money, do you, Christy? Well," as if I might be right, "let's look at the record."

He pulled a sheet of paper from the drawer. "Let's see," he said, "last year we paid you almost six thousand dollars. Mmm. That's quite a lot of money for a man just two years out of college. Don't you think so?"

"Why, yes," I admitted, "yes, it is quite a lot. But—but it isn't enough. I can't get along on that any more. It's expensive—" I stopped suddenly. I hadn't meant to say that. I had only meant to point out that I was a valuable man to the firm.

The old man's eyes widened a little. Then he sat back. "I'm glad you said that, Christy," he said, "I'm glad you were honest about it. As a matter of fact, I've been wanting to talk to you." The smile was still there, still very friendly. "Christy," he went on, "you're a likable boy. You're smart and you have a grand girl for a wife. One of the best. She has common sense and character as well as charm. She'll help you if you'll let her. And, believe me, when you've earned more money, I'll give it to you. I want to give it to you, but not until you've earned it. Do you understand?"

I stood up, my face very red. "Yes, sir," I said, "I think I do," and went out.

ONE afternoon, about five, some two weeks after my talk with the old man, I was in the club lounge reading, when Chick Carney came over. "Come on up to my room," he said—he lived at the club—"some of the fellows are there, and we'll have a cocktail."

So, not having anything to do, I went up. The rest of his gang were there, and they seemed to be expecting me. We had a drink and then everybody sort of looked at Carney, and he got down to business.

"Christy," he said casually, "how are things breaking for you down at your shop?"

I was a little surprised. "Why, all right," I said, "fine. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," he said, examining the end of his cigarette. Then, "Of course, they're a great outfit—one of the best. But a little conservative, a little slow-moving, if you get what I mean. It might be hard, I should imagine, for a young fellow to go ahead very fast with them—to make any real money for a long time."

He paused, looking at me to see how I was taking it. I didn't say anything. Then he came over and stood in front of me, the others watching us sort of spellbound. "Christy," he said, with a great show of frankness, "I don't want you to think that I'm trying to steal a competitor's star salesman, but I would like to make you a proposition. Do you mind hearing it?"

I leaned over and knocked the ash from my cigarette. "No," I said, "I'd like to hear it," and there was a general creaking around in chairs.

"Good," Chick smiled, very pleased, "here's the story. We, the rest of the boys and I here, are starting a new company. We'll underwrite, sell whole issues. We've got all the money in the world behind us, and we'll do things in a big way. And we'd like to have you with us. Not just as a salesman, but as a director, a member of the firm. One of us. Am I right, boys?"

He was right, they nodded in unison. "What do you think, Christy?"

"Why—why," I stammered, all confused, thoughts whirling through my mind, but very flattered, very pleased, "I don't know. I'll have to think it over. Talk it over. I—"

Chick Carney clapped me on the shoulder. "Sure you will," he said heartily, "take all the time you want. Take a week. But remember this. The whole thing will be on a big scale. Your salary would be, well, say somewhere around twelve thousand to start. After we get going, the sky's the limit. You think it over, and don't forget—we want you."

WE HAD our first real quarrel that night, Molly and I, our first real disagreement beyond my hangover mornings and the usual soft-boiled, three-minute squabbles of every young married couple. This time Molly really took a stand.

By the time I had reached home I was so excited, so afire with enthusiasm, that dinner and everything else had to wait. I couldn't have eaten anyway. "It's the big money at last, Molly," I said, when I had outlined the thing, "the big chance. Think of twelve thousand a year just for a starter! Why, we can—" and then she began.

Who was Chick Carney? What did he do?

Well, he was a guy around the Street. Sort of an independent operator, I guessed. A fellow from my college. A perfectly all-right fellow.

Who were the others in this thing with him?

Friends of Carney, classmates, some of them.

What did they do?

I didn't know, getting a little nettled.

Who was supplying all the money, the unlimited backing?

I didn't know that either; but it was there; Chick had said so.

Then she asked the question that set me off. "Why," she said, "why should they want to pay you so much money to come with them?"

I swung around. "Why?" I demanded, "why, because they know I've had wonderful experience with a good house—that I've done well and that I can get business for them. I've proved that. That's why they want me—it's simple enough."

Molly got up. "Chris," she said quietly, but deadly serious, "Chris, if you give up a job with a fine old substantial firm, a firm where you'll really amount to something if you stick, and go into a proposition that shapes up, on the surface, the way this Carney thing does, you'll be making the biggest mis

(*Continued on page 28*)

How Much Schooling Can He Have?

The Office of Education, of the Department of the Interior in Washington, reports that six boys and girls out of ten never finish high school.

WHY do so great a number of children drop out of high school before being graduated? Because, in many cases, their fathers could not afford to keep them in school. Mothers, who are left alone, often find it very difficult to give their children the advantages they need.

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(Continued from page 26)

take of your life. One that I can't, that I won't, let you make, if I can help it. I mean it."

"Well, you can't help it," I ranted, "you can't stop me. No one can."

And Molly just stood there, with a quick, hurt expression on her face, an expression that I'll never forget, hurt so deeply, to the heart, and as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing. Then she turned and left the room.

I went ahead, too. I quit and joined Chick Carney. Quit in spite of Molly, in spite of the old man who pleaded with me as far as he could, in spite of some of my friends who tried to dissuade me. Carney, Carew and Co., that was the name of the firm. It was my name there that finally made me say yes, that and the thousand dollars advance salary I drew. I got that and a suite of offices with a dressing-room and a shower and my own ticker. The works.

I got that and it lasted just exactly five months. Just five months, that was all. Then there was an investigation and the whole thing all over the front pages. Carney should have known better, being a crook. He should have known that the new Securities Act had teeth and that things weren't the way they were six years ago when you could get away with stuff for years on end. He wasn't even a very smart crook. He went to jail. So did several of the others. But I didn't. I got a suspended sentence.

I GOT off with that because the old man, the head of my old firm, went to bat for me in a big way. Maybe it wasn't so much for me as it was for Molly. Anyway, he got up and proved that I was just a front, that they had me to make things look right. Christy Carew, formerly of such and such a house, old football star, pal of millionaires, and all that blah.

I didn't, the old man said, have the slightest idea of what was really going on. And I didn't. That part of it was the honest truth. I was the build-up. The sucker bait. And a lot of them had taken the bait in those few months. Some of my friends even, I'd sold stuff to. Stuff that wasn't worth wallpaper. That's what I'd done to my friends. That's what I'd done to Molly. For a while I hoped they would send me to prison. Send me anywhere so that I wouldn't have to face people.

But they didn't. They let me go.

And Molly was right there beside me every minute.

"It's all over now, darling. Just a bad dream, a nightmare. Don't let it get you down. Try to forget it. I'll help you try. . . ."

And she did help me, heaven knows. But that wasn't enough. I couldn't get a job. Not anywhere. Some of the people I called on were nice, others weren't so nice. I don't blame them, any of them. Even my friends, even the old man. He couldn't take me back, of course. He couldn't go that far.

And all the time, tramping from office to office, I kept thinking that I couldn't let Molly down. Not any farther than I had. I couldn't send her home to her family. I was still going to crash through somehow.

Then I was passing the building where Carney, Carew and Co. had had offices, hurrying past maybe, when the building super saw me. He was a good Irishman and I'd given him fifty dollars for Christmas, that gay Christmas in the dim, lavish past.

He made me stop and say hello, and then suddenly I said, "You haven't got a job, Pat, working in the building, have you? Anything."

And he was embarrassed. "Why no, Mr. Carew," he stammered, "I haven't any job. Not—not that would be right for you. But," hesitating, "I—if—that is, would you let me lend you—" and I said, "Thanks, Pat. No handouts. But a job would look mighty good."

So finally he gave me a job. Washing paint and polishing brass. Inside. Twenty bucks a week. Twenty dollars. That's a lot of money, twenty dollars. Hours from eight to six.

But I couldn't tell Molly what I was doing, that I was a fourth-rate porter. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not asking for credit, or trying to build up the idea that I was a noble soul carrying on in the face of great adversity. That's the bunk, that stuff.

So I told her that I was a board boy in a broker's place and that was all right.

And I was getting away with it. Or I thought I was. Until that morning when Molly followed me, followed me right down to my locker in the basement, and I turned and saw her there and she had tears in her eyes, brimming over just before she threw her arms around me. She didn't seem to mind the overalls—not even the red lettering.

"Eddie, are you sure you know where you're going?" JAY IRVING

IN SIX months Pat put me on an elevator. That meant another uniform and seeing people, maybe people that I had known, but it meant five dollars more a week, and you can do things for five dollars. I did it for seven more months and I didn't mind it. Not really. Well, not very much.

Not until that day when John Slade got into my elevator. I saw him coming and I wanted, wanted terribly, to slam the doors in his face. But I didn't. I just said, "Floors, please?" and he looked at me and started. Then he said, "Hello, Carew," quietly, he was standing right behind me, and I said, "Hello, Slade," and he got off the car.

Then, once again, I had to have more money. Only this time there was a different reason. This time there was a real reason. Molly was going to have a baby.

It took some pride swallowing, I'll admit that, and several walks around the block, before I went in to see the old man. But I went in. He was just the same, tall and straight and his gray eyes looked at me and through me and didn't miss a trick.

"What have you been doing, Christy?" he asked, and I told him. But I didn't tell him about the baby. I wasn't begging on that basis.

He said "Mmm," and wound his heavy gold watch chain around his fingers, around and around, till I almost yelled. Then he said, "I don't know, wait a minute," and went out.

IN TEN minutes that seemed two hours, he came back. "There are two young fellows," he said, "two pretty smart boys who have a patent on a new type airplane engine. Something that, I believe, is revolutionary. There might be a chance for you with them. They're engineers and they need someone who can make contacts. That's the only thing I know of."

He gave me the address, The Crosston Engine Co., and I tried not to thank him too much and went out, not even bothering to ask the name of the man I was to talk to. That's how much of a rush I was in.

It was a long, low, shacky sort of place, open at one end and right near the airport, but there were mechanics buzzing around and the place hummed like a beehive. Someone pointed out the office, a little bit of a room with a chunk stove and papers everywhere. There was a young fellow, about my age, sitting at the desk, his sleeves rolled up, his hands greasy and his trousers spotted bags. Even his shoes were grease-soaked. His name, it developed, was Connors, but mine didn't seem to register with him. I was thankful for that, in a way.

We talked and he admitted that they did need someone who could get around the country, contact the trade, and generally be a front for them. I winced a little at the word "front," but he went on. "Whoever comes in with us now, and does a job, will have a share in things when we put this over. You look as if you might be the fellow, but," he hesitated, "you'll have to talk to my partner. He—" and just then the door opened and John Slade came in.

I got up. "I'll be getting along," I said, "sorry I took your time." But John Slade said, "Wait a minute, Carew," and I stopped, my hand on the door. "Sit down," he said, "I know about this. I was in so and so's"—he named the old man—"office when you were there this afternoon." He turned to his partner, "Do you mind, Pete?" he said, and when we were alone: "It's been five years, hasn't it, since we had a talk. Since that afternoon in your rooms."

I nodded and he went on. "I haven't changed my ideas," he said, "I still dislike big shots. Nine out of ten of them have shot their bolts in college. But," and his grin was human for the first time almost, "there's always the tenth. And I guess maybe you're it."

I still just stared at him. "For three years," he continued, "four almost, I thought I was right about you. I watched you and you were showing true to form. Then, after the trial, I lost you. I didn't find you again until that day I saw you running the elevator. That, well, that made things different."

He waited a minute. Then, "Would you like to come in here with us? Not much money, maybe forty a week, but I've got a hunch it may be big some day. In a few years."

But I shook my head. This, I thought, was all too easy to see through. "No, thanks," I said, "not on that basis," and he shot a quick glance from under those bushy eyebrows.

"What do you mean," he said sharply, "by 'on that basis'?"

I SHRUGGED wearily. I was tired, disappointed. "You know what I mean," I said, "you're offering me this job because of Molly. To help her out. I'm not that dumb."

He leaned towards me across the littered desk. "But you're all wrong," he said earnestly, "completely wrong. Oh, I won't deny it; it would be foolish to deny it; that I'm glad, very, very happy, that Molly can—can be a part of it. Of course I am. But that's not the real, the fundamental reason that I want you in here. I, we, want you because we need a man who can make himself and us liked. Who can open doors for us. That's valuable, that gift of making people want to do business with you. Right now it's essential for us, and we haven't it, neither Connors nor myself." He smiled a little wryly. "We realize that. But you have it and you've been through the mill. You're ready to settle down, to dig in. That's why we want you. Won't you believe that?"

I wanted to believe him, heaven knows, and it did seem to make sense. But still I hesitated. "And," I asked him, watching his face, "and you're not in love with Molly any more?"

He spoke quickly, almost too quickly, too vehemently. "No, no," he said, "not any more. That's over, all over long ago," as if it were something that he had repeated to himself time and time again, "I—" and just then the door to the little office opened and a girl came in, a girl with crisp brown curls like Molly's, and big brown eyes. A small girl with the same straight, honest, friendly gaze.

She hesitated just a second, looking at John Slade, and there was something in that look that told me, told me more clearly than if she had said it, that he was all there was in the world for her. Everything.

And he got up, going to her. "Kit," he said, "Kit, this is Christy Carew. And Christy, this is Kit Deland," standing just behind her, his whole face, his hand on her small shoulder, trying to show me, to convince me, that here was the girl he loved, to make me understand.

And then I did understand. Finally I did. I understood that there are different kinds of big shots. Many different kinds. And his, John Slade's, is perhaps the biggest of all.

Mr. Grouch

—Waked up feeling so logy and headachy, he's ready to give up his golf date . . . But two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water will soon make a difference. Soon he'll be . . .

Mr. Smiles

—Head clear—energy returned—it's wonderful to see what a difference Sal Hepatica makes. For this mineral salt laxative both cleanses the system and combats acidity. That half-sick feeling doesn't linger, as it is apt to with ordinary laxatives.

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THE REASON Sal Hepatica can do what no ordinary laxative does is simply this:

Ordinary laxatives are laxatives only. They are not designed to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation. That's why a headachy, dull feeling may linger on . . .

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Yes, while Sal Hepatica is ridding the system of wastes, it is also bringing about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help you return to a healthy alkaline reserve.

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LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
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THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Choose Your Own Size

Continued from page 21

It's taken us a good long time to find it out, though. Away back in the eighteen-eighties, surgeons, delving into the skulls of people who had died from various causes, noticed that once in a while this beautifully hidden gland had grown out of all proportion, and that this was apt to be in people whose face and hand and foot bones had grown all out of proportion too. So they began to think there must be some connection between the two, but the gland was so hard to get at that they didn't get much farther for about twenty years. Then a famous brain surgeon named Cushing did some more delving into the skulls of both living and dead people and of animals too, and began to learn how to get at this gland without injuring either it or the brain. And finally in the early nineteen-twenties, about the same time doctors were beginning to find out how to control diabetes, somebody began taking the front part of these tiny glands from cows and feeding them to baby salamanders just to see what would happen. Well, what happened was the baby salamanders grew up into the biggest salamanders anybody had ever seen. Somebody else tried the same thing on baby rats and they grew up into giant rats.

Well, then they knew for sure that the anterior pituitary is what makes us grow. But it took them a good many years more to find out that only one kind of cell seemed to be involved when we grew too much or too little. And it took just about up to now for them to separate out the hormone that those cells produced in any form pure enough and powerful enough to do any good to children who just don't grow. They've scarcely got it to that point yet. It's on the market but it's too new to have been accepted by the American Medical Association Council and it's still frightfully expensive. It has only been tried so far on extreme cases like the little Alice I told you about, but they've got it and there is no reason to think that in the next few years it won't be more and more easily available in more and more powerful form. Probably in time there won't be any midgets in side shows.

Make Them Grow Up

Of course there are other causes for people not growing besides lazy pituitaries. A good many dwarfs, the kind with very short legs and heavy bodies, are that way because of some bone disease. And doctors don't know how to do anything about that yet. Others, and fortunately they are very rare in this country now, are what is known as cretins. Their trouble is due not to a lazy pituitary but to a lazy thyroid and as well as not growing physically they don't grow mentally either. But this kind of dwarf never needs to occur any more, because doctors have known for years that if babies who looked like cretins were started young enough taking regular doses of the thyroid they weren't getting from their thyroid glands, they could be made normal and kept normal all their lives. That in itself is pretty remarkable, isn't it? But it's just one of the things science has been dashing off in its spare time.

In general, though, it is the growth hormone made by those cells in the half a chestnut that controls whether we grow a little or a lot, and the amazing thing is that it so very seldom makes too much or too little except within very narrow margins. Probably the number of people in the world whose pituitaries are producing too much or too little growth hormone can be counted in the hundreds. And when you realize that the people in the world can be counted in the billions that makes very few of these delicate little glands that don't do their job properly. In most of us they go right along day after day manufacturing just enough growth hormone to keep our bodies renewing, to keep us what we consider normal—for a five-foot man is small and a six-foot-sixer is big, but they're still normal. Of course it is very possible that in the years to come all five-foot boys can be made to grow taller by this new extract and then maybe five feet won't be considered normal any more, but there are other angles to that, as you will see shortly.

Anyway it looks as if doctors have pretty well got hold of the problem of what to do when our pituitaries underfunction. But it doesn't seem to be quite so simple when those growth cells work overtime, which every now and again they do. If they work overtime while we're young and still growing we grow out of all proportion. Probably the giants of folklore weren't imaginary at all but real and fairly harmless people whose growth cells had overworked, for even today there are a considerable number of giants walking the earth, and they're mostly men, for some unknown reason.

"Shall we—ha, ha, ha—say, 'Strike three'?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

As spectacular a one as you could ask for is the eighteen-year-old Illinois boy who is sometimes said to be the biggest man in the world. He is over eight feet tall and still growing and they don't know how to stop it. If his growth were due to a tumor of his pituitary gland they could possibly operate and remove it, but most giants don't seem to have pituitary tumors. They've found that out through X-ray and other methods. Apparently it's just a case of their pituitaries liking to secrete too much growth hormone. Doctors talk sometimes of slowing the thing up with X-ray treatment, but the trouble is the pituitary does so many things, from controlling our sexual development by sending a hormone to our reproductive glands, to managing the amount of food we can burn by sending a hormone to our thyroids, that they usually don't dare. For how could you slow up the growth without slowing up everything else? It's too dangerous so far.

But don't think those growth-producing cells are only important when you are young and growing. They're important every day of your life. There is a saying that our bodies renew themselves every seven years. Doctors won't quite subscribe to that, maybe, but they know that those growth cells in our pituitaries keep right on working, because every once in a while they begin to overwork after we're all grown up and then still stranger things happen. Our long bones like our legs and arms have got too settled and hardened to grow any more. Yet if a lot more of this growth hormone than we need starts flowing around in our blood something has to happen. So everything begins to grow that conveniently can. It was that sort of thing that made doctors first connect the pituitary with growth, and that's what happens when a person develops what is called acromegaly.

Destiny That Shapes Our Ends

Acromegaly means big ends, and that's what happens. In an acute stage a person with acromegaly often has to buy new shoes and gloves every few weeks, for the bones of his hands and feet begin to grow quite fast. His jaw lengthens out and his teeth become widely spaced because they can't fill his jaw, and along with this his tongue gets bigger, his nose thicker and all his features begin to coarsen. I have seen pictures of a delicate, fragile-looking young man who in five years grew to be an entirely different, heavy-featured person and over a period of twenty years became so coarse and thick-featured that you wouldn't have believed he could possibly be any relation to the finely chiseled boy of his early twenties. In fact, if a criminal got a tumor of the growth cells of his pituitary at the moment he committed a murder and then went in hiding for a year, he would be safe for the rest of his life because he would be so unrecognizable that nobody would even think to take his fingerprints.

Doctors have found that this trouble is almost always due to a tumor of the pituitary and now they can sometimes stop it with an operation. But because of the cunning way the pituitary is hidden it is difficult to get at it. Sometimes it means taking off the front part of the skull and lifting up the front part of the brain. More often now it means going up through the upper part of the mouth, but either way it is a pretty ticklish proposition and even when they get to the gland it is hard to take out just enough of just the right part to stop the trouble without interfering with anything else. Of course knowing what causes these things is half the battle, and in time—probably not such a very long time either—we'll find better ways of managing gigantism or acromegaly when they're just starting, or better still, ways to keep them from starting.

Babies Have Them, Too

But dictator and all, they've been finding out recently that the pituitary isn't the only ductless gland in our body that has charge of growth. There's another gland just under our collarbones, or rather a pair of them like a pair of small flasks, called the thymus. You may have heard of it as the neck sweetbreads, for that's what it is in a calf, or you may have heard of it as a gland that can cause babies a lot of trouble. For years there has been a superstition that this gland could swell up and kill a baby like a flash, especially if he were scared. I've heard that that was the origin of the other superstition that babies could be suffocated by cats climbing up and sucking their breath. As a matter of fact, both ideas are pretty much untrue, but the thymus can grow big and make it hard for babies to breathe, and when this happens now a little X-ray treatment seems to hold the gland down nicely.

The queer thing about the thymus, however, is that it is big when we're babies, about as big as a plum, bigger still when we're children and tiny when we're grown up. Doctors noticing this a good many years ago decided that the function of this gland must be to keep children from growing up too fast, and they believed it right up to 1930. But it now looks as if we were all wrong all these years and the thymus we have shriveled up in our throats isn't to keep us from growing but to make us grow, and when it has done its job it rests.

There is still more to this question of growth, though, for we have another gland up inside our skulls, a little cone-shaped gland called the pineal, that we're just beginning to find out about. Nobody was sure this gland even was a ductless gland until recently. They didn't know what it was for. But Dr. Hanson, fooling around in his spare time, got to work on this little gland and made an active extract from it and sent that to his friend, Dr. Rowntree. And Dr. Rowntree thought he'd try injecting this into rats. They didn't grow nearly as big as normal rats, though they seemed fairly normal every other way. That just happened a year or so ago and that's all they know about the pineal so far.

A second article about glands by Hannah Lees will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

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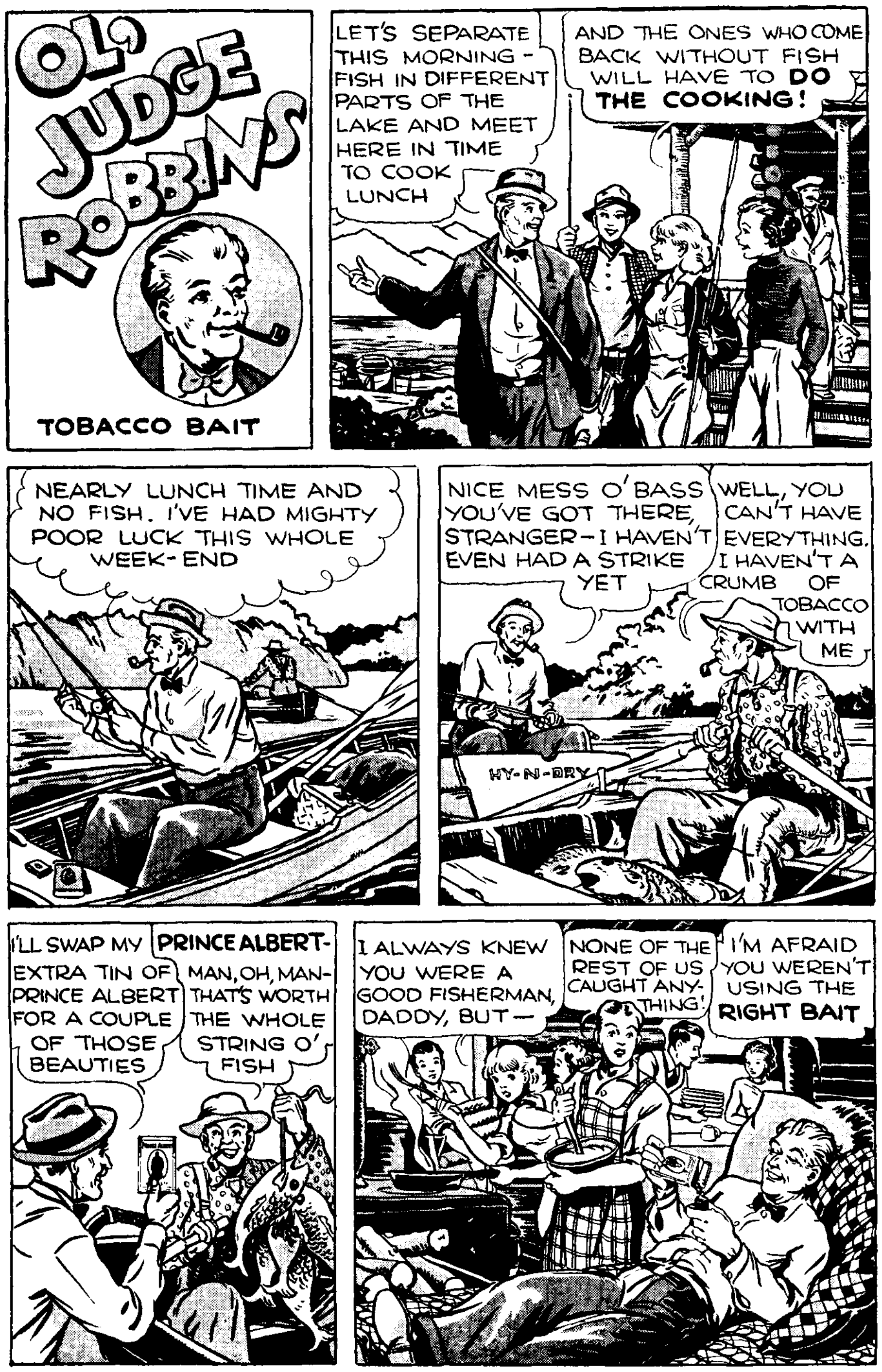
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
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AND THE ONES WHO COME BACK WITHOUT FISH WILL HAVE TO DO THE COOKING!
NEARLY LUNCH TIME AND NO FISH. I'VE HAD MIGHTY POOR LUCK THIS WHOLE WEEK-END
NICE MESS O' BASS YOU'VE GOT THERE, STRANGER—I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A STRIKE YET
WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVEN'T A CRUMB OF TOBACCO WITH ME
HY-N-DRY
I'LL SWAP MY EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A COUPLE OF THOSE BEAUTIES
PRINCE ALBERT—MAN, OH, MAN—THAT'S WORTH THE WHOLE STRING O' FISH
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GOOD FISHERMAN, DADDY, BUT—
NONE OF THE REST OF US CAUGHT ANYTHING!
I'M AFRAID YOU WEREN'T USING THE RIGHT BAIT

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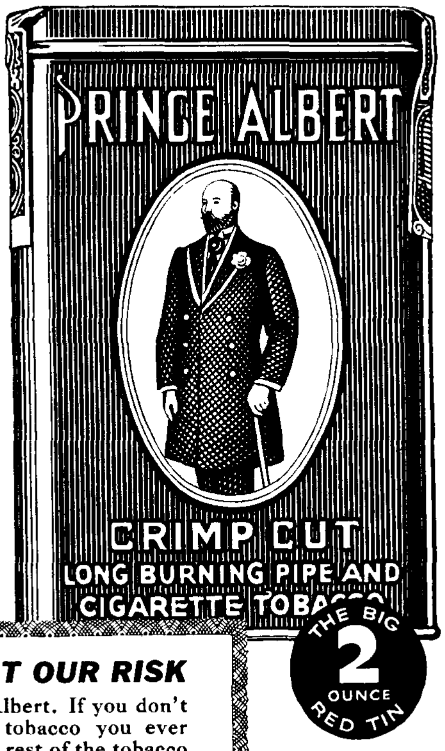
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Get that Goat!

Continued from page 15

Lawrence exulted. "Kin I shine up his horns with vaseline, Mr. Lodge?"

" 'Tension!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You are an officer. We are at war. You have plans on your person which must not fall into the hands of the enemy. A beautiful woman spy secretes herself in your quarters. What'd you do?"

"Shoot her, sir!"

"Right!"

"Ask me another one, sir!"

"Very well. You are a Second Classman. A beautiful yard engine sets her cap for you. What'd you do?"

There was an interruption. Miss Millicent Byars walked down the back steps. Mr. Mike Lodge saw her and stiffened. Lawrence saw her and said quite audibly: "If I was a Second Classman an' any ol' girl made a play for me I'd jest kick her clear acrosst Worden Field!"

Miss Byars seemed blandly unaware of any difficulty in the situation. A girl who has been a 4.0 drag at Annapolis for two years becomes rather sure of herself. Miss Byars' manner did not say too brazenly, "I am some midshipman's certain fate." But Miss Byars carried the Navy colors——hair, gold; eyes, blue—and her lazy-lidded smile suggested that she had the true Navy spirit. Miss Byars always got on the target fast and kept firing with main batteries until the enemy signaled unconditional surrender.

"How do you do, Mr. Lodge," she said coolly. "Lawrence, dear, I want to talk to you a few minutes."

Red Mike Lodge nodded curtly, tipped his cap, and departed.

Miss Byars smiled.

"Your father agrees with me that you haven't been looked after properly, Lawrence. And—well—I've got a surprise for you!"

Lawrence stared at her.

"Is he gonna let me outa hack?"

This horrible, terrible ol' girl smiled.

"Perhaps. But the surprise is—*I'm* going to look after you from now on!"

"Oh, no, you're not neither."

"Oh, yes, I am!"

Sheer terror moved Lawrence. He ran to Ole Bill and buried his face in Ole Bill's side.

"Not neither . . . not neither," Lawrence said.

"Look, Lawrence!"

"No—no—"

"I've got something for you. Something very nice—"

Lawrence looked, sidewise through Ole Bill's fleece. Oh, the guile of ol' Millicent Byars. It was not a silly, goofy ol' girl present. Miss Byars was holding open a paper sack.

In the sack were two small turtles.

"See, Lawrence—Wheeler and Woolsey!"

COINCIDENCE completed Lawrence's downfall. Wheeler and Woolsey were his favorite movie actors; and their likenesses were painted on the backs of these swell turtles. Miss Byars' soft voice talked on:

"We'll make a pond for them! Oh, let's! And this evening I'll get you out of hack; and we'll get Joel Prentice and we'll go out in my car and roast wienies. Won't that be fun, Lawrence?"

"We-*elll-ll*—I, huh, guess so—"

There began for Lawrence three weeks of sorry travail, of mysterious happenings above and beyond his understanding. In the first place, you would think, wouldn't you, that Cox'n Carrigan and Moto and Dad would be awful darn' sore at ol' Millicent for busting right in and ordering everybody around? Huh. They weren't, though. Cox'n Carrigan changed his collar every single day and cracked Irish jokes. Moto bowed and scraped and jest insisted on setting a plate for ol' Millicent for breakfast, when she already had her breakfast at home.

Lawrence's dad acted the funniest, though. Everything ol' Millicent wanted to do to Lawrence, why it was all right with Dad. He jest said: "Yes, yes, that's fine"; and went off to his office at the Academy to work on the anti-aircraft gun. He jest said, "Well, well—er—son! I hardly recognize you with a clean face and neat clothes. That's fine; that's fine!"

BUT the most bewildering element in Lawrence's changed life was the attitude of First Classman Mike Lodge. At first, Mr. Lodge only said: "It's tough, kid, having *that* gal turned loose on you." Pretty soon, however, Mr. Lodge started coming over to Porter Road to see how Lawrence was getting along and to stick up for Lawrence. He *started talking* to ol' Millicent! Like this:

"What's the idea of putting slick-em on the poor kid's hair?"

"I'm training it into a part."

"He doesn't need his hair parted."

"You have a very becoming part in *your* hair, Mr. Lodge!"

"I recognize the line, sister."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother to flatter you, Mr. Lodge. I never waste breath and adjectives on confirmed Red Mikes."

Lawrence, trying to get Ole Bill—who always visited with the Keeper of the Goat—untangled from a rope around his horns, listened to this grown-up talk with bafflement and a growing uneasiness. Why did Mr. Lodge *even bother* to argue with ol' Millicent?

Then, after two weeks or so, Mr. Lodge and Miss Byars began talking like this:

"Well, well—and how's the little mother, today?"

"Worried. Lawrence needs his teeth attended to; and he's rebelled against going to the dentist's. Won't you go with us?"

"Not me, sister. I've got my reputation to think of—"

"He'll go if *you* ask him. He adores you."

"Oh, I'll ask him. But I won't go along."

Mr. Lodge, very red of countenance and warily eying other midshipmen to catch smiles, walked with Miss Byars and Lawrence all the way up Maryland Avenue. Lawrence was ashamed for Mr. Lodge. He and Mr. Lodge were gonna be bachelors in the fleet and on the same ship, so why did Mr. Lodge hafta even be polite to ol' Millicent?

The week of the Army-Navy game, it happened. Mr. Lodge and Millicent and Lawrence had been watching the Team practice. Suddenly, walking home in the dusk, Lawrence became aware that Millicent and Mr. Lodge were quarreling. Like this:

"But, Mike, I've hardly said two words to him. Don't be so silly."

"You've practically moved in."

"Shhhhh . . . you know why I've done . . . what I've done. A neglected child—"

"Oh, it's none of my business, sister. You go right ahead. After all, he has three stripes. And he's a very swell guy—"

"Oh, Mike, don't tell me you're jealous of *him?* Why, he's old enough to be—why, Mike!"

"Jealous? Not me, sister! I shed no tears if you want to make rank in a hurry!"

Lawrence interrupted, looking from

ol' Millicent's flushed face to Mr. Lodge's oddly pallid mask.

"Whut you *talking* about?"

They had reached the front steps of Lawrence's house. Miss Byars abruptly turned her back on Mr. Lodge and spoke to Lawrence:

"A lot of utter nonsense, Lawrence—from a fat-headed chump!"

She ran up the steps and into the house.

"W-whut'd she *do?*" Lawrence demanded.

"Forget it, kid," Mr. Lodge said.

He turned on his heel and walked rapidly toward Bancroft Hall. Lawrence stared after him, rage crackling in his ears . . . then . . .

"I'll get her an'—"

Miss Byars was in the front hall when Lawrence stormed in.

"You—you mean ol' thing, you!" he shrieked. "You go tell Mr. Lodge you're sorry. You go right this minute—"

"Lawrence dear, you don't understand—"

"You're sore 'cause he won't marry you. You chased him—you did—you tried to make him marry you—I hate you—you get outa this house—you go 'way an' never come back!"

"Silence!"

"Ohh . . . Commander Willoughby—he—he didn't mean it—just upset because—"

"Go to your room!"

THE next afternoon Lawrence sat dolefully on the back steps. There was an ache in his throat that hurt worse than sobs and tears. Being confined to the back yard again was nothing. Missing the Army-Navy game on Saturday did not mean very much. It was his dad . . . what his dad had said. . . .

"I am going to send you to a military school. It is your last chance to show me you have the stuff that makes an officer. I—I'm very much afraid you haven't."

Just these sentences, spoken in a cold, calm voice. Lawrence remembered them as if they were whiplashes.

"Goat detail, halt!"

"Baaaaaaa . . . baaaaa."

This time four plebes; but not Mr. Lodge. The plebe in charge, a Navy Junior known to Lawrence as "Mr. Stupid" led Ole Bill over to the steps.

"Mr. Lodge said you could keep him for an hour. Don't let him out of your sight; and don't let him roll. We've worked all day getting him ready for Saturday."

"Yes, sir! Th-thanks."

"We'll be back in an hour."

Lawrence leaned over Ole Bill and hugged him. Ole Bill, very white and curly, turned his head around and nipped Lawrence playfully.

"You're my pal, aren'tcha, Bill?"

Ole Bill and Lawrence had a happy time together until nearly dusk. Then, Moto called Lawrence to K. P. duty in the kitchen. Lawrence, after much stalling and muttering, was finally obliged to tie Ole Bill to the back fence. . . .

Ten minutes later, Lawrence looked out the kitchen window to see if the plebes had come for Ole Bill. The goat was gone. Lawrence thought it strange that the plebes had not stopped at the back door. He started to peel potatoes again when he heard a muffled "Baaaaaaa." The sound same from behind the back fence.

Lawrence dashed out. He plunged through the back gate just in time to see four young men loading Ole Bill into a collegiate flivver.

"You stop that. What you doing with 'at goat? He's Ole Bill, the Navy mascot—"

The flivver started slowly away.

In his panic, Lawrence thought of only one thing. He must follow that flivver. His bike was lying in the back yard. . . .

Lawrence pedaled desperately after the flivver. The car went straight down Prince George's Street; made no stop at Maryland Avenue and gained speed, heading for the Baltimore pike. As the goat abductors passed St. John's College campus, Lawrence saw two midshipmen crossing the street.

"They've got Ole Bill!" he yelled at the midshipmen. "He's in that car!"

Ole Bill and his abductors were now a block and a half away. Lawrence put on speed. . . . At the top of a hill near the Baltimore Pike the car stopped. Lawrence abandoned his bike and labored up the hill.

He saw the abductors take Ole Bill out of the car. They led him into a clump of woods. They returned as Lawrence was puffing halfway up the hill. They got in the flivver, without Ole Bill, and drove off.

His heart pounding, fearful that Ole Bill was dead, Lawrence raced into the woods.

"Bill . . . Ole Bill . . . hi, Ole Bill!"

Briers slashed him. Tree branches dealt him bruising blows. He tore his hands prying a way through the thicket. Finally . . .

"Baaaa . . . baaaa. . . ."

Ole Bill's fleece shown whitely in the semidarkness. He had been tied to a sapling in the depth of the thicket.

"Gee . . . Ole Bill . . . you hurt, Bill? Did they hurt yuh? . . . Gee. . . ."

Worn out, Lawrence stumbled up to Ole Bill.

"I'll jest rest a minute . . . an' then we'll go home, Bill. You got to leave for Philadelphia tomorrow. The team would jest lose *sure* without you. I bet I know who did it. Those bilgers that went to St. John's. Those dirty ol' Saint Johnny bilgers—"

Lawrence untied Ole Bill from the sapling. "C'mon, Bill . . . we're going home!" Ole Bill followed docilely while Lawrence led him through the thicket. But at a brier patch on the outer edge, he balked.

"*C'mon*, Bill. It's gettin' *dark*—"

Ole Bill wanted none of those briers.

Lawrence tugged manfully on the rope. He teased and wheedled and pleaded. He threw sticks at Ole Bill. He lost his temper and kicked Ole Bill in the ribs. Ole Bill merely bolted twenty-five yards, dragging Lawrence after him, and then unconcernedly started cropping leaves off the underbrush. . . .

THEY found Lawrence and Ole Bill shortly before midnight. Lawrence was asleep in a pile of leaves at the foot of a tree. He had tied Ole Bill to the tree and also had tied the spare end of the rope around his waist.

Mr. Lodge said: "How does it feel to be a hero, kid? The regiment is going to give you a four-N yell at the game Saturday!"

Ol' Millicent said: "You're a good, brave little boy. And don't you worry any more about me being mean to Mike. We're . . . just not going to be mean to each other any more."

We-elll, that was all right; except that Lawrence realized, vaguely, that Mr. Lodge was not gonna stay a bachelor and be bachelor buddies with him in the fleet.

The really swell part of it all was what Dad said. Dad had been with the first search party that found Lawrence. Dad had picked Lawrence up and hugged him very hard.

Dad had said: "Forgive me, son. I've been blind and cruel. Don't hate me—"

And Lawrence had said: "I didn't run off and leave Ole Bill. I didn't."

And Dad said: "You've got the makings of an officer, son, an officer!"

Lawrence would always remember the gruff, happy sound of Dad's voice; and how good it felt to have Dad's strong arms hold him snug and safe.

JOHN, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE COCOMALT? YOU NEED A TONIC

Thousands turning to delicious food tonic for strength and energy

ARE you tired out from work? Are you inclined to be nervous, irritable, fatigued? If week after week goes by and you continue to have that "fagged out" feeling—*be careful!*

Thousands of men and women feel run-down because their diet is deficient in Iron or some other important food essential. That's why doctors say it is so important to watch the diet.

Realizing this, modern science has developed a wonderful tonic in food form, especially designed to meet the energy demands of our high-pressure, modern living. It is ideal for active people.

What this food tonic is

The name of this new kind of tonic in food form is Cocomalt. Not only does it furnish Iron for red blood and strength, but it also supplies Carbohydrates for furnishing food-energy needed for the strenuous activities of our nerve-taxing, present-day living—Proteins for building solid flesh and muscle—Calcium, Phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for strong bones and sound teeth.

Of course, it is impossible to say that Cocomalt will help *every* run-down man and woman. *But, Cocomalt has helped so many thousands renew their strength and vitality—that you should not fail to see what Cocomalt can do for you. It is easily digested, quickly assimilated.*

Cocomalt is designed to be mixed with milk—either hot or cold. In ½-lb. and 1-lb. cans. Also in an economical 5-lb. hospital-size can. Get Cocomalt today.

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"I used to feel tired and listless. I read about Cocomalt and began to drink it. In almost no time at all I began to feel full of energy. I go through the day now with more pep than I have had in a long time."
—*Mrs. M. Campbell, Chicago.*

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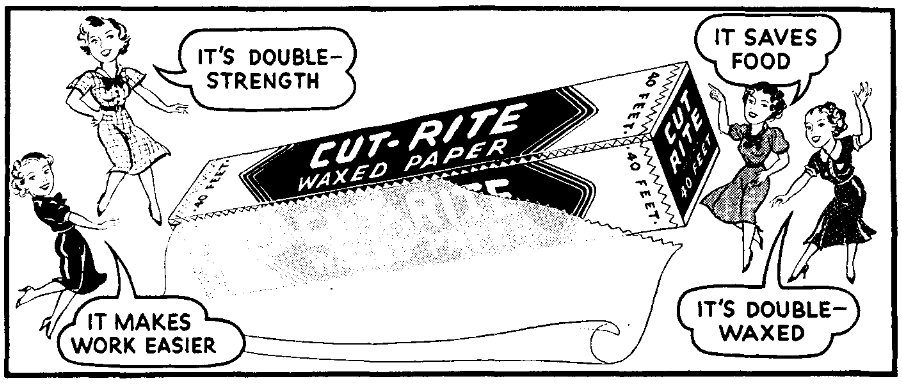


Seven of Spades

Continued from page 11

"And Carver brought Bancroft's body to Stanton over the same road?"

"Yep. He followed right behind me all the way."

"Thank you, Mr. Putnam. I'll see you again before I leave."

Putnam scowled. "So long," he said.

Marching down the long aisle of Ben Carver's pungent saddlery shop after a cracked bell had clanked in announcement of his entrance, James Lee found the proprietor of the place midway of the long building. Carver, engaged at the moment in opening a consignment of Navaho jewelry from a Connecticut manufacturer, looked up over his left shoulder.

"What can I do for you?" he said, smiling thinly at James Lee.

"I'd like to talk to you about Frank Bancroft's murder."

Carver frowned. "Why do you want to talk to me about that mess? You working for Al Blake?"

"I'm working for the Department of Justice. Do you think Blake killed Bancroft?"

"Sure he did! There was nobody else in the cabin when me and Putnam got there."

"What motive did Blake have for killing Bancroft?"

"How the hell do I know why he killed him? Probably they were both nuts about the same girl. . . . You don't mind if I ask you a question or two, do you?"

James Lee nodded. "Go ahead."

"In the first place, where do you cut into this game? How does Bancroft rate a G-man at his inquest?"

"What else do you want to know?"

CARVER picked up a turquoise ring that lay on the table in front of him. He looked at the ring for a moment and then, "Just to cut this short, how would you like to get the hell out of my place right now?" he asked.

James Lee reached for a cigarette and lighted it. "I wouldn't mind—but before I go I'd like to ask you two more questions." The speaker took a long, deep drag at his cigarette and gazed at the ceiling for a moment. Then through a curling cloud of smoke, "Do you think you could stand up in court and clear yourself of an indictment for murder in case the district attorney got—troublesome?"

Ben Carver snorted. "Nuts to you! I'll come back with a question: Do you think you can live through the night?"

James Lee nodded. "Yes," he said, "I think I can! . . . I'll be at the Eagle Hotel tonight in case you want to make any suggestions about locating Bancroft's murderer."

Leaving the Carver establishment, James Lee walked directly to the sheriff's office in the courthouse.

To Sheriff Deane, "I want to take Blake up to Redstone with me tomorrow morning," he said. "I want you to release him into my custody tomorrow."

Joe Deane grunted. "How do I know that you'll get him back here?" he countered. "How do I know somebody won't take him off your hands and hang him?"

"I'll be responsible for the man," James Lee said coldly. "One more favor, Sheriff, if you don't mind. Have one of your men meet the night plane from the East. The Department is sending out some records that I need on this case."

The sheriff nodded. "Sure you trust us messenger boys, Mr. Lee?"

With some bitterness, "I'd trust you as messenger boys. If you really want to do me an important favor you might post a man or two around the Eagle Hotel tonight to see that I live till morning."

"You turning yellow?"

"Put it that way if you wish to."

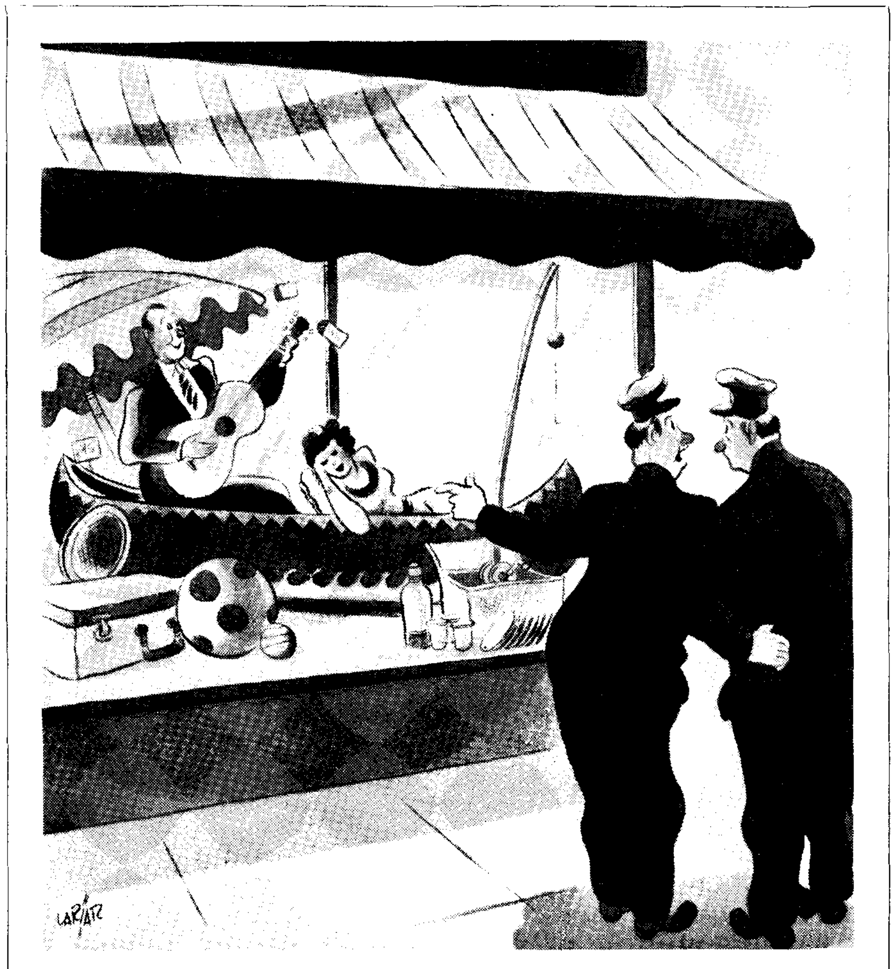
An hour after sundown that night a bullet punctured a neat hole in the glass of a bedroom window in the Eagle Hotel. The bullet, whining on its futile way at short range, followed a trajectory that lay an inch above James Lee's left shoulder and an inch to the left of his neck.

One second thereafter James Lee's silhouette dropped from the lighted shade that veiled the window of his room.

At morning, after he had signed the document that gave him custody of Al Blake, looking straight at Sheriff Deane, "I'm grateful to you for letting one of your deputies ride herd on me last night. They almost got me."

"What do you mean—somebody shoot at you last night?"

"Let's say he shot in my general direction. If my shadow hadn't been six or eight inches taller than I happen to be, the Bancroft murder case would have been complicated with another corpse. I dug the bullet out of the wall of a bedroom three doors away from my room. Here it is."



"I coulda swore I saw him kiss her a minute ago" LAWRENCE LARIAR

Sheriff Deane looked mildly annoyed. "Doggone it, Mr. Lee, that's an awful crazy story to tell me this early after breakfast." He looked down at the battered bullet in the palm of his right hand. "I can't imagine who might have took a shot at you. What do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing—but you might let me keep that bullet as a souvenir of your local hospitality. . . . Now if you'll turn Blake over to me I'll be on my way. I have a lot of work to do before sundown tonight."

AT THE door of the cabin where Frank Bancroft had been killed Al Blake halted for a moment. "That's the busted staple, Mr. Lee," he said. "See how this hasp is battered and bent?"

James Lee looked at the broken fastening of the door. "What about the lock? Was it found?"

"It was just a cheap little padlock. It broke before either the hasp or the staple gave way. I didn't see it when I first looked. Whoever broke into the place probably threw it away."

"We'll have a look for it after a while. Let's go inside. . . . Is that where you cleaned up the blood on the floor?"

Blake nodded solemnly.

JAMES LEE surveyed the scene for a moment. Then, quickly, "Was that champagne bottle that you use for a candlestick tipped over on the desk the last time you saw it?"

"I don't remember." Blake walked toward his desk.

"Don't touch that bottle. Wait a moment. . . . Did you or Bancroft happen to have any talcum powder in your shaving outfit?"

"Frank had some."

"Get it for me."

A moment later, on the dark green surface of the overturned bottle on the desk, James Lee sifted a cloud of talcum powder. Then, "Hand me that shaving brush up there, will you?"

Very gently rotating the dark green bottle as he worked, James Lee brushed away the surplus powder on its surface. When the whitened surface had grayed from its thinning dust of talc, he laid down the shaving brush. He began a close inspection of the surface of the bottle with an eight-power lens. After the lens had ranged across ten or fifteen square inches of the bottle's surface he halted suddenly and looked up at Al Blake.

"We've hit pay dirt!" James Lee said grimly. "Dutch Flint's fingerprints! The file on him came in last night from Washington. I memorized the high spots in his record. Here! Take this glass and look at that V-shaped scar that ties up the triangle and the loop. Index finger of Dutch Flint's right hand!"

"Dutch Flint? Where does that gangster come into this picture?"

"He probably comes in to save your life—and my reputation." Quickly then, "I've got a hunch!" James Lee reached in his pocket and pulled out the battered bullet that had been fired at him the night before. "I've overlooked a big bet! . . . Can I get Washington on this telephone?"

"She's probably still connected."

"What central?"

"Crystal. The switchboard is in the back end of the general store."

James Lee frowned. "I've got to take a chance." He took the receiver off the hook. He clicked the phone twice. "She's still alive." Then to the Crystal central, "Get me the chief of the Bureau of Investigation at Washington. . . . Official. . . . Government rush."

"I'll call you back," central said.

"I'll wait on the line. Burn it through."

To the chief less than three minutes later, "James Lee talking. I got the file on the Matson, Melville, Continental man last night. Tell me something—quick. . . . Can you hear me?"

"Clear as a bell," the chief answered.

"Tell me this: What kind of a gun fired that bullet that killed young Matson?"

"Sanchez automatic, wasn't it? It's in the record."

"Sorry, Chief, it's not in the record. Are you sure about the Matson gun?"

"No, but I'm sure about the Melville gun. The Melville girl was killed with a Sanchez automatic. Nine millimeters. Five lands."

"All Sanchez automatics have five lands." James Lee tapped the desk impatiently with the bullet that had been fired at him the night before.

"What have you got?"

"This wire may leak. I can't tell you."

"Need any help?"

"Lots of it."

"I can have a dozen of your own men over from San Francisco in five hours."

"Too late. I need help but I've got to work alone. If anything happens to me cover the Sonora border south of Stanton. If you don't hear from me by eight o'clock tonight, our time, get busy."

"Okay. Standing by. Good luck."

James Lee hung up the receiver. He turned to Al Blake. "You heard that. Let's go!"

WHEN the roaring car had warmed up on the first five miles of the return journey to Stanton, "What's that hunch of yours, Mr. Lee?" Al Blake asked again. "You think Flint is in Stanton?"

"I'm sure of it," James Lee said. "Flint and his gang pulled a couple of kidnapings last year—killed their victims each time. Young Matson was the first one. The Melville girl was the other—both killed with a shot from a Sanchez automatic."

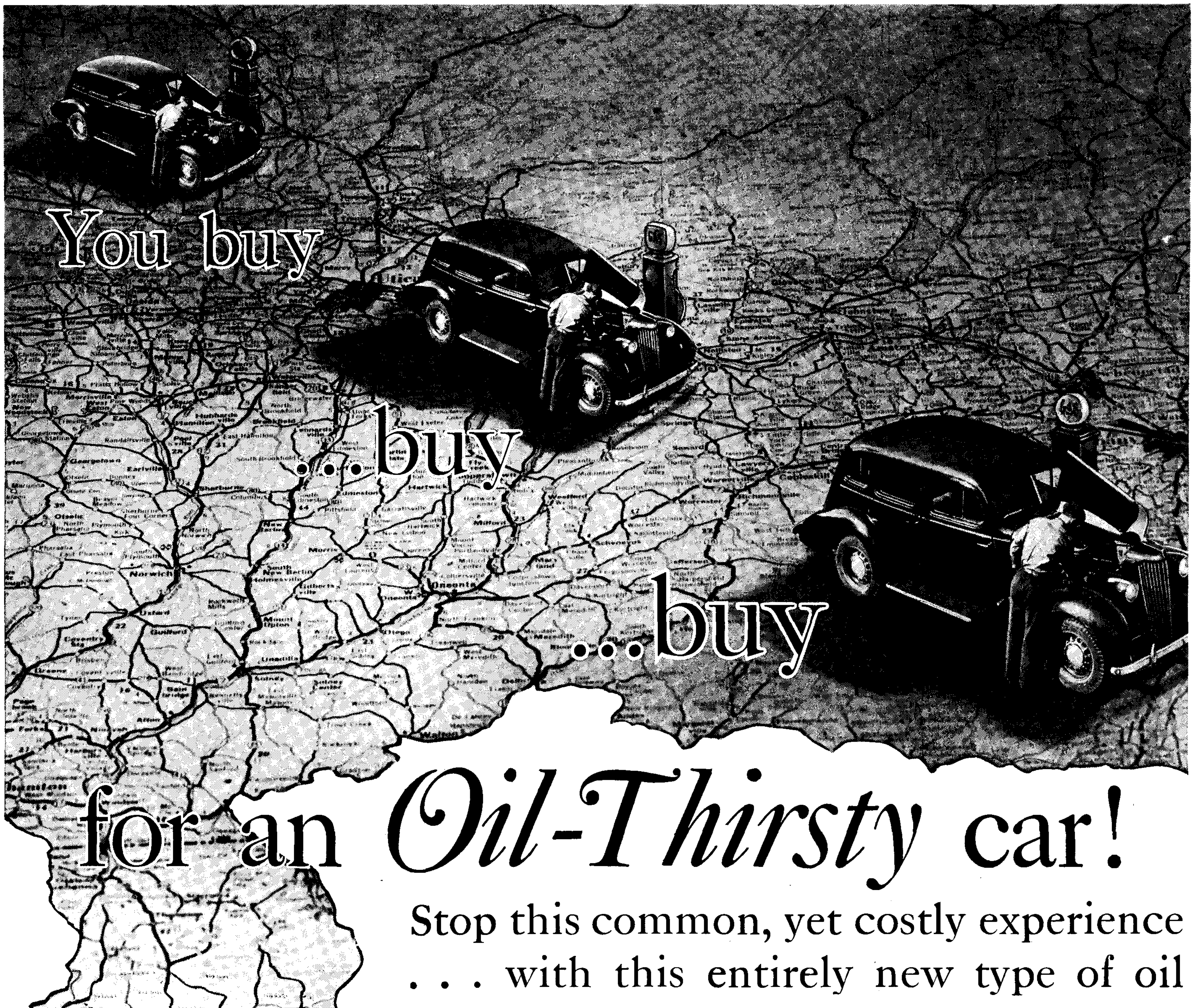
"And that shot last night that was fired at you—a Sanchez pistol?"

Behind the wheel of the car, James Lee looked sideways for one second at Al Blake. "You're right," he said. "My hunch is that it was Dutch Flint who fired the shot last night, or someone using his gun. . . . Putting a few of the pieces together—if Flint was north of Redstone he'd have to come south to escape. The Department has the Utah country blocked. I figure he landed in Crystal and that Bancroft got a spot on him in that town. Flint probably learned that Bancroft was a government man. Flint broke into the cabin at Redstone and killed Bancroft. Bancroft probably came in while Flint was searching your desk for Bancroft's reports on him."

"And the next move?"

"Wait a minute. As soon as Flint killed Bancroft the town of Crystal got too hot for him. He moved out. He couldn't move north and there is nothing

(Continued on page 36)



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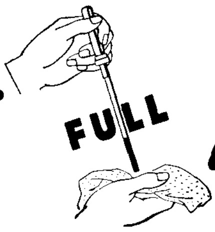

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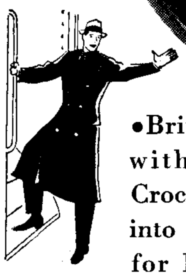

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GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from page 34)

east or west. . . . He came south into Stanton—and his hideout is Bill Putnam's joint."

Silent thereafter for three minutes, "Mr. Lee, I've got a favor to ask of you," Al Blake said. "Just for luck, and because I thought a hell of a lot of Frank Bancroft, I'd like to sit in with you on this scrap."

James Lee reached around under his right armpit. With his left hand he hauled out a long blue-barreled .38. He handed the gun to Al Blake. "Here," he said, "take this—I've another one."

In Stanton at 6:15, directing the overture that preceded the first act of the big show, "I'm going to coast up within a hundred feet of Putnam's joint," James Lee began. "You cover the back end of the layout. I'm going in the front door. Don't let anyone get by you. Shoot first and challenge the corpse. I'll try to clean up in a hurry."

Ten feet inside the front door of the Pastime Club, James Lee made a quick survey of the long poolroom. Two players were at the first table. Half a dozen idle spectators sat in the armchairs that ranged along the wall. The proprietor of the Pastime Club, Bill Putnam, was not present.

James Lee faced one of the loungers. "Mr. Putnam around?"

"He's in the back room."

AT THE door of the poker-room James Lee decided to enter without knocking. He twisted the knob of the door. The door was locked. A voice from within challenged him. "Who's there?"

"This is James Lee."

A moment later the door opened narrowly. "Come in, Mr. Lee. We've been waiting for you."

James Lee walked into the poker-room. Seated at a round table near the far wall of the room were two men. Putnam waved his hand at the first one, "You know Ben Carver, I believe. . . . Let me introduce Dutch Flint."

In spite of every effort James Lee heard his own indrawn breath hiss through his clenched teeth. Then calmly, "I'm glad to see you, Dutch," he said. "I've been wanting to meet you for a long time." He held out his hand to Dutch Flint.

"Keep your fins up in the air!" Dutch Flint ordered harshly. "Carver, frisk him! . . . Your foot sort of slipped this time, didn't it, Chink? You figgered I'd be hidin' under the bed in the back room! Sit down. I've always wanted to play table stakes with a G-man!"

James Lee looked at the scattered cards on the top of the poker table. "No," he protested, "everything is working out fine. I'll be glad to play a little poker before I turn in for the night."

"Sit down," Dutch Flint repeated. "Make yourself at home. When you turn in for the night you'll turn in for the big sleep."

"Don't be rude to your playmates, Dutch. When are you leaving town?"

"I'll be pulling out in a couple of hours."

"Fair enough. What are the chips worth?"

"Twenty bucks a stack."

"I'm a little short of cash at the moment," James Lee announced. "What's my gun worth?" He pointed to his long blue-barreled .38 that lay on the table at Dutch Flint's right hand.

"I'm banking," Putnam cut in. "I can't allow you anything on the gun. It belongs to Dutch—finders keepers, you know, wise guy."

"Fair enough. Give me a couple of stacks. Anything wild?"

"Nothing wild in this game but a G-man," Ben Carver answered. "We're all tame enough."

The lower rim of the conical green-glass lamp shade hanging twelve inches above the center of the table lay on a level with Dutch Flint's upper lip. James Lee saw Flint's mouth working under the stress of hate. "Dutch is getting wild," he said. "Maybe he's anxious about something. Deal the cards."

"You deal the cards, G-man. You win the deal."

James Lee reached for a new deck that lay at his left and broke the seals on it. "Not that I don't trust you gentlemen," he said, "but I like to train my own cards. I'm looking for aces. . . . Dutch, someplace in your hand tonight you're going to find the seven of spades. You know what that card means."

"I ain't never lost yet, wise guy. It's your turn to lose tonight."

"Listen, Dutch—I can't lose! I can't lose and you can't win! The cards are stacked against you seven ways from the jack. Frank Bancroft is playing against you tonight. Young Matson is playing against you tonight. The little Melville girl is playing against you tonight. Every hand is stacked against you. You're yellow and you're rotten. You can't win!"

The fingers of Dutch Flint's right hand closed convulsively on the long blue-barreled .38 that lay on the table beside him. "Shut up, Chink!" he grated. "Shut up or I'll spill a slug of lead into your mouth!"

"Spill and be damned!" James Lee challenged.

Across the table Ben Carver looked at his watch. "How much longer is this going on?" he asked.

"What time have you got?" James Lee made the inquiry in a bland voice.

"Six-fifty, but time don't mean nothin' to you, does it?"

"It means a lot right now—I'm hungry. Anything to eat around here?"

Bill Putnam frowned. "Dutch, deal the cards!"

"I ain't so nuts about poker like I was. What about some chow? Me and the Chink is both hungry."

"There's no chow in the joint," Putnam announced. "Deal the cards. We got to do something for the next half hour or else we'll all go nuts."

Dutch Flint snarled. "Get up and get something to eat! I'm sick of waiting for that punk with the car."

CARVER got up. "Wait a minute!" Dutch Flint halted him with a lifted hand. "When you get the sandwiches bring back a good long carving knife. . . . We don't want to use no guns on this Chink." Quickly to James Lee, "How about it, Chink? A knife under your ribs suit you just as good as a slug in the heart? Am I right?"

James Lee nodded. "Either way. It makes no difference to me—only I'm sorry to tell you, Dutch, if you let Carver go now he won't come back."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"What do you suppose I mean? I'm on the spot. I know the way out. I might as well tell you that there isn't a chance in a million that Carver will ever get back if he leaves this joint."

Half standing, Dutch Flint gave way to a moment's rage. He beat the poker table with both his fists. "Damn your yellow skin! Where do you get that stuff?"

"Take it easy. Sit down! Listen. Dutch, you don't suppose I came here without a mob, do you?"

Once more Dutch Flint reached for the blue .38. "Mob?" he snarled. "What mob?"

"Something less than a million men fore and aft. You don't think that you and I are the only strangers in town tonight, do you? If you've got guts enough to get out of this room, go have a look. Size up the street. Size up the vacant lot back of this joint."

Dutch Flint, with a puzzled frown on his face, turned to Bill Putnam. "What do you think about this?" he asked. "What if he ain't lying?"

Putnam looked at the backs of five cards that lay on the table in front of him. Then he looked up at Ben Carver. "Go out and look around," he said. "We can't take no chances. Size up the street and then prowl around behind this joint. I'll let you in the back door."

To himself, "If I can get rid of one of them I've got a chance," James Lee decided. . . . "*I wonder if Al Blake is on the job?* . . . I've got to take a chance." To Carver, "Good luck! If you've got any last words for your surviving relatives, you'd better tell somebody about it."

Dutch Flint scowled. His glance ranged between Putnam and James Lee. "Can't you make him shut up? If you don't I will!" he said to Putnam.

Carver slid through the door and closed it. Bill Putnam got up and shoved the bolt that barred it.

THERE was a moment of silence. Then, striving with all his intellect to visualize Ben Carver's course and to calculate Al Blake's probable move in the next play, in a voice as steady and as cold as an arctic mountain, "Deal the cards, Dutch," he invited. "I'll play you three hands—life or death."

Dutch Flint sneered. "You lose. You don't need no cards. You lose without any. . . . What time is it, Bill?"

Putnam looked at his watch. "Seven-twenty."

"That punk ought to be out in front with the car in ten minutes."

"Right. Listen, Dutch, you let me get out of here before you finish this Chink. I don't want to stretch for this, and beside that—"

Interrupting, "You turning yellow? One more gob of gab like that and I spot you with the Chink. I've shot my way out of a mob of better men than you. Sit down!"

Is Al Blake on the job?

"Take it easy, Dutch," Putnam advised. "I was only trying to play safe."

"You're safe enough. Nobody's going to hurt you. You can get out of this job on half as good an alibi as the one you used when you croaked that Reno—"

Interrupting the Reno reminiscence, from the darkness of the vacant lot behind the Pastime Club, there sounded the heavy report of a black powder revolver cartridge. The sharper crack of a high-power shell exploding in Al Blake's weapon echoed the first shot.

On the instant that the first shot registered in his consciousness James Lee ducked under the poker table. He heaved against the lower rim of the table with his shoulder. As it went over against Dutch Flint he dived to catch the tumbling gun that had lain at Flint's right hand. He poked the gun upward and fired twice under Dutch Flint's left elbow. As his crumpling victim slumped down on him he swung the long, blue barrel of the heavy .38 dead to a line on Putnam's chest.

He wrestled his way out from under the body of Dutch Flint and got to his feet in time to answer a thunderous summons on the bolted door of the poker-room. He heard Al Blake's voice, "Open up! How about it, Mr. Lee? You safe?"

"Safe as a church," James Lee answered. He slid the bolt on the door and opened it. "How about yourself?"

"Carver burned me through the arm."

"Where is he?"

"I spiked him. He can stand a life sentence if they patch him up a little. . . . That's a great gun, Mr. Lee. . . . Who are these citizens on the floor? . . . Ah, one of them's Putnam, I see."

"That's the name. And the other is Dutch Flint," James Lee said slowly. "He's dead, too. . . . Go telephone for Sheriff Deane, will you, please? We can let him bungle the remaining formalities with confidence."

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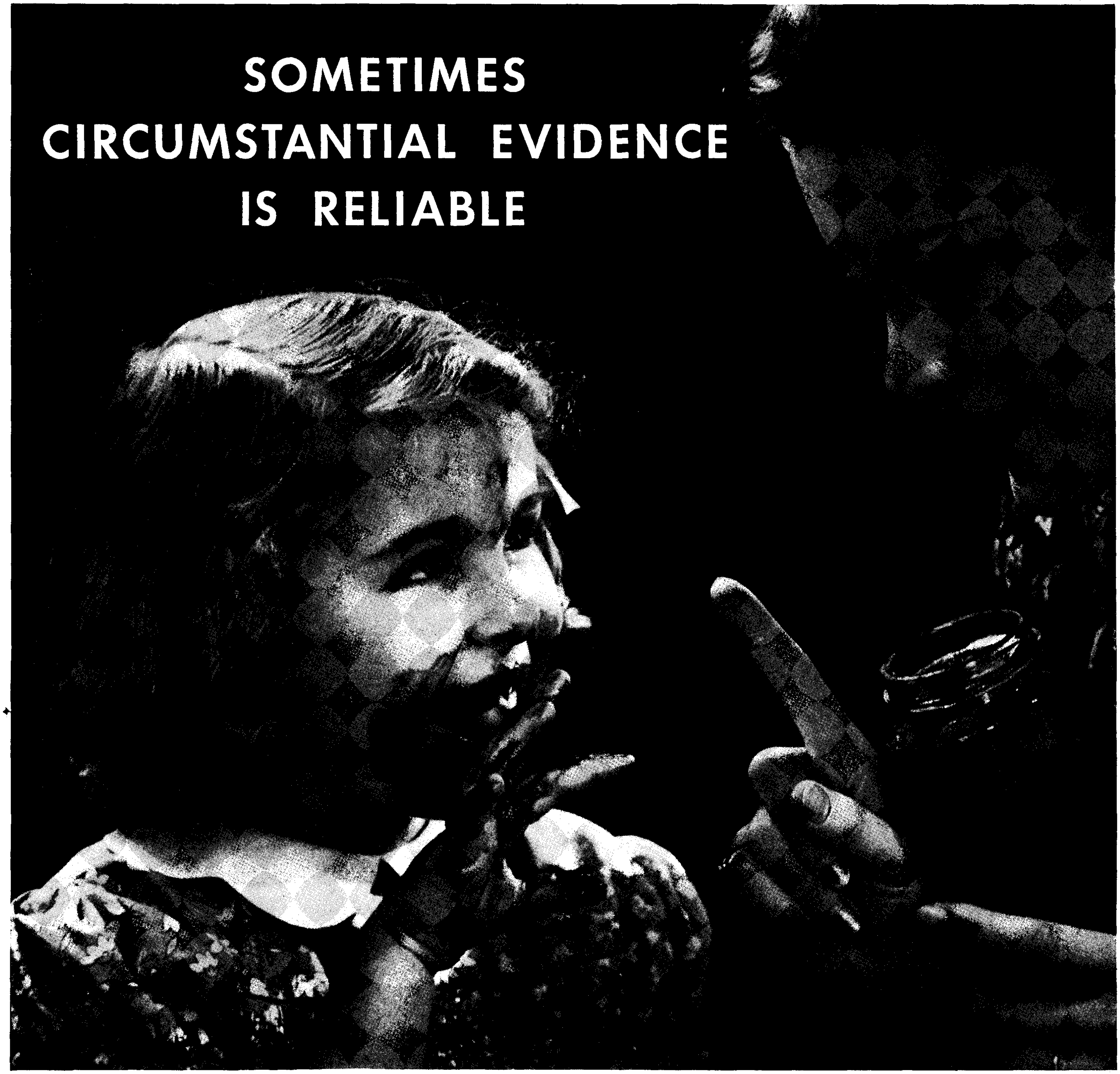

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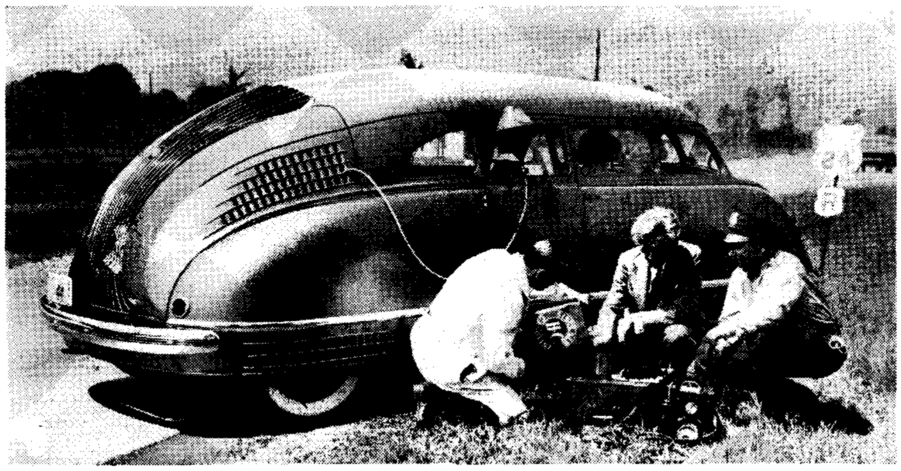

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Spearhead of Our Defense

Continued from page 13

to make guns to pot the Christian Filipinos. The Moros, who live down in Mindanao, are Mohammedans, and rather feel themselves oppressed by the Filipinos, who frown a bit at the Moro propensity for indiscriminate slaughter, which is a whimsey of the bolo lads.

MacArthur waved away the difficulty. "The boys down there are all right," said he. "It's just that they don't understand. There aren't any newspapers down there, and you have to go around and explain things to them, almost individually. Some of the Moros think the Filipinos are trying to enslave them; as soon as they learn that they're helping Uncle Sam, they're all right. There isn't going to be much trouble in that direction."

For those nations which may be eying the Philippines as possible prey, there's a joker in the independence arrangement: The United States has the right to maintain naval bases in the islands. That looks as if it didn't mean much, but it really means a perpetual alliance between us and the Filipinos—our navy and their army. It means, in effect, that no nation can start a war against the islands without starting one against us.

Roughly, the objective is independence, or democracy, or whatever you like to call it—maybe The American Idea is as good as any description.

"This thing of Americanizing the world has its little ironies," said MacArthur, flinging himself down on a lounge. "After the Spanish war we made Cuba independent and kept the Philippines in our hands. When free trade with the islands came along, that gave Philippine sugar a huge advantage. It was said Wall Street forced the Spanish war—but, ironically enough, the outcome was that huge sugar investments in Cuba were menaced when Philippine sugar started to flow into the United States duty-free. Of course, that put Big Business on the side of Philippine independence and a restoration of sugar tariffs to give Cuban sugar a better break.

Why the Philippines Were Freed

"Three forces worked for independence—and curiously enough it was a surprise to all of them when it became a fact. First, there were the sugar people. Then there was American labor, especially on the Pacific Coast, which had been invaded by thousands of not-the-best type of islander. Many of them were low-grade laborers, through with their three-year contracts on Hawaiian plantations and with a taste for American life. They disorganized the coast labor market and of course white labor came out strongly for independence, because that would put them on a quota system and stop the influx.

"The third force consisted of every Filipino politician. Independence to a politician was like saving the farm to a western congressman—something to talk about and demand and win elections with. If the farmer ever really got saved, his congressman would be dumfounded. When the Philippines won independence, a lot of Filipino politicians were left with their mouths open and nothing to say until they had gathered their wits.

"But they soon realized that the cards had been dealt—and would not be redealt—and the only thing to do was play the hand. Luckily, they have Manuel Quezon to play it for them. He's really one of the world's great statesmen and don't let anyone tell you he isn't."

The islanders were always good fighters. In their blood runs the Malay stream, crossed with Chinese—and with Spanish and American and British and a dozen other strains. Every Filipino has at least three blood strains; some, a half dozen. For more than 350 years, he and his culture were dominated by Spain, which put emphasis on the graces and the arts and disdained the coarser facts of life. So the islander became impractical, and no match for the wily Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindu, who flocked in and gathered trade into their cunning hands—hands made cunning by the fierce battle for life in the countries whence they came.

It wasn't until the Americans came in and started swatting flies and digging artesian wells and starting schools and laying out railroads and highways and streetcar lines and stringing electric light and phone wires and sticking up signs saying: "Do it *NOW!!!*" and "No left turn"—that the Filipino really had a chance for his white alley. And he is still inclined to leave it to the American to innovate things, and to his own politicos to arrange his politics for him.

Catching 'Em Young

"But down at the bottom," said MacArthur, shoving over the huge chest of cigars, "he's fanatically independent—an individualist from 'way back. He's tractable and easily led, as long as he thinks he's being led in the right direction. He's law-abiding—far more so than the American.

"My job, outside of building him an army, is to make him realize that democracy costs money and effort and isn't just something that falls into his lap and can be forgotten. That's why we're starting in the schools, with kids of ten, to build up a national spirit and national confidence. It's just as you'd teach a child to stand on its feet—it *can* stand, only it doesn't know it until it tries."

Over in the old Malacanan palace, President Quezon, as dapper as Jimmy Walker and as shrewd as sin, passes the cigarettes and says: "We are not going to have a big standing army—but we are going to have every able-bodied citizen trained and ready to fight. Our regular army will have only fifteen hundred officers and nineteen thousand men, and that includes the present constabulary, too. We are not going to have any navy, because we cannot afford one, and we want to show the world we have no desire to attack anyone. Nothing will ever lure us into a war except an attack on our independence and we shall never fight except on our own soil."

Quezon knows, as well as any military strategist, that an attempt on the part of any nation to grab the Philippines would bring on a general war in the Pacific; knows that his thinly populated but immensely rich islands, more or less shunned by big capital, are the key to peace around the world's biggest ocean. Nor does he forget that, backing his army after 1945, when complete independence comes, will be the great gray fleet and the squadrons of bombing planes that will be attached to those island naval bases reserved for the United States.

Modern wars of conquest, says Douglas MacArthur, tapping the long gray ash off his cigar, are merely means of acquiring new territory and new raw material in the cheapest way. The Philippines are a treasure chest of raw material any nation might—and some do—desire.

"My job," he says, "is to put the price up so high no one will be willing to pay it. And that's what we're going to do."

The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 23

"I shouldn't be surprised," Mark agreed. "Tell me, when do you leave?"

"Tonight," Mr. Cheng replied. "It is a full moon and we could find the way blindfolded. I shall take my coffee with Wang Kai-Hsiung in the morning and present myself in official circles at midday. By the by, you know something about this man Jonson who has joined the staff?"

"He was one of our vigilance men out at Beaumont Park," Mark confided. "He wants the job of looking after us. I don't think he will do any harm."

"Not if he keeps in the background," Mr. Cheng assented. "Anything in the nature of a bodyguard, as you know, is loathsome to me. . . . How do things progress above?"

"Precisely according to plan," Mark replied. "In a month's time one could press the button."

"Very soon," Mr. Cheng said quietly, yet with a curious hidden force in his words, "we shall begin to rewrite the history of the world."

BOTH men rose quickly to their feet. There was no mistaking the unexpected sound. Someone was tapping softly at the door. Mark crossed the room in half a dozen strides. He threw open the door. Mr. Jonson stepped blandly but respectfully into the apartment.

"What the devil are you doing here?" his employer demanded.

Mr. Jonson seemed to have become the complete foreigner. He bowed very low to Mr. Cheng. He bowed again to Mark as he answered his question.

"I came for my orders, sir."

"What orders?"

Jonson seemed a little hurt. He continued, however, with untroubled calm.

"One of my two masters is leaving for a strange country," he said. "Is it not my office to accompany and protect him?"

Mr. Cheng smiled tolerantly. Mark was still angry.

"You have no office," he declared, "except to obey orders. How did you get here anyway? Don't you know that this part of the building is shut off from the bureau?"

"But not from me," Jonson pleaded. "I am the guardian of my chiefs."

Even Mark felt his anger abating. The little man seemed so sure of himself, so sure that he was doing the right thing. His protests were gently worded. The look of a hurt dog shone out of his brown eyes.

"See here," Mark pointed out, "you have no right on this side of the building at all and you are only required as a guardian when Mr. Cheng or I order you. Besides," he went on bluntly, "what good would you be anyway? Is that a gun in your hip pocket?"

"No, sir," Jonson answered gently. "I do not often make use of a gun. It is my last resource."

"Then supposing when I opened this door I had seized you by the collar and thrown you out of the window, as you very well deserve for daring to come to Mr. Cheng's private room. What about that, eh? What sort of protection would you have been able to offer?"

"The circumstance did not arise," Jonson pointed out respectfully.

"But supposing it had, you idiot!"

"I would like very much," Jonson said, "that you should have the idea of throwing me out of that window if it is really permitted that I am to demonstrate my ability as a protector."

"It is permitted, all right," Mark assured him. "Look here."

He leaned forward and in a second Mr. Jonson was lifted into the air. But in the next second other things had happened. Mark felt himself suddenly whirling around with his feet off the ground, felt himself somehow tucked under the arm of a giant, felt an excruciating pain in his elbow, pain in his throat and suddenly discovered that he was seated in the chair he had just vacated on the other side of the table from Mr. Cheng. Before him Jonson, unruffled, was regarding him with unabated good humor.

"It was your wish that I show you, sir," he said gently. "You see, it would not have been possible to throw me out of the window."

He turned, to leave the room.

"One moment," Mark called out after him as he reached the door. "How the mischief did you know that Mr. Cheng was leaving?"

The intruder smiled very slightly.

"I am attached to the establishment," he said. "It is part of my duty to know everything."

"And the key?"

"I possessed myself of it," Jonson explained. "That also was part of my duty. You will find, sir," he concluded as he took his leave, "that I shall never fail in my duty while I am attached to your bureau, even when the problems presented to me are more difficult."

THERE is a certain seaward curve in the Moyenne Corniche Road between Nice and Monte Carlo from which, looking backwards, one can catch a glimpse of the necklace of lights fringing the Promenade des Anglais. Mark, when he reached it, brought his high-powered roadster to a standstill close to the outside wall.

"Mind if I have a cigarette?" he asked his companion.

"Of course not," she answered. "I, too, if you please."

He produced his case and lighter. Then he swung round in his low seat and looked back across to Cap Ferrat behind which Nice lay hidden.

"My, it's good to get clear away even if it's only for a short spell," he declared.

She looked at him curiously.

"I find it always difficult to make up my mind why you have given yourself over to that amazing enterprise," she said. "For me it is different. I am just an employee there. I have no responsibilities. For you I think sometimes it must be terrible."

"It surely is," he acknowledged tersely. "Still, there are times when I am glad I have not Cheng's share of it to handle. Poor old fellow, he hated his journey to London."

"How long will he be away?" she asked.

"Might be back tomorrow—might not be back for a week. I don't think that he will stay longer than he can help. I hate having to interview all this swarm of officials who are buzzing around the place."

"What made you join up with the bureau at all?"

He paused for several moments before he attempted any sort of an answer.

"It is a very serious question, that, Catherine," he said at last. "It is one of the branches of a trust that came to me—well, because I was my father's son and had been his fellow worker. If he had lived only a few years longer he would have carried the thing through to the end alone and without help from anyone, but he just couldn't. That's all there is to it. When he felt himself failing he just had time to tie everything up into this trust."

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

"But Mark," she went on, "you will not mind, will you, if I ask you one more question? Why have you the control of it? It seems to me that you are terribly young for such a responsibility."

"I share it with others," he reminded her. "I share it with the Vice President of our country, whoever he may be, the admiral in command of our naval forces, the Chief of Staff of our Army, the Secretary of War and one or two others."

"Of course, that is wonderful," she admitted. "But how is it that you are in that group at all?"

"I happen to be the only one," he confided, "who really knows how to harness and set in action these new elements."

"The only one!" she repeated. "But supposing that anything were to happen to you?"

He took off his driving glasses, wiped his eyes and smiled.

"The clue to the secret itself," he told her, "and the name of my successor are deposited in Washington under the presidential seal. I suppose if it had not been for that I should have been assassinated a dozen times over."

His companion leaned toward him. A car raced by, in the darkness, disappeared.

"Mark," she whispered.

"Catherine."

"Those messages which you are sending out hour by hour from the observatory—"

He interrupted her—not sharply but with definite words, definitely spoken.

"Catherine," he said, "I don't want you to ask me any questions I could not answer."

Her eyes shone at him through the misty light.

"You do not think that I, too, have caught the fever, that I am also a spy? We will go on, please. Let us get to Monte Carlo."

MARK gave the *sommelier* a hasty order as they took their places at a table in the Hotel de Paris some half an hour later. Catherine glanced at him in surprise.

"Another cocktail!" she exclaimed. "Why, we had two in the bar."

"Can't help it," Mark regretted. "I caught sight of you in the mirror coming down those steps into the restaurant and I heard—well, never mind about that. Catherine, I must tell you, though, that I never saw you look so stunning in my life."

She smiled at him across the table. As she did so, a slim young man, pale and with features good enough but worn as though with anxiety or privation, approached their table and bowed to her. She half rose to her feet but he waved her back.

"Thank you, my cousin," he said, "but those things are left behind for the moment. Will you present me to your companion?"

"With pleasure," she answered. "This is Mr. Mark Humberstone—the Grand Duke Alexander."

Mark rose to his feet. The two men shook hands. Alexander's tone was courteous but a little cold.

"Are you, too, a great discoverer of hidden forces, Mr. Humberstone?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I rather live on my father's reputation, sir," Mark replied.

"You work with my friend, Mr. Cheng, in Nice, I believe?"

"I belong to the International Bureau," he admitted.

"An amazing association, I understand," the grand duke said politely. "You will excuse me for a moment, sir."

He placed his knuckles upon the table and, leaning a little towards Catherine, began talking to her in Russian. As she listened the careless gayety of a few minutes ago seemed to pass from her face. Once or twice she interjected remarks. Afterwards she sat quite still. When Alexander had finished he waited for a moment. She looked into his face and answered him in English:

"I shall not forget what you have told me, my cousin."

The grand duke lingered for a moment, but Catherine had the air of one who had finished a conversation which had afforded her but little pleasure. Her eyes were bright; she seemed to have drawn herself more upright in her place. He bent over her coldly-profferred hand, raised it to his lips and turned away. Even as he went the orchestra struck up one of the popular tunes of the moment. Catherine's face changed as though by magic. The scornful quiver had left her lips. She leaned toward her companion.

"We shall dance—yes?" she asked.

THE Right Honorable Sir Walter Temperley, British secretary of state for foreign affairs, was in an unusually hesitant mood. He sat at his accustomed desk in the library of his official residence in Grosvenor Square. His distinguished visitors who had just been ushered in were seated in the comfortable chairs close at hand usually allotted to callers of distinction. Nothing, so far, about the few words interchanged had been of a disturbing character, yet Temperley was conscious of a sense of strain. How was he to learn anything from these two men?

"There must be some mistake . . . you guys belong up on page twenty-eight!"

JAY IRVING

The elder, Wang Kai-Hsiung, first secretary of the Chinese Embassy to the Court of St. James, had the reputation of being the most inscrutable and the most silent among the diplomats. This handsome, grave-looking young man who was his companion and whom he treated with so much ceremony had, notwithstanding his conventional attire, more the appearance of a Trappist monk than of the light-hearted, studious and brilliant scholar whom Temperley had known as his son's friend at Oxford. He opened the interview, however, with a few courteous words of reminiscence.

Then he leaned back in his chair.

"I can assure you that your visit is appreciated," he said suavely. "I will try and condense as far as possible what I wish to say to you. For many months, I might say, for several years in fact, but more particularly during the last few months, we have been aware of a curious state of affairs in the East—disturbances the origin of which we have been unable to trace, rumors which we have never been able to verify, stories of large troops of Chinese posing as brigands but well armed and possessing all the modern paraphernalia of warfare.

"Our first idea naturally was that China had at last found a leader and was arming against any further encroachments by foreigners. Then all those speculations were upset by the fact that we heard of considerable numbers of Americans in China—of American military men of all ranks—mingling on friendly terms with the Chinese. Furthermore, we have been given to understand as a positive fact that China and America have opened up new relations of friendship and that China has been buying enormous stocks of munitions and even guns from the United States."

"Some purchases there have been without a doubt," Cheng acknowledged. "My country wishes to stand well with America and she loves best the people with whom she can trade. We have certainly made large purchases of war materials."

"With the object of a further campaign against debilitated Japan?" the foreign secretary asked.

Very faintly but in marked fashion Cheng raised his dark eyebrows.

"That is scarcely a question, sir, for me to answer, even if you feel justified in asking it. I am a long way from home, and you are taking it for granted that I am in the councils of my nation. I am not."

THE foreign secretary glanced down at some penciled notes which lay upon his desk.

"I am going to be quite frank with you, Prince Cheng, and with Your Excellency. At least half the cables and wireless messages we have received from the East during the present year have been bogus ones and our diplomatic representatives are continually making complaints. Even the journalists and representatives of our press appear to be in very much the same state of bewilderment as to what is going on."

"It is a condition of affairs which appears incomprehensible," Cheng observed gravely.

"It is nevertheless true," Sir Walter persisted. "Not only that, but the cables are continually suffering damage as though by violent storms; our wireless stations in many parts are rendered useless by the interposition of stronger signals, and the diplomatic agents, of whom we maintain a reasonable number in the East, leave this country on special missions and then disappear from the face of the earth."

"It is," Cheng acknowledged, "a most extraordinary state of things."

"I am glad that you realize that, Prince," the cabinet minister went on dryly. "Affairs have now reached a crisis. We can no longer stand in the way of the press getting hold of these sensational rumors; we can no longer keep them from being brought to our official notice in Parliament. The matter will then become urgent. It is my deep wish, Prince Cheng, that nothing should happen to disturb the friendly relations between our countries, which induced me to beg for your visit."

"But my dear Sir Walter," Cheng protested gently, "how could you imagine that I, so far away from home, would be able to explain what is going on there? I have scientific interests of my own in which I am engrossed."

"I will tell you why I have asked for your help," the foreign secretary continued, leaning back in his chair with his eyes steadily fixed upon his younger visitor. "We have heard a great deal about this wonderful International Bureau of Espionage of which you are the reputed head in Nice."

"Our operations," Cheng assured him, "are chiefly local."

"That is what I have been given to understand," Sir Walter acknowledged. "Less than a week ago, I believe, one of your spies got hold of some important plans and valuable information from an Italian officer whose ship was lying in Villefranche. France is so nearly our ally still that you can understand there were certain particulars which were passed on to us."

CHENG remained silent. His companion intervened suavely.

"You could scarcely expect, Sir Walter," he expostulated, "that the prince would be in a position to discuss these matters with you. The bureau in question is, I understand, a private venture."

The minister shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he conceded, "we will not dwell upon that for the moment. We proceed now to another matter. We are informed, Prince, that in connection with the bureau, you have control of a wonderful wireless station."

There was a moment's silence. The Chinese minister nodded several times. He seemed only mildly interested. Cheng's expression was immobile.

"We are told," the foreign secretary continued, "that you have associated with you in the manipulation of this institution Mark Humberstone, son of the greatest scientist America or the world has ever known. We are told that by means of instruments which are now coming into use under the roof of your building for the first time in history you are enabled to hold continuous conversations with people at the other end of the world. We are also told that you have developed television to an extent which is utterly unknown to the public and that you are able at any rate to generate a wave of such power that you can practically put out of action any other wireless station."

Cheng shook his head very slowly.

"There is much exaggeration in these reports," he said. "I was at college with Mark Humberstone and I myself have developed a passion for the science of which he is so great a master, as befits the son of such a father. It is possible that our experiments interfere with other stations. Concerning that you should address yourself to my friend who would listen willingly, I am sure, to your representations."

"And what about these military movements?" the foreign minister asked.

"Concerning those," Cheng replied,

(Continued on page 42)

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(*Continued from page 40*)

"who am I that you should ask questions of me? I do not represent my country. Why do you not apply to our friend here, Mr. Wang Kai-Hsiung?"

"Believe me, I have already done so," Sir Walter assured his young visitor coldly. "As I daresay you know, however, Mr. Ting Fu Tai is the accredited minister to this country and he, unfortunately, is on leave of absence for four months and is somewhere in China. Neither Mr. Wang Kai-Hsiung nor anyone else at the legation can give us any information as to what is going on. Their reply to every question is the same —uplifted hands, a blank shake of the head, all must wait until the return of Mr. Ting."

Cheng for a moment departed from the suave methods of the diplomat.

"What is it that you fear?" he asked simply.

The foreign secretary answered without hesitation:

"An alliance between a reorganized China and Russia."

Prince Cheng glanced at his companion and rose to his feet. He made a formal bow.

"Sir Walter," he said, "I am a private individual. I have no authority from the government of my country to answer the questions which you have addressed to me."

"How then are we to obtain the information we need?" the foreign secretary asked.

Cheng smiled. His expression remained sphinxlike. His farewell words left a curious impression behind him.

"You will obtain it—in time," he said.

CHENG and his companion hesitated for a moment upon the pavement outside the imposing house in Grosvenor Square. Wang Kai-Hsiung made a sign to two of his servants who stood at once to attention.

"I beg of Your Highness," he said with emphasis, "not to delay your departure. We had a special warning only this morning of some Russians who have arrived by plane."

Cheng looked around him with unruffled composure.

"Your Excellency must be obeyed," he assented reluctantly. "At the same time is it really necessary for me to deposit myself in that bleak-looking limousine which looks like an armored car, with an obvious detective seated by the chauffeur?"

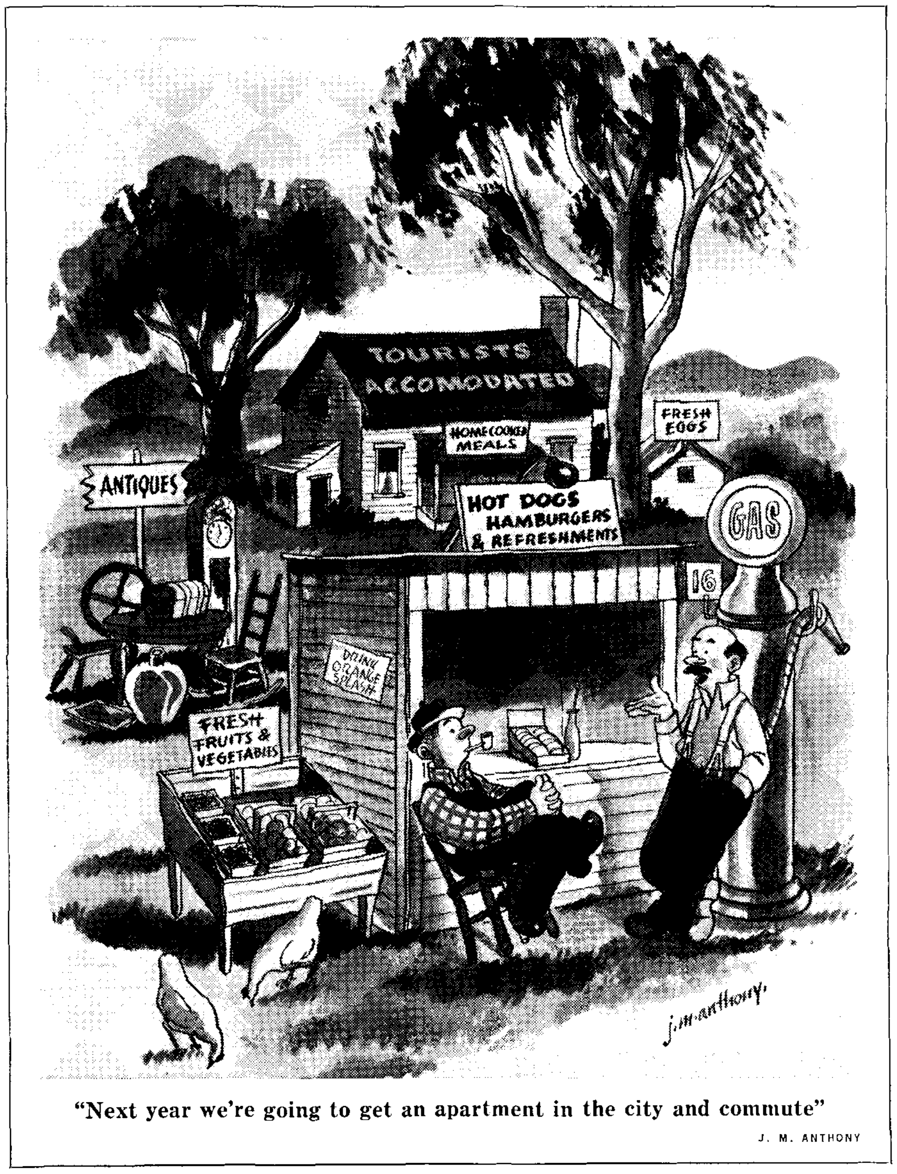
"It is regrettable," Wang Kai-Hsiung admitted, "that the protective measures offered by Scotland Yard are somewhat obvious, but this brief journey can, I think, be made in safety under these conditions."

Cheng's apparently careless glance around as he was preparing to step into the car had suddenly become a transfixed gaze. He was watching a small man who was coming down from the north end of the square walking in the middle of the roadway, his hands in his overcoat pockets, his hat set at rather a rakish angle, his lips half formed for a whistle.

"You see that little fellow," he pointed out as he stepped into the car. "I do not know him very well or very much about him, but you had better tell the chauffeur to hurry. I fancy that there is some trouble about."

THE government car, a loan for the day to the Chinese legation through the courtesy of the home office, a policeman on a motorcycle and a Scotland Yard squad car swung through the entrance to the Heston flying ground almost alongside and raced down the straight avenue to where a large German plane, throbbing with the beat of its mighty engines, seemed to be on the point of departure. But the passenger who descended, brief though the pause en route had been, was not the man who had stepped so lightly across the pavement outside the foreign secretary's house in Grosvenor Square and swung himself into the waiting car. He was a smaller, cheerful-looking little person in neat black clothes, smoking a long cigar which he threw away with reluctance as he crossed the space between himself and the plane.

An official called out to him to hurry. There was a brief argument. The little man who had seemed so eager to take his place in the plane withdrew. He vanished completely for a few moments, then he reappeared on the outskirts of the straggling crowd standing by the side of two other men whose faces were *both upturned to the sky. From the* other side of the aerodrome a smaller plane had mounted with incredible speed and, even as they stared at it, passed with smoothly beating engines over their heads.



"Next year we're going to get an apartment in the city and commute"

J. M. ANTHONY

"What plane is that?" one of the three asked the attendant.

The latter glanced upwards.

"Not on the schedule," was the stereotyped and curt reply.

They all three gazed after the machine which, going at a great speed, was already almost out of sight. The German plane had begun its race down the track. With scarcely an effort it too mounted into the air. The passenger who had changed his mind and the two companions whom he had temporarily joined seemed to have disappeared. The inspector of the squad car looked for them in vain amongst the loiterers. He strolled away to exchange a few remarks with the officer in charge of a second squar car which had just driven up from a distant part of the grounds.

"A neat job, Inspector," the latter remarked.

The inspector smiled.

"A clever getaway," he agreed. "I think, though, I had better have a look for the little man. He is as clever as they make 'em but those other two are dangerous. The tall man's a killer all right."

"Going back to the Yard first?" the officer asked.

The inspector assented.

"Got to change my clothes," he confided. "I only want to have just a glance at the little man, Mr. Jonson he calls himself, and see that he is not in trouble. I think I know where to find him."

THE three men who had left Heston separately came together an hour later in one of the smaller cafés of Soho. Mr. Jonson, *the first to enter and seat* himself, occupied an empty table in a distant corner; the taller man with whom he had exchanged a single word on the flying ground, who had the appearance of a gaunt and unsuccessful commercial traveler in foreign countries, joined him within a few minutes, and a third man, wearing a mackintosh over a suit of grease-stained overalls, followed close behind. The proprietor, who had watched their entrance uneasily, came over and accosted them. He was a large, fat man and he addressed his apparently unwelcome clients in German.

"If there have been happenings this evening," he said, "it is not a good place, this. Two men who are strangers to me have visited the restaurant. They looked around as though in search of someone and departed. One of the inspectors who comes here in plain clothes has only just left the place."

Mr. Jonson smiled at him reassuringly.

"Have no fear, my friend," he enjoined, "but serve us quickly with a large steak and beer. See that it is of the usual quality. At ten o'clock I may be performing at the Palace as an extra turn. I am no conspirator, I can assure you. I am Professor Ventura."

"He speaks the truth," the man in overalls declared impatiently. "He is a magician. Bring us food and beer."

"And mark you, Fritz," Mr. Jonson assured him, "nothing has happened tonight. There has been a little excitement in various quarters, but no cause for it. Nothing has happened. Do us the favor, my friend, of hastening with the food. This wait has already increased my appetite. Vermouth and gin for me —a drink of it, mind—not a sip. The others will ask for vodka, I suppose. So be it."

He laid a note upon the table. The *patron withdrew. The tallest of the* three unwelcome visitors produced a crushed packet of cigarettes from which he helped himself and began to smoke furiously.

"That man whose life we seek is a devil," he pronounced. "This is the third time to my certain knowledge that we have made plans of cast iron. This is the third time we have failed and Moscow does not understand failure. I ask myself who throws the spanner into the works—who whispers in the ear of that high and mighty Chinese Mandarin and leads him always out of danger into safety?"

"You are a foolish person," Mr. Jonson said, "to ask questions like that. One would think that you were a newcomer to this business. In the secret councils of the society which employs you, my dear Krakoff, but fails to give you its confidence, they know more about our friend who rides the skies tonight. There are police of a sort in every country, even the English police have their points, but the police of the man who has mocked us tonight are better than any other in the world. They seldom fight; you seldom see even the slightest evidence of their work—not in this hemisphere at any rate—but whenever we are seriously up against them, something happens as it did tonight."

"WHY does it happen? How is it?" the third man demanded, beating upon the tablecloth with his pudgy fingers and looking over his shoulder at his neighbor. "I begin to think, my wonderful magician, that you are a bird of ill omen for us. Tell us what went wrong."

Mr. Jonson pursed his full red lips and raised his hands.

"It was simply this," he confided. "I had a friend behind the scenes and everything was carefully arranged. The first squad car, which I myself saw standing outside the residence of the foreign secretary, was pulled up to a standstill at the corner of the square at exactly the point arranged. I jumped in to find no one there. The chauffeur, when I banged on the window, seemed equally astonished. The police guard who had been sitting by his side had simply disappeared. While we were talking, another squad car rushed up and I saw our man seated inside. We followed him down to Heston. I followed him to the very steps of the plane. He was not there, nor were there any signs of the other car. Yet I ask you how can I complain? If I went to Scotland Yard they would laugh at me."

"That is all very well," Krakoff grumbled. "There is truth always in the information you bring—some truth—and yet whenever we build upon your words something is wrong. We come near the great prize and we fail."

"What word are we sending eastward tonight, Krakoff?" the man in overalls asked.

"The same story," was the sullen reply. "We failed. We followed the wrong man. We always follow the wrong man."

(*To be continued next week*)

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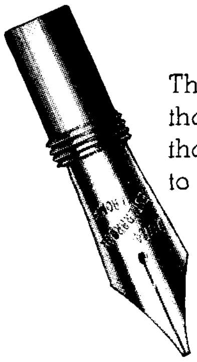

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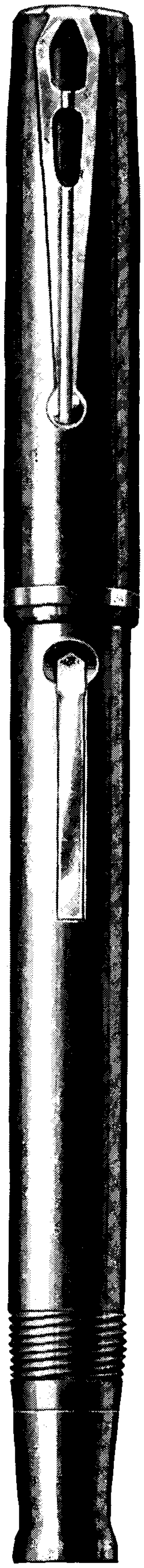

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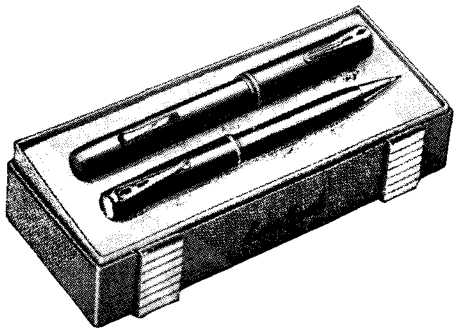

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The Wrecking Crew

Continued from page 18

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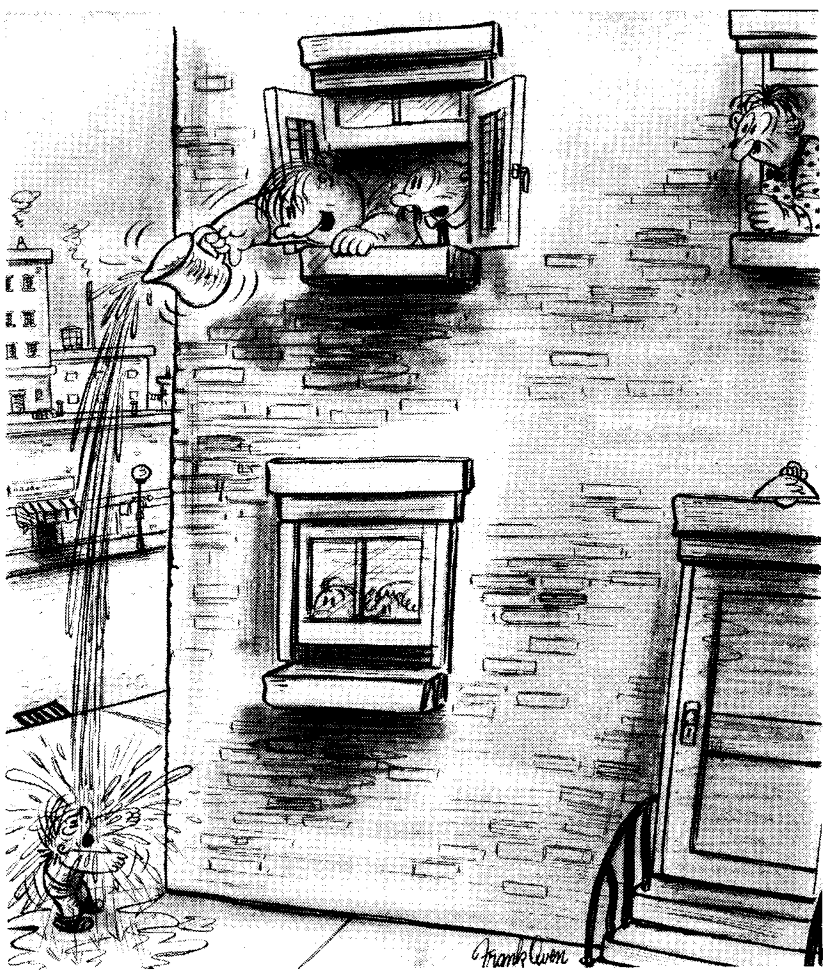

"But he's thirsty, Papa! It saves him a trip up those stairs for a drink!"

Ernie has a reputation for completely satisfying crowds. If he can't throw an opponent in the ring, he throws him out of it.

The average wrestling patron buys a ticket for the privilege of filling the arena with resounding jeers when any or all Duseks appear in the ring. Like the old-time fight fans who hated Leach Cross, modern wrestling fans sit through evening after evening in the hope of eventually seeing a Dusek get his brains knocked out, or, better still, to see one completely destroyed.

Of course, it never happens. The Duseks are too smart. Wrestling fans will still be putting it on the line when the Duseks are back on their Omaha farm land with plenty of government bonds hidden under a brick in the fireplace. They are cashing in heavily on the jeering throng who pay for the privilege. All four brothers are rapidly becoming wealthy. They rolled up a combined total of $100,000 last year for their matches. And they are buying government bonds—the nontaxable type—as fast as they get paid off.

They are good showmen in the ring—actors from start to finish—despite their indisputable wrestling ability. Pat Rooney never changed his act, and why, say the Duseks, should we? The public is paying more to see wrestling today than at any time in the history of sport. And so the Duseks rake in the harvest. All four are comfortably fixed, married happily and live more or less normal lives.

Rudy, for instance, has a beautiful home on Riverside Drive. He has three beautiful daughters and a beautiful wife. His wife is the former Edna Vance, whose grandfather was an admiral in the British Navy. Mrs. Dusek not only graduated from Columbia University, but took courses at Oxford University for eighteen months.

The Duseks' itinerary extends up and down the Atlantic seaboard and west as far as Pittsburgh.

Each brother has his particular following in different cities, and cashes in accordingly. When all four appear on the same card, which is not uncommon, there is no real star. They pool earnings for the entire evening and divide the total by four.

A Trust for Bulging Muscles

Steady work is made possible by the existence of the so-called "wrestling trust," which is little more than a clearinghouse for bulging muscles. Years ago, in the days when Gotch made Hackenschmidt quit before a $94,000 gate, the sport contained fewer histrionics, but proportionately fewer opportunities. Organization was limited to Chicago and New York.

Today, a regiment of more than 1,000 heavyweight wrestlers obtain steady work and year-round incomes just for pulling and tugging. They bare biceps in all cities, towns and hamlets which contain a hall or theater. The "trust" employs virtually all the important wrestlers or big names. Territory is allotted to one promoter, who enjoys exclusive rights within a wide radius of his key city. At the present time, the concessionaires and their territorial holdings are:

Middle Atlantic—Jack Curley and Rudy Dusek, New York City.
New England—Paul Bowser, Boston.
Middle West—Ed White, Chicago.
Southeast—Jim Crockett, Richmond, Va.
South Central—Tom Packs, St. Louis.
California—Toots Mondt, Los Angeles.

The parent promotional group is always on the lookout for trickery as well as new talent. Jack Pfeffer's rival organization sometimes becomes bothersome, as it did not long ago when Dick Shikat defeated the Curley-Dusek champion, Danno O'Mahoney, and then absconded with the title to the other camp.

Disgruntled muscle maulers in the ranks often claim that the Duseks always get the good bookings because Big Brother Rudy is up at the top, not only as a wrestler, but as co-promoter, and eases his family into the easy pickings. They fail to add that the Duseks always draw good houses.

New performers are always welcome, especially if they have a little color or even racial following. Lack of knowledge of holds is no barrier. The press agent will invent a new hold upon the slightest provocation, or even without one at all. It was press agentry which devised Chief Little Wolf's death grip, Gus Sonnenberg's flying tackle, Jim Browning's airplane scissors, Danno O'Mahoney's Irish whip, and the above-mentioned "drop kick" to the face.

When the newcomer enters the ranks of the chain-store wrestling organization (Curley-Dusek), he is put to work as a preliminary grappler at a minimum salary of ten dollars per match. The opposition group, known around Times Square as "the outlaws," have paid youngsters as low as two or three dollars a bout.

Wrestling from three to five times a week, the newcomer must work his way up in the ranks. Progress does not depend upon mere wrestling knowledge, but upon ability to draw the customers. The cold and calculating scientific grapplers can't arouse the spectators and so usually remain preliminary performers.

When a grappler learns how to please the fans and increase the gross receipts, he becomes a first semifinalist, a second semifinalist, and then a star-bout man. After that comes the build-up for a chance at the title in one of the big arenas. With that he is awarded a ten per cent cut of the gross receipts. This is tops in modern wrestling!

Back in the honey-money days, Strangler Lewis drew a gate of $72,000 in Boston against Gus Sonnenberg, the Dartmouth football star. This is the third highest total, the second being one of $83,000 pulled by Joe Stecher and Earl Caddock at the old Madison Square Garden about eighteen years ago.

You can easily estimate the heavy profits of Jim Londos, Ray Steele and Jim McMillen, who participated in six consecutive gates of $60,000 at the new Madison Square Garden a few years ago. Londos, then a crowd-pleasing champion, was taking fifteen per cent of the gross, biggest cut ever given to an organization worker, but Londos always pulled the customers in.

The Gorgeous Greek was very systematic about his nightly work. He used a strict basis of computation in determining the amount of energy to be expended before a crowd. His keen eye could size up the gross of a house to within ten dollars, much in the manner of an expert lumberman scaling a giant mountain pine for footage.

"Twenty-fife hondard dollars," he would mutter half-aloud to his tugging partner of the evening. "Well, twenty-fife minutes. Horry opp, keed!"

And twenty-five minutes it would be, almost to the second.

Despite gossip and public accusation as to the methods of the wrestling "trust," you never hear of a wrestler suing for money, or popping off to sports writers about the poor living he makes. You never hear a blast about his manager, because few wrestlers have individual managers cutting in. They are a peculiarly satisfied group of workmen.

Ernie Dusek admitted to earning $25,000 last year. Joe Savoldi realized a like amount. Gus Sonnenberg had a poor year, with only $20,000 coming in. Little Abe Coleman earned $10,000 just for kicking wrestlers in the face. The income of the average good performer who can please a crowd and keep his dates runs from $4,000 to $7,500 even with six or eight weeks of vacation during the hot months.

The most fantastic wrestling tale of recent years concerns the rapid rise and fall of Danno O'Mahoney, the ex-champion. Wrestling promoters brought him from Ireland when they couldn't sign Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, the two-time Olympic hammer thrower champion. It seems that O'Callaghan objected to extending his two-timing beyond Olympic victories, and so the wrestling people compromised on Danno, who had some reputation in the Irish Free State army as a hammer thrower.

He went to work and proved a crowd pleaser. Within a few weeks he had won the title. He wrestled night after night, in one town as champion and the next town as a preliminary performer. Danno was not temperamental.

Within a year, the bubble burst. Dick Shikat made him quit in the Garden, and left the organization. Poor Danno worked a few more matches and then laid plans to return to the peat bogs of Ireland. Sad, you say? Not exactly, because Danno collected $150,000 for his year of nightly labor.

Good Drawing Cards

The Duseks are not particularly interested in titles, because they can outdraw any of the several world's champions. Yes, there are several. As this was written, they lined up as follows:

Dick Shikat, New York.
Danno O'Mahoney, Massachusetts.
Dean Detton, Philadelphia.
Strangler Lewis, Missouri.
Everett Marshall, Ohio and Colorado.
Vincent Lopez, California.

It is all very silly, but no sillier than the wrestling patron who pays to see a struggle which, by law, cannot be billed as anything but an exhibition, and then cries that the boys are not trying to kill each other.

Do wrestlers really try? Of course these massive, growling, belching athletes are trying as we all try, which is first to make a living. Why should a wrestler risk his health and life five times a week when he doesn't have to?

Wrestling's hold on the public is not based upon victories and defeats, but simply upon the eternal worship of bulging muscles. The man who works all day at a desk will always reason that he would have been a physical giant had he been able to train and develop his meager allotment of biceps. So he goes to wrestling matches.

Or perhaps the intangible hold of wrestlers is better explained by the little blind boy in a home for the sightless. Emil Dusek spent an afternoon at the home recently teaching the blind athletes the better holds of the sport. One little fellow rushed up after it was over, but he spurned Emil's offer of a handshake. He dragged the wrestler's head down to within reach, and felt the two enormous cauliflower ears.

"Boy, what a pair of beauties!" the sightless one exclaimed. "I'd give anything to have cauliflower ears like that!"

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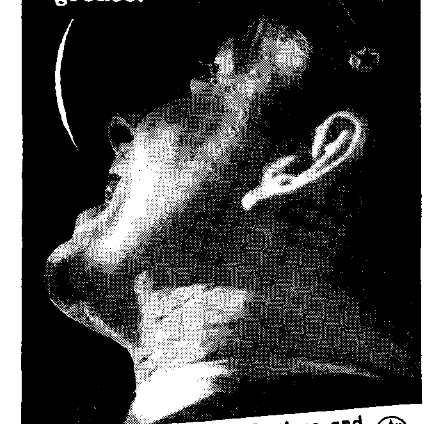

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The Bad Samaritan

Continued from page 19

quietly, "that the food iss in that cupboard. You are hungry. I will giff it to you."

"Yeah?" said the thin voice malevolently. "An' you a friend of the sheriff's! What'd y'put in the grub? Strychnine? You set down!"

He rummaged in Herman's well-stocked larder. The cabin was very small. It was specklessly clean. There was a huge Bible on a sort of desk, and though it was closed the leaf edges had the uneven look of a book that is often read. The stranger heaped the table before him, frequently and savagely regarding Herman. He sat down, placing his weapon within instant reach of his hand. He saw the Bible and said sardonically:

"One of those pious folks, huh?"

"I liff separate from der world," said Herman mildly. "There are many of us. In Canada there are fery many. We do not kill things or steal, and we try to be kind. It iss not much to do in gratefulness for der blessings all people haff."

The stranger stuffed his mouth again. When it was partly emptied he said malevolently:

"I kill things! Includin' men when needful. Like the sheriff."

There was a little whining sound outside the door. A feeble scratching. The stranger's hand closed on the gun beside him.

"That iss Erik," said Herman soberly. "He iss worried. He does not trust you. I shall go and tell him—"

"Set still!" snarled the stranger. "Set still!"

Herman raised his voice.

"Quiet, Erik! It iss all right. He iss a friend."

The whining ceased. The dog had not strength enough to get to his feet, but the scratchings had been his attempts to do so.

"He iss badly hurt," said Herman. "But he iss getting well again. It was a mountain lion which did it. A sheepman has now set a trap for him, if he should come for my lambs again. I could not set the trap myself. I hope it frightens him away."

THE beady eyes were unpleasantly amused. The stranger ate and ate. He wolfed down an incredible quantity of food. But at last he pushed back his chair. He picked up his weapon again.

"Now," he said harshly, "I'll be goin'. First I'll see if you got anything worth takin' along. Then I'll pick out a horse—"

"I haff no horse," said Herman. "I liff separate from der world. I haff no need for a horse."

The stranger's face changed. It ceased to be amused and became only threatening.

"Fella," he said thinly, "it's goin' to be too bad if you don't find me a horse. I was ridin' the sheriff's. I left it plenty far back, with a broken leg. I'm goin' to have a horse an' you're goin' to find one!"

"But," said Herman, "I haff no horse."

The stranger moved toward him. He tapped Herman on the chest with the muzzle of his pistol.

"Do you, or don't you get me a horse?"

Herman regarded him steadily with his very blue eyes.

"I will show you der corral," he said quietly. "Then maybe you will belief me. I haff no horse."

"You got your stock hid out, huh? Maybe y'handle rustled stuff. Prob'ly. But you'll show it to me, or I'll—"

"I will show you," said Herman steadily, "that I haff no horse."

He opened the door and stood beside it, waiting for the stranger to precede him. But the smaller man snarled.

"Get on! Y'think I'm goin' to let you get behind me? Get on! An' no tricks!"

Herman shrugged. He said gently:

"You are in my house. It iss polite to let a guest go first."

But he went out the door ahead of the other man. He paused beside the bandaged dog to stroke him soothingly. There was a look of anxiety in the dog's eyes.

"It iss all right, Erik. Be quiet."

He marched away from the cabin, a squat and powerful figure with the erect bearing of one who is not afraid. The stranger followed him.

THEY marched past a little garden, invincibly neat, in which Herman's vegetables grew thriftily. They passed the well with its sweep—all in excellent repair. A miniature tableland rose ten feet, with steep and rocky sides.

"This," said Herman, "is where I keep my lambs. I put them here so that no wild thing can come at them. But there is one mountain lion which has found a way. It is the same way I use."

He swung himself up, his powerful arms helping. The stranger said harshly:

"Don't try to get outa sight so's you can run!"

Herman reached the top. He moved to one side and looked calmly down.

"You should be careful," he observed steadily. "Der footing iss bad."

"You stand where I can see yuh," said the stranger savagely, "or I'll hunt y'down an'—"

Herman folded his arms. The stranger scrambled up, watching him in an odd mixture of contempt and apprehension. He needed his hands to climb. He holstered his weapon and watched Herman the more closely, the more suspiciously.

And then there was a sudden, vicious "*Snap!*" and the thud of iron upon leather. The stranger staggered. He looked down.

A steel trap, a double-spring steel trap, had closed upon his right leg.

He shook all over with his rage. His eyes were those of a maniac. His words were thick and blurred.

"I'm going to kill yuh for that!" he panted. "Kill yuh—kill—"

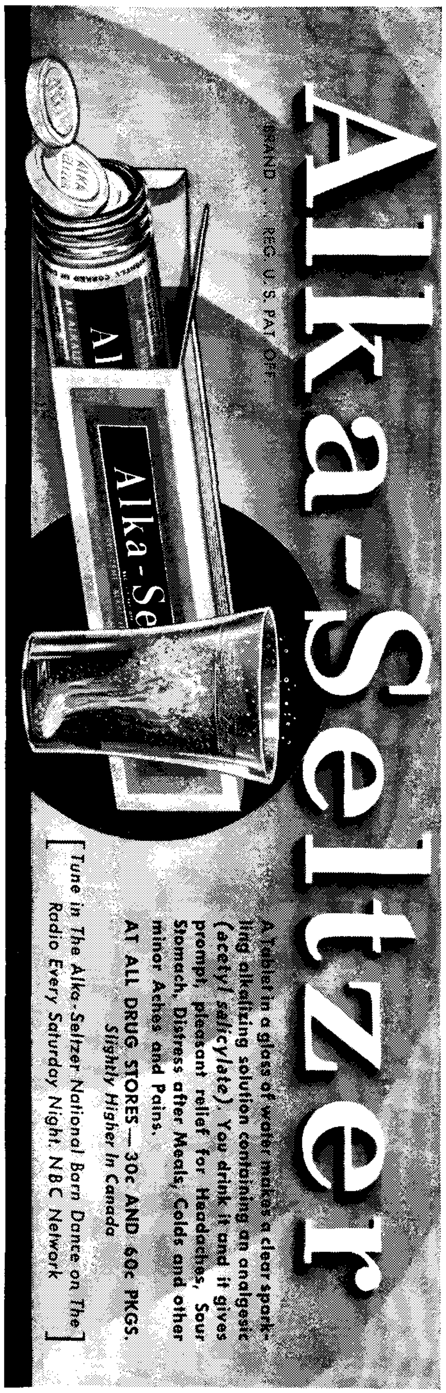
"And you will die," said Herman soberly, "of starfation. I warned you to take care. And now you cannot get out of der trap by yourself. But I can let you loose. I will do it."

The stranger choked upon his rage. His hand shook as he snatched his gun from the holster. But he looked. And he could not depress the springs himself. Standing upright in the steel jaws he might, just possibly, get one of the springs down far enough to loosen the spiteful grip on one side. But this was a double-spring trap. He could not possibly release both. One of them he could not even reach to put his weight on.

His eyes flashed along the chain. This trap had been set to catch a mountain lion, by a sheepman who was a friend to Herman. The chain was strong. Bullets would not break it. And its end was fastened to an iron wedge driven deep into the roots of a four-inch sapling. It was not possible to pull it out. It was not possible to release the springs. It was not possible to get free.

"Come here," said the thin voice of the stranger, in a very horrible calm. "Come here an' let me outa this trap. Else I'll *kill yuh now!*"

"And you will die," said Herman quietly. "It iss not my doing. Der mountain lion was killing my lambs. It



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wounded my dog. So a friend set der trap, which I could not do. No one will come here for a long time. Maybe two weeks. Maybe a month. Maybe," he added honestly, "it will be only a week, but I cannot promise that."

"I tell y'," panted the stranger, "I'll kill yuh! Come here an' let me loose!"

His gun bore upon Herman, twelve feet away. Herman did not flinch. His blue, calm eyes did not even flash. His voice was untroubled.

"You would kill me anyway," he said gently. "I will let you loose when you t'row away der gun. And der knife. I t'ink you haff a knife. When you t'row them away I will let you loose and I will bandage der leg and giff you food."

Herman sat down quietly, twelve feet away.

"You would shoot me if I mofed to go away," he said quietly, "so I stay. I loosen der trap when you t'row away der gun and knife."

The stranger suddenly holstered the weapon.

"If y'get up or start crawlin' off," he cried desperately, "I'll kill y' no matter what happens t' me! An' don't think I ain't watchin' you!"

He drew out a knife with a four-inch blade and tried to saw at the metal. It was tempered glass-hard, and his knife blade turned and became impossibly dull.

He stood still, moaning a little. His leg was already swelling. Herman's forehead wrinkled.

"T'row away der gun," he said urgently. "Let me loosen der trap! You are a bad man, but it iss not good to see you suffer."

"I'll kill yuh!" panted the stranger desperately. "When I'm loose I'll—"

He gasped threats at Herman and sweat stood out on his face. It was nearly an hour, now, and his leg throbbed unbearably. His hands shook. Then suddenly he became filled with a horrible resolution and tried to drag his leg free, regardless of injury and of pain.

Herman winced for him. But the stranger whimpered and stood shuddering, his nerves shattered. The trap held more tightly still. He whimpered again. Then he drew his gun once more.

"If y'don't come let me loose," he cried hoarsely, "I'll kill y' even if I starve! I can kill yuh! I killed other men! The sheriff's only one I killed. Come here an' loosen this thing or I'll break y' legs an' arms with bullets—"

"And stay in der trap," said Herman soberly. "If you t'row away der knife and gun I let you loose."

"An' turn me over t' be hung!"

"No. I liff separate from der world," said Herman more soberly still. "I am fery sorry for you. I will bandage der leg and giff you more food. You can go or stay, as you choose."

Sweat poured down the stranger's face now. He was a pitiable sight. But sheer blasphemy poured from his lips.

IT WAS half an hour more before, half screaming because of his shattered nerves, he flung the revolver at Herman, and the knife after it.

Herman stood erect. He picked up the two weapons. He slid down the ten-foot rise to the valley bottom. And the stranger cursed him despairingly for his seeming broken faith. But Herman went sturdily on to the well. He dropped the two deadly things into it. He went on to the house while the stranger shouted hoarsely after him. He stopped to stroke Erik, the dog, whimpering upon the blankets he was too weak to rise from. He vanished into the house.

The stranger was weeping, broken, when Herman came out again. He had bits of rope, and bandage, and bottles in his pocket. He climbed up beside the stranger. He put the rope in loops about the springs. He put short sticks in the loops and twisted them. The springs contracted. The steel jaws loosened reluctantly. They fell away. The stranger stood wavering upon his feet.

Herman picked him up and carried him carefully down to the level ground. He gave him water to drink and, sober-faced, took the boot off the injured leg. He was astonishingly gentle as he did so. He cut away clothing about the wounds. He dabbed cotton in fluid from one of the bottles.

"This will hurt," he said regretfully. "I am sorry. But it has to be."

He swabbed the wounds with antiseptic. He soaked more cotton in other, soothing liquids. He bandaged the injured leg.

"You should not try to walk," he said soberly, "but it can be done. If you wish to stay, I will giff you hospitality."

The stranger said exhaustedly:

"I—gotta go on. There's a posse after me. I hadda long start, but I—I gotta go on."

Herman nodded.

"I liff separate from der world," he said. "I haff nothing to do with that. You cannot put on your own boot again. I giff you one of mine. I giff you food. But I haff no horse."

TWENTY minutes later, the stranger limped away from the cabin. Herman frowned uneasily after him as he vanished into the timber which clambered halfway up the mountainside. He stroked his dog absently. He heaved a puzzled, unhappy sigh.

For an hour he sat beside Erik, the dog, who gazed up at him with unwinking, adoring eyes. When Herman looked at him, he wagged his tail gently. But Herman did not speak.

At the end of an hour he heard a shot, very far away. There was silence for a long time after. Then a clatter of hoofs. Again, and nearer. A grim cavalcade of horsemen—half a dozen of them—rode into view and up to the cabin. One of them nodded to Herman.

"Seen anybody lately?" he asked. "Short fella with a mean eye. On foot. He shot the sheriff in the back an' rid off on the sheriff's horse. Broke its leg a coupla miles back an' left it. Didn't even have the decency to shoot it. We did."

Herman said slowly:

"I could not tell you anything. It iss not my affair. I liff separate from der world."

Somebody pointed to the ground.

"His tracks! Just like we saw 'em before!"

The leader of the cavalcade frowned. Then he said:

"Herman, just one question an' we'll take your word for it. You haven't hidden him?"

"No," said Herman slowly, "I haff not hidden him."

The horsemen scattered. Then a yell. They had found the trail again. They started to follow it. They went up into the timber that clambered halfway up the mountainside. It was the right trail.

Herman sat beside his dog. He stroked absently. Mountains reared serenely toward the sky. There was no other human habitation within forty miles. The dog's name was Erik and he lay on Herman's own blankets, with bandages about his body. The bandages covered raking wounds a mountain lion had given him when he fought to protect Herman's lambs. He looked unblinkingly up at Herman.

"Erik," said Herman's troubled voice. "I fear I haff been bad. Violence iss always bad, and I haff tried to liff separate from der world. But if I had let him kill me, as he would haff done, you would haff died. There would haff been nobody to giff you food or make you well again. So I did what I did. But I am fery much afraid I haff been bad. . . ."

The dog wagged his tail gently. He liked to hear Herman talk.

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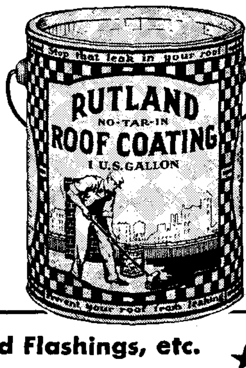

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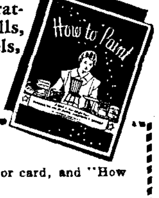

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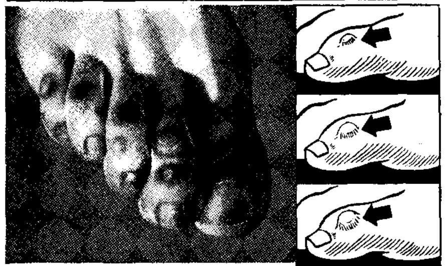

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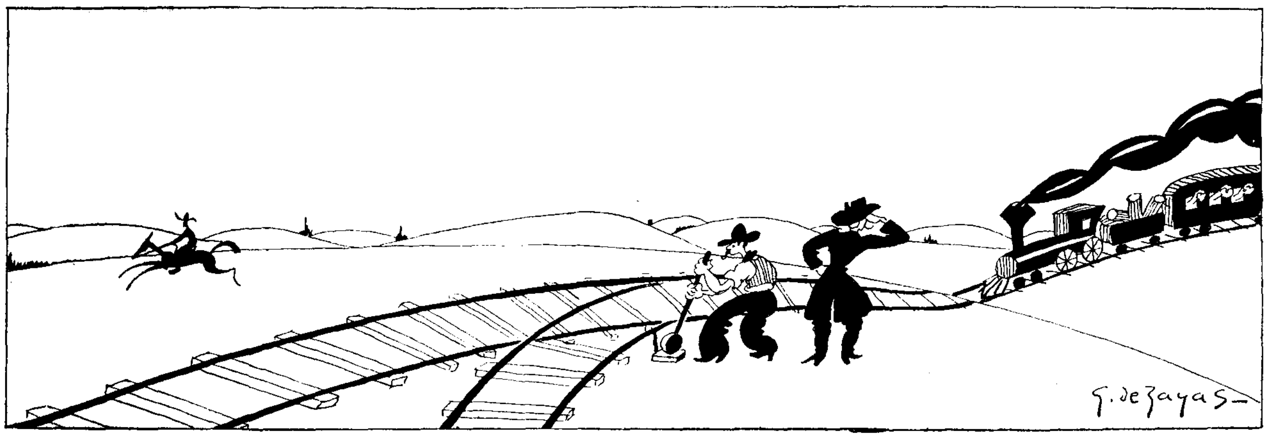


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

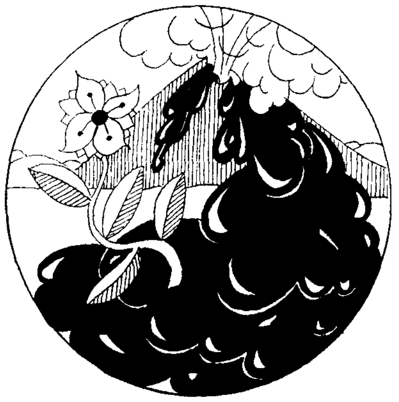
A most ruthless traffic war was waged about sixty years ago among the railroads that had just opened west of the Missouri River. To populate farms and towns to create business, the companies not only sent agents to European countries to get immigrants but the roads actually stole whole trainloads of foreigners from one another's tracks, often landing the passengers hundreds of miles from their destination.

In 1604 the English historian John Stow found himself penniless, having invested years of work and all his money in "A Survey of London," the first book on customs and conditions during the reign of Elizabeth. Feeling that Stow had rendered a great service to his country and was entitled to assistance, King James I generously rewarded him with a license to beg.

A century ago American slang was as picturesque as it is today. Then a widow was called an *ace of spades*, watered whisky was *baptized liquor*, a convict was a *canary* and a physician was a *crocus*.—*By Maud Heine, White Plains, New York.*

The largest eagle's nest ever discovered in the United States was constructed in the top of a tree, 81 feet from the ground, in Vermilion, Ohio. This giant eyrie, which crashed with the tree in a storm in 1926 after being occupied by the same family of eagles for 35 years, measured eight feet in diameter, was twelve feet in height and weighed almost two tons.—*By H. M. Montgomery, Atlanta, Illinois.*

The Chilean berry flower, *Mutilla Blanca*, thrives and blossoms in warm lava.



Among the extreme cases of allergy, or specific hypersensitivity to certain proteins, are those of individuals who, affected by egg protein, cannot eat the meat of a laying hen, and others who, affected by wheat, cannot drink the milk of a cow that has been fed on bran.—*By Herschel C. Moss, Center Point, Indiana.*

The only Christian ceremony in the world today that is accompanied by the beating of drums and the shaking of sistrums—rattles used in ancient Egypt to frighten evil spirits—is the ritual of "Searching for the Body of Christ," performed by Ethiopian monks during Easter week on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

A new acid, which imparts a tasty meat-like flavor to vegetable foods, is spreading rapidly in popularity in the Orient where, by religious restriction, several hundred million persons are forbidden to eat meat.—*By George De Koven, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Lives of a Hollywood Director

Continued from page 20

"Listen," said the supervisor. "This thing by Smith is terrible and we'll have to make retakes. You handle it, Henry."

So Henry shot practically the whole picture over again, and it was a great success.

"Fine work, Smith!" cried the studio, and took up his option for three years more at a figure approximating the money still owed by the British on their war debts. Henry got his usual $150 a week.

This was followed soon after by Henry's experience with the main office in offering new ideas and resulted in the trip to India. When he got back, the first thing he did was to sell an original story on India to M-G-M. It was entitled The Untouchables and Hathaway arranged a very nice contract for it.

"They could have the story free provided I directed the picture," says Hathaway. "Otherwise it reverted to me."

The thing got into a jam. The studio wanted the story but couldn't agree on how it should be done. So they paid him his salary as director to hold the story and didn't use the story. They were sick about it and he was sick, because a salary without a chance to direct was not what he was after. He came in every morning and did nothing but think over ideas for other stories. He finally sold an idea to Paramount and used the same tactics in getting a job. They took him on with a promise to give him the first available opportunity in one of their cheaper pictures.

Became a Trouble Shooter

This was excellent because M-G-M still wanted his original story and were paying him a salary to hold on to it, and Paramount was doing the same thing.

He soon got his chance at making C pictures for Paramount. A being good and B not so good and C being those which play in houses down side streets.

Hathaway made ten C pictures and three of them turned out to be A pictures, the best known being The Last Roundup and Sunset Pass. He made them for $80,000, the lowest figure in recent Paramount history.

From then on he became a trouble shooter. When somebody turned down Come On, Marines, Hathaway made it. He got the script of Witching Hour one night and began shooting next morning. That did more for him than any other picture. One director had worked for a year on Lives of a Bengal Lancer and then gave it up. Hathaway, filled with knowledge of the territory covered by the story from his trip to India, made a tremendous sensation with the film. He has followed that with Peter Ibbetson and The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

Hathaway looks like a halfback who has grown a bit soft after a hard career, is thirty-seven years old, married and lives in Brentwood Heights. He puts away $500 of his salary every week and figures that a year or two of that will make him safe because he was poor once and hasn't forgotten how people have to act in poverty.

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 17

they could meet each other on equal terms. She went about with Laverne through the primitive roomy place, finding the old-fashioned comfort of lamps and airtight stoves everywhere; the halls were like iceboxes, but her own blankets and sheets were warm and comfortable on the beds, and a filling New England supper was waiting for her.

After dinner she walked out into the dooryard in early spring dusk. The air was chill; bare branches clicked high above her head, were still again. The sweetness of the country night, the peace of it, flowed about her like an anesthetic.

The farmhouse stood back from the road by perhaps a hundred feet, on a little rise that was reinforced by a rock wall, deeply embedded in moss and grasses. Back of it a home orchard and paddocks rose up against a long slope of hill; the tumble-down old buildings and the straggling fences were made beautiful tonight by the lingering twilight that was mingled with early moonlight. Grass was springing up everywhere, and although the great elms above the gracious line of the low roof were still bare, willows along the creek were spouting up like fountains of green, and Susannah, in the exquisite stillness, could hear the shouting of boys a quarter of a mile away in the village, and the peeping of frogs somewhere along the weedy creek where the cresses were already crowding together on their jointed stems.

Nearer was the pleasant domestic warmth of the kitchen, with the occasional clatter of a pan and the girls' voices that showed that Liza was helping Laverne in good country fashion, and that they were making friends. Susannah walked down a crooked, deep little lane to her own gate, and leaned upon it, looking down the road.

A MAN and a woman walked briskly by in the gloom; not country folk, for their voices sounded cultured and the woman's laugh was unmistakably that of a gentlewoman. They saw Susannah, and their greeting came to her, a man's and a woman's tones together.

"Good evening! Did you get moved in?"

"Oh, very comfortably, thanks!" she called back, liking the flavor of the little neighborly gesture.

"That's good!" They went on into the darkness, and Susannah went back into the house with her heart oddly warmed. She asked Laverne a little later who the two could be.

"That's Terry Duquesne an' his sister Mis' Lambert —she was Anne Duquesne," Laverne answered readily, brushing crumbs into the old black-mouthed fireplace in the dining-room. "She's got two children, Jerd and Nancy; they ain't but about ten an' eight, I sh'd guess."

"Widowed?"

"I don't know what possesses Albert Lambert. No, he ain't dead. He was 'round here a few months ago, when my cousin Lizzie Trimler washed for them. I never heard he was dead, an' I don't know," Laverne added frankly, pausing to rub her chin and look dubiously into the fire, "as I ever heard he was more'n half alive, Albert. He was kinder 'sleep on his feet most of the time. She wa'n't young when she married him, Anne wa'n't. She was always kind of bookish and quiet, an' after old Doctor Duquesne died she kep' house for Terry for some little time. However, 'bout 'leven years ago Albert Lambert come back here with his doctor's certificate —Anne was a good bit older'n he was, and som'p'n went wrong. I don't know what 'twas, but he didn't ever practice much; he jest lived on Anne's money, I guess, an' after a while he kinder drifted away. He's in Massachusetts somewheres."

Susannah was wearied, glad to take her glass-bowled lamp at half past eight, and go stiffly through the icy hallway up to bed.

Susannah had not been sleeping well for weeks. Tonight she slept as soundly as Evelina did, and awakened with real spring sunshine in the room, to find Evelina, who had been quietly carried off by Liza at seven o'clock, returned and sociable, seated astride her mother. There had to be another fire in the stove, for a chill still lingered in the sunny air, but when Susannah went out a little later with Liza and Evelina to see what the old farm looked like, there was real warmth in the sun and the world was brimming with beauty and scent.

THERE were woody old lilacs on the place; there were roses and grapevines. Only hard leafless branches now, but close inspection showed the buds packed at the tips of the twigs; the early blossoms were already beginning to flower.

For ten years the farm had stood untenanted. The silver barns, the old fences, the sheds and stables were empty and neglected. But Susannah found charm in them all. She and Liza and the baby penetrated on into the woods back of the house, mounted the path around the little hill, looked down upon gracious valleys beyond gracious valleys with cows in pastures, farm chimneys smoking, and horses dragging plows through the dark loam.

"Oh, this is a lovely place to be!" she said, going back happily to Laverne's good luncheon, stretching herself out on her bed when Evelina went to sleep, with her steamer plaid over her feet and a good book for company. To read now; one mustn't think.

She kept herself busy. It was easy to keep herself busy as the spring came like a flood tide to the weather-beaten old houses under the new green of the maples, and the village turned itself inside-out in house cleaning.

The Trimlers did everything for her. Whatever she needed done could be done and indeed was promptly and efficiently done by a Trimler. They cleaned the garden and put the barn in order; they bought the chickens and found a good reliable quiet dog; they built odds and ends of brick bulkhead, fixed the draft in the dining-room fireplace, raked, built bonfires, dragged furniture up and down stairs, brought milk, and carried away Evelina's linen to be laundered. Aged Trimler uncles toiled mysteriously among the farm buildings; a Trimler mother, crisp and friendly at fifty, came over to call with rhubarb pies and a handful of sweet peas.

Susannah gardened vigorously, with Evelina sweet and distracting beside her. She had bookcases built in the old parlor, had the wood paneling of halls and stairways painted cream color, moved things into the hall, moved them back into the room. She gathered flowers and filled the vases with them; wrote her mother cheerful long letters about the adorable old place she and Evelina had found for the summer "while Alec is away"; she read books she had been intending for years to read.

The plumber Trimler installed a bathroom for her. A small bedroom was

(Continued on page 50)

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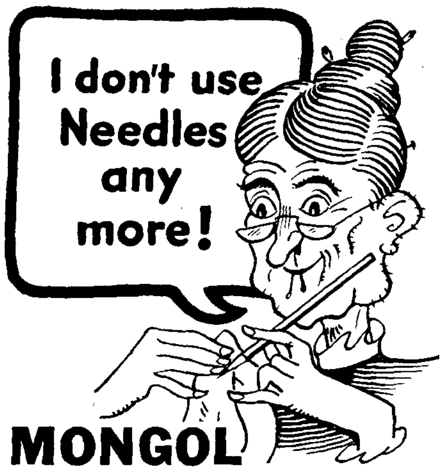
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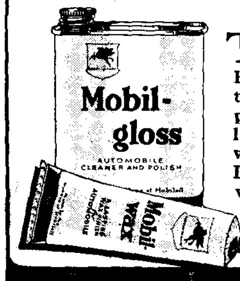

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SOCONY-VACUUM

(*Continued from page 49*)

sacrificed to it, and somehow it never looked like a bathroom; it was the wrong shape; it was too big and it had two large ordinary windows. But it was a great comfort.

She sent Liza away for a four-days vacation, and assumed entire charge of Evelina, an exhausting responsibility. And she received a call from her neighbors: Anne Lambert and Terry Duquesne. It all helped to fill the time.

One June afternoon she went to return the Duquesnes' call. She had seen them several times. Anne's children always cut across the corner of her orchard on their way home from school, and were friendly little creatures, getting her name quite readily, and being affectionate with Evelina. Terry had stopped in more than once with her letters when he was going home from the village, or had called to her on his way down to know if she wanted anything from the store.

BOTH he and his sister were tall persons with thick, carroty red hair, blue eyes and long features powdered with freckles. They adored each other and Anne's children, and were apparently the happiest mortals in the world. Boston had been their home during the winters of childhood. The old place in which they lived now had been their grandfather's house, and his grandfather's before him; it dated back earlier than the Revolution, and was filled with enough beautiful old Americana to make it a real museum. Except that Anne never would let anything be merely ornamental; she stuck daisies into old Spode teapots and used Chippendale chairs for garden lunches with complete carelessness.

They were strangely alike, the two; but what was rather brusque in Anne, her deep voice, abrupt movements, crisp comments, was somehow charming in Terry. Susannah liked them both. In their cultural interests, their literary tastes, their simple philosophy of field and kitchen, she presently came to believe them to be almost the wisest man and woman she ever had known.

Susannah's whole world changed slowly during that summer. For the first time in her life she seemed to meet herself, to look fairly at this person who was Susannah Farjeon Hazeltyne, to consider what she was, and what she might make herself. New vistas opened before her eyes; she began to visualize dimly the responsibility that lies within each human heart; the responsibility of making itself better, raising itself. As the beautiful summer country days went by, the mornings sweet with dew and fragrance and bird songs, the long happy hours filled with a child's duties of weeding, washing hands, resting, walking over to Grandma Trimler's for the milk, a child's content and confidence blossomed again in her heart. It was good just to be alive, to eat and drink, to put Evelina into the green cart and drag her over to the Duquesnes', to sit in their back garden and watch Terry mending a fishing rod for Jerd, Nan struggling with the typewriting of rules for the new camping club she intended to form among the girls of her gang, Anne feeding an injured baby squirrel with an eye-dropper.

Just what Anne Lambert's tragedy—or tragi-comedy—was, Susannah could only guess. Anne sometimes alluded to something that had gone all wrong in her life with a sort of amused philosophy, but that attitude did not deceive Susannah into thinking that she would speak easily about it. Albert Lambert was alive. He had passed his doctor's examinations in medicine fifteen years earlier, but he had never practiced as a doctor. And Terry had watched his sister's affair, her surrender to this country lad's wooing, with consternation and amazement. So much Susannah knew. No details were vouchsafed her, but once Anne said to her lightly: "Don't be bitter, Sue. It's a lesson I had to learn, not to be bitter. One may have been a fool, but there's no foolishness like being bitter."

"How much do you know about me?" Susannah asked her on this occasion. She had been spending the afternoon with Anne; they had taken the children up into the woods for an hour

"More than you think perhaps. I know you've been badly treated. But you have plenty; you have the old Huntress place; you have Evelina; you have books. That puts the sum total 'way above the average."

"We don't seem to go by averages, do we? They don't seem to matter."

"No," Anne agreed, smiling ruefully. "They don't seem to matter." Neither woman spoke of her own affairs again.

Susannah walked home alone in early autumn dusk. The day had been warm, but at six o'clock there was a softening coolness in the air; long shadows stretched across the country road; the delicate earlier flowers were gone, but goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies burned in blue and yellow along the edges of the fields, and in Susannah's garden were sunflowers and cosmos, dahlias and hollyhocks, and the inexhaustible marigolds. There was a wide peace and quiet over the world in the resting time of the year; the Trimler cows were filing in toward the shed; an early whippoorwill filled the dusk with his plaintive note.

Evelina and Liza were in the side garden. The baby was rushing about in that excess of sportiveness that affects small children and small animals at the close of day. She concealed herself behind shrubs, leaped out at the obligingly amazed Liza with screams of triumph, disappeared again. Susannah smiled at the picture; the two figures were part of a bigger picture, and she found it good. Back of Liza and Evelina was the farmhouse, sprawling and low-roofed and gracious under its big trees; smoke was going up from the wide old brick chimney into the fading colors of the sky; crows flew homeward with loud caws that seemed to emphasize rather than disturb the composite quiet and homely comfort of the scene.

Liza, Evelina dragging the hand that held her to and fro in staggering half circles, came up to Susannah with an anxious and significant expression.

"There was a telephone message for you, Mrs. Hazeltyne. I called the Duquesnes, but you'd left. It's Mr. Hazeltyne. He's driving up. He's on his way here now."

ONE end of the long table in the dining-room was set for two. Susannah lighted four candles in silver candlesticks that had come with her from China and set them on it. The evening was warm, and candlelight was not so hot as lamplight. She went up and down stairs, looked a dozen times at Evelina asleep in her crib, stooped to look at herself in her dresser mirror. She was trembling with a wild fear that had happiness in it; this hour had long been awaited; she was not completely unready for it now that it had come. Alec! She had not seen him; she had not heard from him in six long months that seemed as many years. But at last he had come back!

"He phoned from Morristown," Liza had said. "So he can't be here much before half past seven."

"No, and we'll have to allow for his not knowing just where the house is." Susannah went restlessly into the kitchen, smiled at Laverne absently with brilliant eyes, stepped out into the warm early moonrise, and paced the brick path

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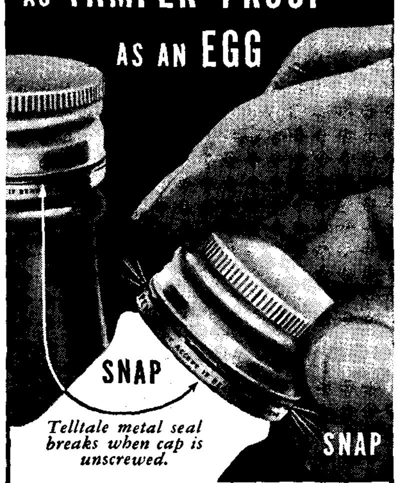

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See Page 51

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of the side yard between the shabby berry bushes and the drying flowers. The air was warm and soft, and scented by hayfields and apples and distant brush fires; there was no mistaking this for a summer night; everything spoke of harvest. Winter would be coming as soon as the red leaves had burned themselves away along the low hills against the thinned blue of the skies, winter with pumpkins and snow, and mittens for Evelina, and early dark in the low-ceilinged kitchen.

She heard a deep-throated motor throbbing through the dark. Her heart plunged. That was Alec's car; it was coming steadily nearer and nearer; its great eyes were sending fans of light up the narrow lane, and flashing on the trunks of the guardian oaks and maples. Susannah walked down the drive, and was standing by the garden gate when it stopped.

PHILLIPS was driving. Alec got quickly out. Susannah heard his voice again. The quick, clean, unforgotten voice!

"Get your supper, Phillips, and come back about ten."

Then he turned to her, put his arms about her shoulders, touched her cheek with a light kiss. And Susannah forgot everything except that she loved him, and clung to him, her eyes drowned, her breath short, her whole body limp against him.

"Hello, dear," he said, steadying her. "Well—" he added, in a touched voice that he tried to make amused. "Hel-*lo!* It's good to see you again, Sanna."

"It's so good to have you here!" she said, regaining her composure, somewhat shamed by his own. "Come in, Alec. You've not had your supper?"

"Supper?" The old note of surprise. "What time is it?"

"Dinner," she corrected it, managing a shaken laugh. "It's only a little after seven. But we're country people here!"

He looked about the dining-room approvingly. The candles were burning bravely; Laverne, all suspicious interest, immediately entered with a tureen of soup.

"My Lord, I haven't seen one of those things for years!" Alec commented, sitting down with an air of heartiness. Susannah introduced Laverne and Alec spoke to her pleasantly. The meal began.

"Sanna, you look in the pink," he said.

"I'm wonderfully well. The country agrees with me."

"I thought you might have gone to California."

"No; Mother's gone back to China now. I think she's going to marry her faithful Captain Sweet. She came on here and had a month with Evelina and me, but she hates the hot weather."

"It doesn't seem to have hurt you."

"I like it. Are you just back, Alec?"

"About ten days ago. I drifted around over there—went up to Scotland, went to Budapest. I saw some of the gang at Antibes."

"You've seen your mother?"

"Oh, yes; I'm staying there."

"How is she?"

"Fine."

All this for Laverne's benefit, and for Liza's, who was loitering in the kitchen to help Laverne. Susannah was too much excited to eat, but Alec had his usual good appetite, and complained that the food was only too good.

"We haven't done much here," Susannah presently explained, nervously filling silences, leading the way to the parlor. "We've done some painting outside, and I've put a bathroom in. There was an old bathroom downstairs beyond the kitchen; the girls use that, but Evelina and I are very luxurious. You were too late to see her. Would you like to take a peep at her?"

"She's walking now, of course?"

"Oh, running. And saying everything. She's completely adorable. It's rather stuffy in here," Susannah said, in the parlor doorway, "suppose we go out and sit on the steps?"

Alec produced a pipe.

"I ate too much dinner," he complained as she had heard him complain a hundred times. "I'd put on a pound a day with what's-her-name—Lafayette—cooking for me."

"S'h'h! They hear voices sometimes." Susannah sat with her back against the railing of the steps, looked up at the stars. A sudden desolate sense of helplessness and failure enveloped her. At the dinner table, in the soft candlelight, with his handsome keen interested face opposite her, she had deluded herself for a few minutes with the hope that everything was all right again, that it was only for her to forgive him. Their being together again had seemed the solution; the separation had been a time of conscious nervous strain; Susannah had never received a letter or a telegram without a wild sudden hope that it might be from Alec, she had planned their reunion a thousand times, in a hundred different ways.

But now that they were actually in each other's presence again there was a certain flatness; there was a sense of anticlimax about the situation that daunted her. She could not cope with it. There was neither, on his part, the honestly penitent and pleading attitude that she had expected, nor on hers the softness and pliability. She felt hurt and antagonistic; it was almost as if Alec's coming were an interruption that spoiled her dream of Alec.

Pushing her shoulders hard against the porch rail, as she sat just the width of the old wooden steps away from him, locking her fingers tightly together in her lap, she felt angry and baffled; hot tears pricked her eyes. Alec smoked for a few minutes in silence; Susannah would not speak. Through a blink of her wet lashes that sent arrows and sparkles of gold across the blackness of the country night she saw the red blur that was the Duquesnes' lighted parlor, beyond the dark trees at the curve of the hill, and below it other village lights under the overhanging trees.

THERE were delicious scents abroad in the darkness, autumn scents of apples and yarrow and meadow thyme. A bird was complaining somewhere in a low bush; a little protesting flutter and chatter and rustle of leaves. Then there was silence until the liquid sweet call of the whippoorwill sounded far away in the woods and an owl hooted near by, and then far away. Susannah's windmill creaked, with a splash of water.

"Get on your nerves?" Alec asked abruptly, putting his pipe in his pocket.

"No," Susannah answered, starting up from reverie, clearing her throat. "Not that," she added simply.

"You look as if it agreed with you. I never saw you looking any better," Alec said.

"I love it."

"What? This place?" he asked, in genuine surprise. "I should think it would bore you to death."

"No. It doesn't." There was a silence again, and again it was Alec who abruptly ended it.

"Well!" he said. "I don't know that I could stand it."

She knew that he was trying to edge a deeper note into the talk, and did not know how to accomplish it. He got to his feet, a tall bulk in the gloom, and walked away a few irresolute paces, and stood with his back toward her, staring off into the dark.

"Alec, what *is* it?" she ventured, in the wife's tone, all sympathy, patience, affection, trying to reach him, trying to

(Continued on page 52)

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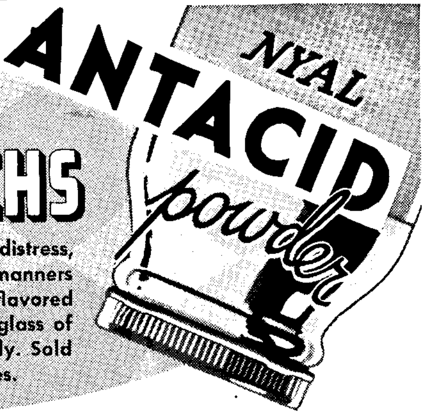

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

(*Continued from page* 51)

break him down. His answer came so low that she could hardly hear it; he did not turn.

"I don't know. I wish to God I did! I don't know."

"Come here and sit down," she commanded, but for a moment he did not obey her but continued to stand facing away from her, his hands behind him, his head fallen slightly forward, the strengthening moonlight shining on his smooth hair as light falls on water or on metal.

Then he came back, and sat on the step below her, his body twisted about so that his knee was almost touching hers, and his eyes shining just below her own.

"I'm terribly sorry about this," he said, with a little visible effort. "Why d'you think I came up here, Sanna?"

"Perhaps," she began steadily, but she felt her throat thicken as she spoke, "you wanted to see me?"

He brushed this aside with a restless little unhappy laugh, and she felt how false her words had been, and felt the color rising in her cheeks, in the covering dark.

"I suppose I hoped," she said, not quite steadily, "that you had come home." And as he merely averted his eyes, slightly turning his head, by way of answer, and did not speak, she went on eagerly: "Alec, it isn't right—it isn't dignified—for you and me to act in this way! I know there ought to be apologies and explanations and forgivenesses. But we can afford to skip all that! All this time that I've been up here alone, thinking about it, it's been coming to me more and more clearly that it isn't for us to go in for long scenes—going back over it all—rehashing it. I don't want that. I'm a human being, and human values—being your wife, having had your child—those are the real things—those matter. Up here—with the trees and the woods and the being alone, I've seen it—I've felt it—so clearly—"

She stopped, appealing for an answer, waiting for him to show that she had reached him, touched him. But in a silence, when he had shrugged his shoulders restlessly, cleared his throat, he only said in a gruff uncomfortable voice: "You've always been a sport, Sanna."

"That's not being a sport," she said after a moment, chilled.

"Well," he said, turning back to her, making himself speak, "what am I to say?"

"But we don't seem to be talking to each other—reaching each other!" Susannah murmured, in quiet despair. She made a little outflung gesture of her hands.

"You make me feel that this is all my doing," the man said.

She saw her advantage, rushed into it. "Alec, is it mine?"

"No, I suppose it's—just fate," he answered, as readily as she.

"You mean the fate of loving a person, and then—stopping loving that person?" Susannah asked, unflinchingly.

"Well—" he agreed, a little huskily.

"And I hoped," she said steadily, "that you had come home."

"I've no right," the man answered after a second, "to ask to come home. I've behaved badly. I know it."

"Unfortunately," Susannah said in a low tone, her voice not quite steady, "it doesn't matter."

THERE was a silence during which she looked at his silhouette bulked on the steps, the face turned away into the darkness.

"I don't deserve that, Sanna."

"I've wanted you, Alec," she said briefly.

"When a woman wants a man," she recommenced, as he did not speak, "there doesn't seem to be any use discussing who was right and who was wrong."

"Neither one of us is wrong!" he said impatiently. "It's just—this way!"

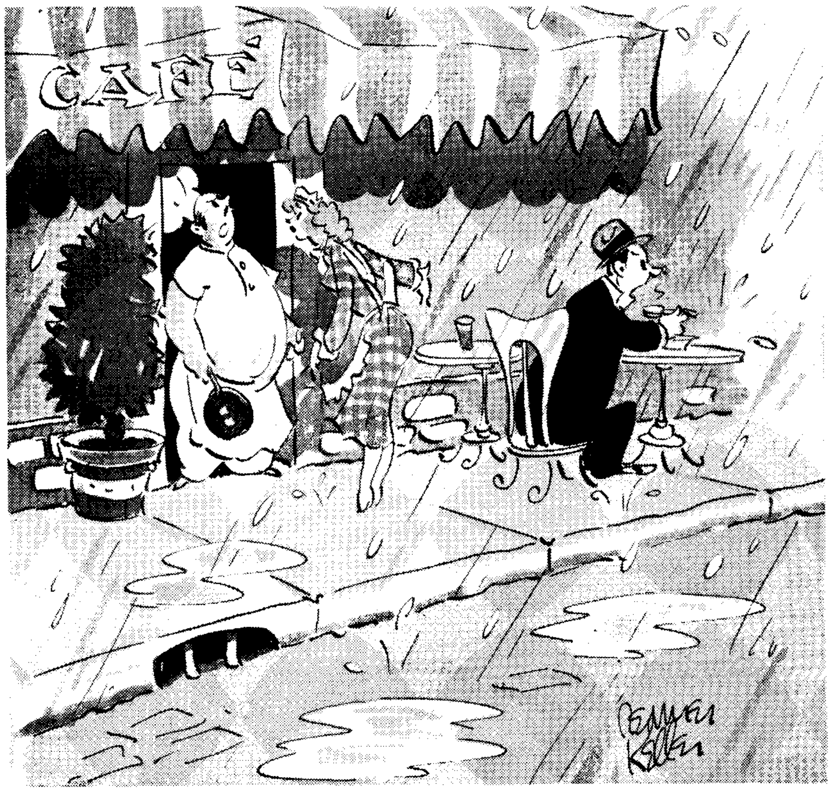
"Well—" she said on a weary note, and again there was a little silence between them.

"I feel for you," Alec said then steadily, "what I have always felt for you, the deepest affection I ever will know for any woman. It isn't that."

"What is it, then?" Susannah asked, her heart lead.

"I don't know," Alec answered. After a long while he began again. "I came here to ask you to forgive me, and to ask you to do me a favor."

She knew now that any hopes that she might have had of happiness were dead. They had merely slept through all her despair. She had been fool enough to dream of his tears and his kisses, his apologies, his pleading for forgiveness, and that he would find his answer in her



"He says the soup tastes watery" REAMER KELLER arms. That was all over now. This was Alec sitting near her in the dusky moonlight, stabbing her last hope, with his words.

"I want to be free, Sanna," Alec said, very low. He had knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it into his pocket; his arms were folded on his chest now; he had almost completely turned his back upon her.

Tears rushed into her voice and choked her, although she did her best to control them.

"How can you say that; when were you ever anything but free, Alec?" she faltered. Her voice sounded high, weak, feminine to her. She interrupted herself and was still.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said again.

"You want to marry her." There was no question in the words.

"No; not necessarily. I want to be free."

"There is no freedom for people who love each other, who have a child, who have established a home," she began. The futility of the argument, the weakness of the words overwhelmed her.

"Can't you see my side of it, Sanna?"

He was seated on the upper step, she one step below him. Now she turned and moved a little nearer, so that her upturned face was near his as he bent forward and in the starlight he could see the glisten of tears on her cheeks.

"You think I have no pride," she said. "You think I'm trying to hold you to the shell of a love that is dead. It isn't that, Alec! It's that I love you—you made me love you, and I can't stop! You ask me to see your side—her side. I do; I try to! But what of mine? I'm so—so horribly lonesome," Susannah said, her eyes brimming and her lip trembling afresh. "I can't live without love. No woman can. I play with Evelina; I dig in the garden and take walks and read, and through it all I'm talking with you—you're back again at the breakfast table, in my room, kissing me, needing me—"

She drew away from him, sobbing, burying her face in her hands.

HE DID not speak for a long while, and when he did his voice came low and thick.

"Don't, Sanna. Please, please don't. You don't know what you make me feel like.

"I'm not a fool," he presently went on, in a quiet voice. "I know the kind of woman you are; I know what it is to have a woman like you care for a man like me. I think of you—I think of those first years of ours together! I don't understand myself what's happened to me! I've not got an old friend in the world, Sanna, who hasn't written to me—talked to me—"

Susannah dried her eyes, straightened her body against the weather-worn old rail that was sending a pattern across the shallow steps in the strengthening moonlight. The moon, enormous and mellow, was coming up above the Fassetts' barn, was sending streams of milky glory through the Fassetts' oaks.

"Then what's the matter, Alec?" she asked.

"Things—things end," he said briefly, reluctantly.

"Real things don't."

"No, real things don't. Real things don't," he muttered, and there was a note of desperation in his voice. "But this—this is real too," he went on. "What she feels—what she suffers—it isn't anything I wanted, God knows—it isn't my choosing—"

Susannah was silent for a full long minute, while the moonlight turned the grapevine pattern to black lace on the garden path, and stars swam in the wide-flung arc of the Milky Way. A wandering breeze brought them again the smell of dew on dust, of apples and drying meadow sage and yarrow. The owl cried from the wood, a little dry sound like a hinge creaking.

"Where is Merle now?"

"I don't know."

"Ah, don't tell me that!" she said impatiently and sharply. "That isn't true."

"She's in California," he said briefly.

"And you want to go to Reno?"

"I suppose so."

"And I'm to step down?" She spoke musingly, as if thinking aloud.

"Isn't anything better than this?"

"He's told her," Susannah thought, "that he had to face the music with me, and that it would be bad, but that he'd get through it. And now he's thinking that it's worse than he thought it would be."

ALOUD she said slowly, choosing her words with care: "Suppose you loved me as you do her, Alec, and I was asking you for my freedom. Suppose it were Merle wanting you to let her go—forever. Then you'd know how I feel."

"You oughtn't love me," he said gruffly and wretchedly.

"I do!" But as she spoke she realized that professions of love from the woman he has ceased to love only embarrass, only bore the man who hears them. She fell silent, and slowly like an acid or a poison seeping into it, anger formed in her heart. She spoke suddenly, resolutely.

"You came here tonight to ask me to agree to a divorce?"

"I wanted to know how you felt about it."

"I told your lawyer six months ago how I felt about it."

"He said you wouldn't talk to him."

"He hinted that he'd work up counter charges against me," Susannah said, in a proud, scornful voice.

"I wouldn't have agreed to that, of course."

"Alec," she began again after a pause, "doesn't Evelina mean *anything* to you?"

He cleared his throat.

"A great deal."

There seemed to be no answer to this and Susannah was silent.

For a long time neither one spoke again. Susannah saw a great car move slowly in from the lane, its big lights wheeling on the dark shrubs and putting the moonlight to flight. The lights were suddenly extinguished; the moonshine crept back.

"Are you going back to town tonight, Alec?"

"I have to. I've got to be there in the morning."

Susannah stood up, mounted the step to the porch level, glanced at him over her shoulder, in the shadows.

"I'll not oppose a divorce any longer," she said coldly. "You can have your lawyer communicate with me. Evelina's mine, of course. Goodby."

Alec was also on his feet. He spoke simply, gratefully.

"Thank you. You're very generous."

"I think I hoped until tonight," she said, 'that you and I loved each other enough—basically—to forget all this, to go back to the—the—" She stumbled a little, began again. "But I've been a fool; I see that now," she added. "It's over. Goodby."

He stood, the tall bulk of a man in the darkness of the path below the steps. She could not see his face.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll not ask you to forgive me, but I thank you, Sanna. And some day perhaps you'll let me be your friend again."

Susannah made no answer. She went into the house and closed the door. She heard the engine roar in the lane, and the car's horn a few seconds later as it reached the main street of Pemberton. Then there was silence. Silence.

(To be continued next week)

Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

By Blackstone

World's Foremost Magician

MAGIC is bread and butter to me. I earn my living by mystifying the public with such famous illusions as the apparently disembodied and living head of a woman. Yes, I've amazed and baffled millions of theatre goers the world over with this trick and many others. But the tables were turned the other day at the Gillette factory in Boston. I was the one who was amazed and baffled during an inspection tour of this truly marvelous plant where Gillette Blades are manufactured.

I found sheer mechanical magic—wonders I can't explain—on every floor of this scientific factory. I stood wide-eyed with astonishment as I watched the operation of the automatically controlled furnaces in which Gillette steel is hardened. On each furnace is a magical black box. In this box is a steel strip of exactly correct hardness for perfect razor blades.

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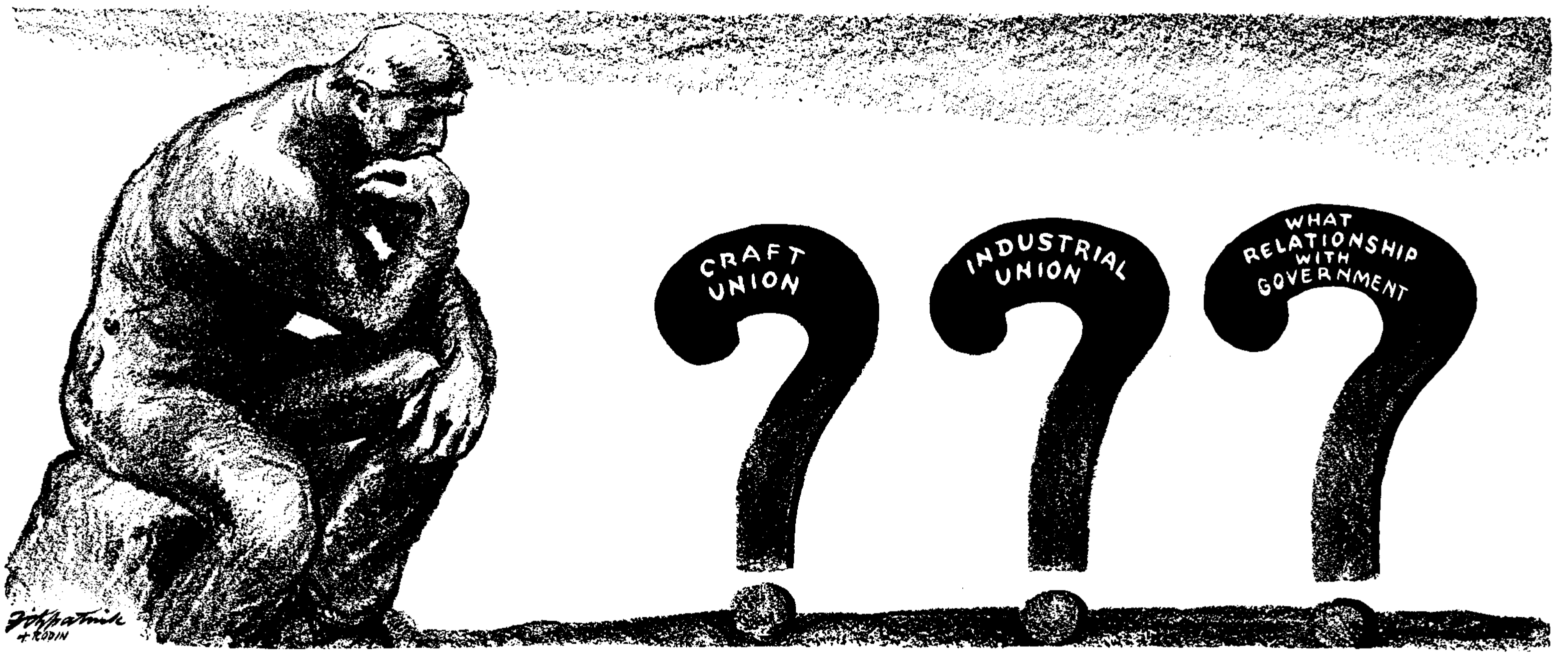

The Straight Road for Labor

THE important labor news of this year is the conflict between rival leaders over fundamental policies. The high officers of the powerful unions have been fighting over vital issues. Their battles are not sham. Two big questions have been raised. First, how should the unions proceed with their organizing campaigns? Should the familiar craft organization be continued? Or should workers be organized by entire industries instead of by separate crafts? Second, how much support should the unions ask from the government?

Neither of these questions can be answered cheaply or easily. Too much is involved in each. The record of experience is complicated. Only the exceedingly wise or the appallingly ignorant and foolish can afford the luxury of simple, vigorous and unqualified opinions on either subject.

The quarrel between William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, centers around industrial unions. Mr. Lewis and his associates prefer the industrial union which includes all crafts and trades in a single organization.

The industrial union is simple and attractive at first acquaintance. It is not new. Back in the 1880's the Knights of Labor emphasized the industrial union plan. The Knights of Labor were prominent enough when Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were struggling for the presidency.

The Knights of Labor lost their great strike. Their leader, Terence Powderly, retired from the labor movement to take a small governmental job. Long after Samuel Gompers, the sturdy little cigar maker, had built up the American Federation of Labor, the tall and dignified Powderly nursed the memory of his spectacular effort in the quiet of a small Washington office.

Others grasped at the same idea. William Haywood, leader of the I. W. W. forces, which seemed so menacing before the World War, was the vigorous advocate of industrial unions. Haywood complicated his story by adopting the disturbing French notion of sabotage.

At all events, Samuel Gompers licked "Big Bill" Haywood on the question of industrial unions just as he had previously taken over Terence Powderly's authority on the same issue.

All the while, however, the American Federation of Labor has included both craft and industrial unions. The United Mine Workers, over which John L. Lewis presides, is an industrial union. It was an industrial union years ago when William Green, former miner, was serving his apprentice period as a labor leader. Up to now both forms of labor organization have continued strong. Both will doubtless linger long after the present controversy has been settled.

The unions themselves can decide the form of organization they prefer but the matter of the relationship of the government to labor covers more territory. All classes, consciously or otherwise, vote on this.

Up to very recent years the unions were decidedly hostile to governmental co-operation, not to say interference. Labor leaders approved minimum wage acts and laws regulating the hours of work so long as only women and children were affected. They wanted no such protection for their own membership.

The idea of the labor leaders was that governmental coddling would sap the zeal and loyalty of union members. Gompers said that labor was more secure when it relied upon the strength of its own organization. Because of this belief, until very recently the unions opposed unemployment insurance under governmental auspices.

The American Federation of Labor reversed its position on unemployment insurance. When governmental support became available under the NRA and, later, under the Wagner Act, naturally labor leaders accepted the assistance. Organization by law is, however, a long way off from the policy which ruled the American Federation of Labor until very recently.

Governmental support for labor organization creates very serious questions both for the government and for the unions. The sort of relationship which exists under such circumstances depends on the character of the government as well as on the strength of the unions.

The German government co-operates with the German unions so completely that Herr Hitler's Nazis seized the treasuries of the unions and assumed their functions. On the Communist side the Russian Bolshevists pursued a similar course. The Bolshevist government made the Russian unions one of its agencies.

Complete governmental co-operation with labor unions in these European instances, and in Italy too, for that matter, left very little labor organization. In the words of the limerick, "they returned from the ride, the lady inside and a smile on the face of the tiger."

The one thing utterly certain is that in the United States any government, conservative or liberal, will in time of industrial controversy be impelled to act in the public interest. Experience time and again has proved this. The police power is paramount, and if the public welfare is put in jeopardy the government will exert itself to maintain essential services.

In such times public authority acts as an umpire and seeks to work out solutions which are fair to all sides. How much further government should go in the organization of labor, or of employers, is much less certain. In the long run both workers and employers might find governmental support too heavy a burden to be comfortably borne.

Fortunately, these issues have come up in a time of rising prosperity. We shall not be compelled to provide hasty solutions. This is reassuring. Certainly the questions at stake are too important to be answered lightly or in anger.

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RACE DRIVER

There's less breakdown in Mobiloil after a hundred-mile race than in any other oil we've ever used. It gives us the protection we need."

George W. Maxwell
Dry Mills, Gray, Me.
GARAGE PROP.

'My customers tell me that Mobiloil saves them from 10% to 20% on oil—and I know it keeps their engines cleaner. It's sure great!"

Get the Same Fine Results in Your Car – that Thousands are Reporting with Mobiloil!

THERE'S NO GUESSING about the results you get when you use Mobiloil! These voluntary statements from Mobiloil users the country over *prove* it's definitely the most economical oil you can buy.

The reason for this remarkable performance is Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process.

Mobiloil refined by this process is *free* of the gum and carbon-forming elements that cause oil to break down, thin out and dirty up engines!

Start saving right now with Mobiloil in *your* car's crankcase. Drive in today wherever you see the familiar Mobiloil sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Fill up with the correct grade of clean, tough Mobiloil—*America's favorite motor oil!*

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

Joseph A. Rutkowski
Chicago, Ill.
SERVICE MANAGER

"We find that Mobiloil gives engines the best protection against wear, and that consumption even at high speeds is practically nil."

Dr. Cecilio D. Vallé
Cleveland, Ohio
INDUS. CHEMICAL ADVISER

"Mobiloil saves me a lot of money on engine repairs and gives me a smoother-running car. I'm never bothered by sludge in the crankcase."

Robert H. Ginsberg
Bridgeport, Conn.
MAINTENANCE SUPT.

"Our buses have traveled over a million miles on Mobiloil. We find it sets a 'new high' for mileage, and a 'new low' for carbon and wear!"

H. E. Fuller
Rochester, N. Y.
SEC'Y BOWLING LEAGUE

"Covering 3460 miles in two weeks, I added only 3 quarts of oil. So by actual test under hard driving, Mobiloil cut my oil bill 75%."

Mrs. Edna S. Miner
Buffalo, N. Y.
HOUSEWIFE

"Since I first started using Mobiloil my gasoline bill has dropped about 15%. And, at the same time, I use less oil than ever before."

Leon F. Dedicoat
Troy, N. Y.
MANAGER, ADIRONDACK MOTOR FRT. CORP.

"I've been using Mobiloil in our 5 trucks for 3 years—in weather as cold as 35° below—and I haven't had any trouble due to oil."

Walter Rowcroft
Albany, N. Y.
PRESIDENT TRI-CITY CABS

"I use Mobiloil in all 15 of my taxicabs simply because I found this oil reduced our maintenance cost 55%. It keeps motors in A1 condition!"

Hector La Reau
Detroit, Mich.
ADD. MACH. SERVICE MAN

"My 1934 Ford with 30,000 miles on it hasn't cost me a cent for engine repairs due to lubrication. Mobiloil is certainly a great oil."

John Ullmann, Jr.
Buffalo, N. Y.
INTERIOR DECORATOR

"Driving 50,000 miles a year, I've never had a repair due to oil failure. That's real economy! I'm money ahead, each time I buy Mobiloil."

Fred Halsted
Ravena, N. Y.
OWNER HALSTED DAIRY

"I figure oil consumption in my trucks has dropped 30% since I switched to Mobiloil, and my motors have been in good condition, too."

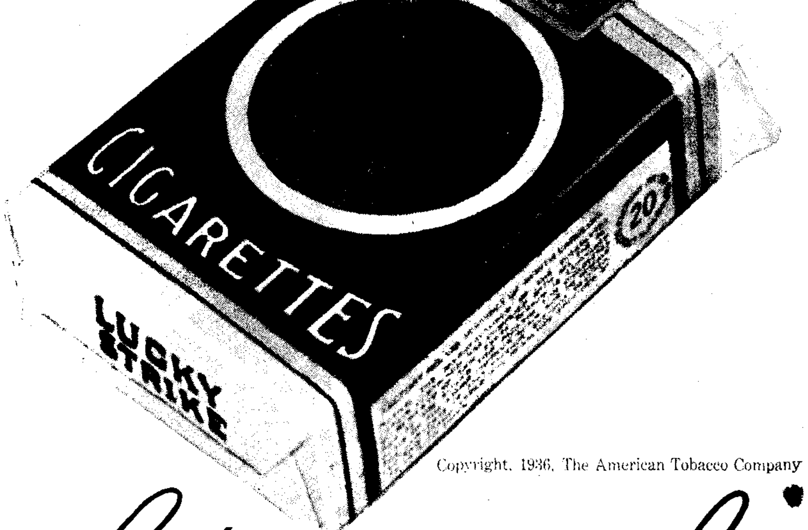
Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM GARGOYLE Mobiloil

America's Favorite Motor Oil

Smoke to Your Throat's Content

Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they *taste better*. Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make *smoother going* for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." *Only* Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.



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Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"